Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER
1936

ARTICLES

SHERWOOD ANDERSON
HARRY SALPETER
PAUL HYDE BONNER
WM. MOULTON MARSTON
JOHN McCARTHY
HARRY HIBSCHMAN
LEWIS B. FUNKE
PETER CARY
LESTER HUTTER

FICTION

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ANDRÉ MAUROIS
ERNEST POOLE
WALTER DURANTY
JOHN STEINBECK
DAVID DeJONG
BENEDICT THIELEN
WILHELM SPEYER
LOUIS PAUL
LOUIS ZARA
HOWELL N. WHITE, JR.

ART

ALEXANDER BROOK

SATIRE

WALTER BROOKS
DONALD HOUGH
OVIATT McCONNELL
HAROLD V. POPPE

POETRY

JAMES STILL

SPORTS

ROBERT C. ZUPPKE
CAPT. E. C. CROSSMAN
CLIFFORD LARCOM, JR.
RALPH CANNON

DEPARTMENTS

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
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BURTON RASCOE
CARLETON SMITH
MEYER LEVIN
MURDOCK PEMBERTON

CARTOONS

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GILBERT BUNDY
D. McKAY
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(COVER)

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CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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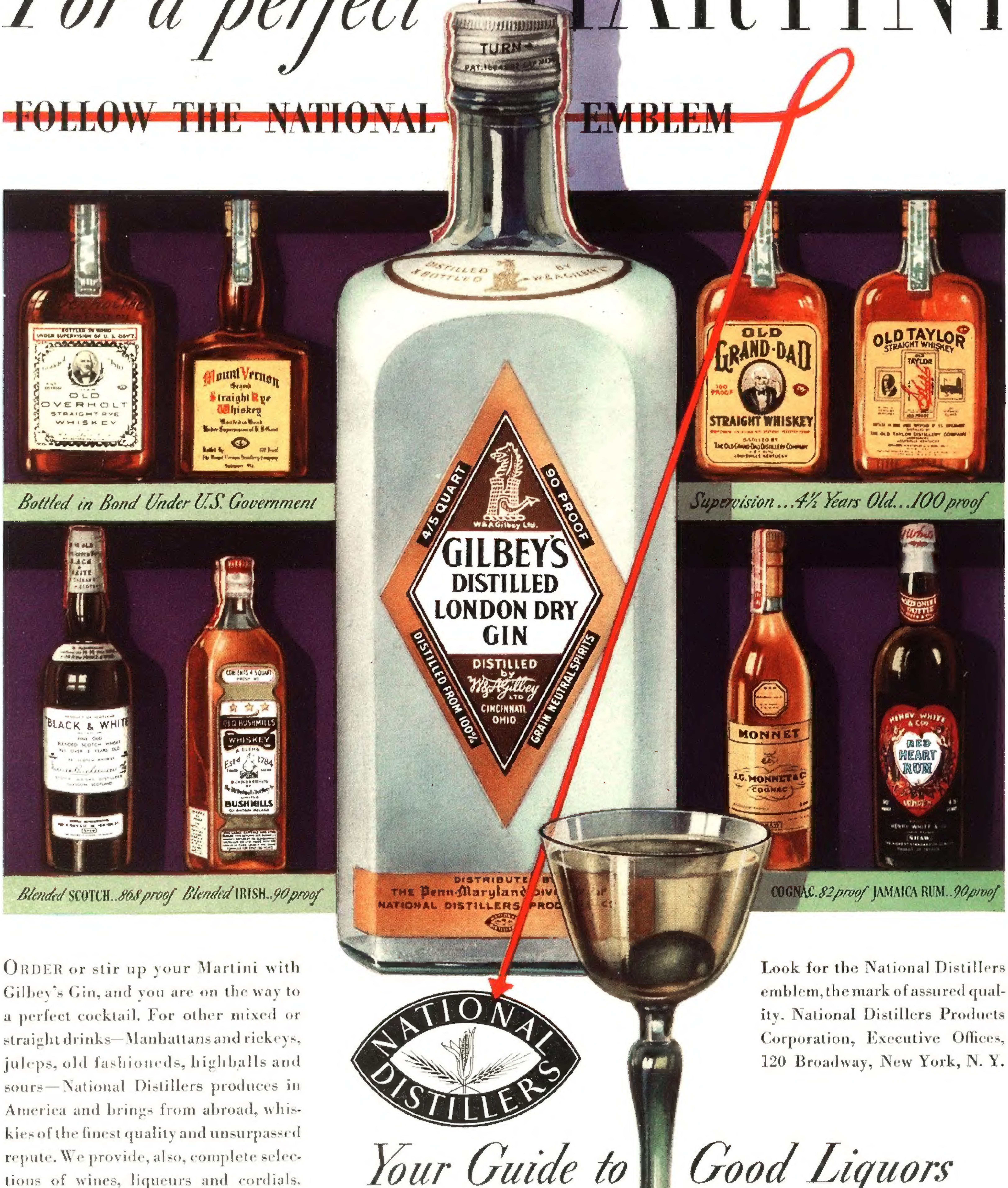
For a perfect MARTINI

FOLLOW THE NATIONAL EMBLEM


TURN
Bottled in Bond Under U.S. Government Supervision . . . 4½ Years Old . . . 100 proof
OLD OVERHOLT STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
Mount Vernon Brand Straight Rye Whiskey
OLD GRAND-DAD STRAIGHT WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR STRAIGHT WHISKEY
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
GILBEY'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED by W&A Gilbey LTD. CINCINNATI, OHIO
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
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Blended SCOTCH..86.8 proof Blended IRISH..90 proof
COGNAC..82 proof JAMAICA RUM..90 proof
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ORDER or stir up your Martini with Gilbey's Gin, and you are on the way to a perfect cocktail. For other mixed or straight drinks—Manhattans and rickeys, juleps, old fashioneds, highballs and sours—National Distillers produces in America and brings from abroad, whiskies of the finest quality and unsurpassed repute. We provide, also, complete selections of wines, liqueurs and cordials.

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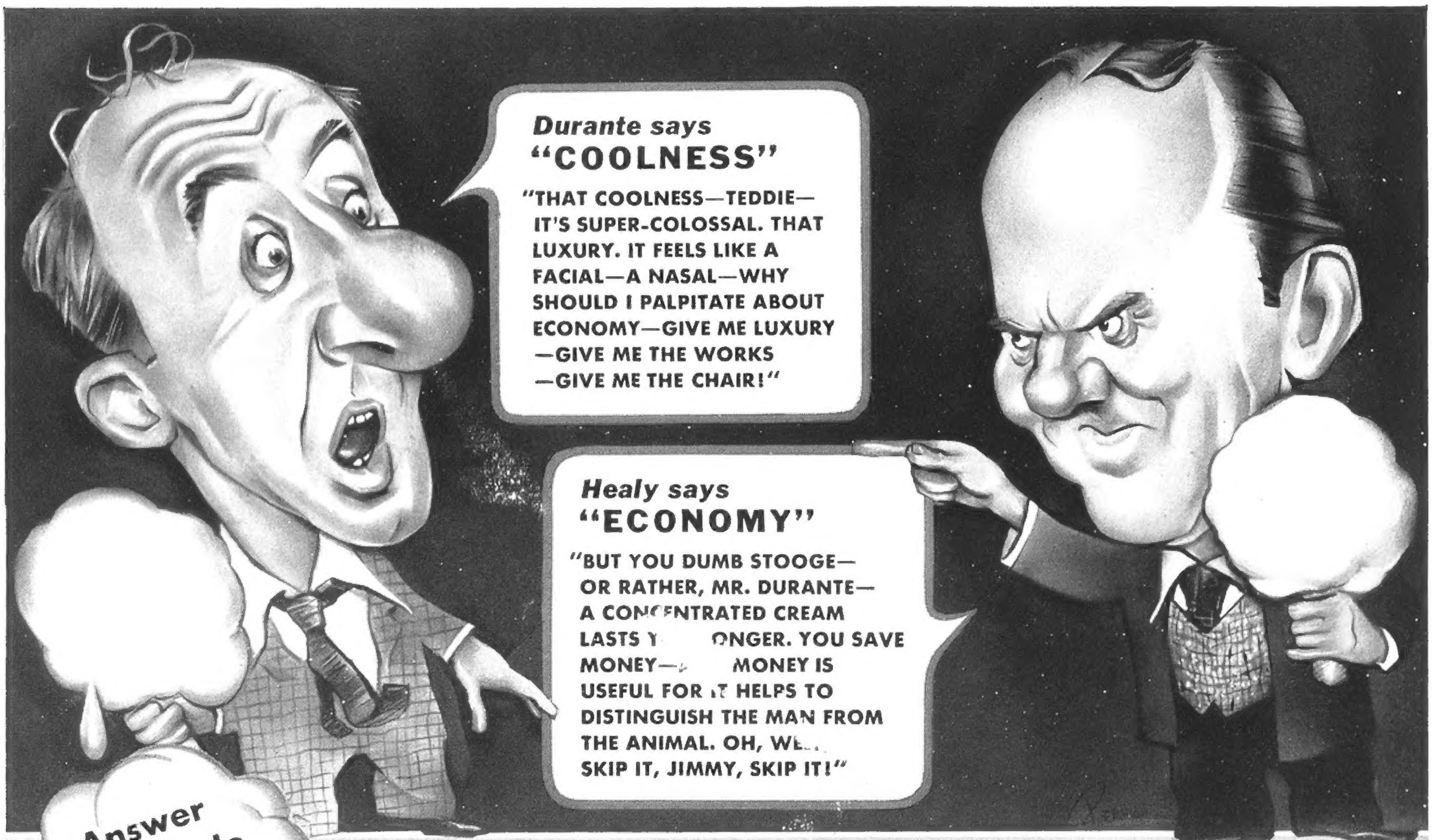
QUALITY
IN EVERY DETAIL

CORD

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE CO. AUBURN, INDIANA

JIMMY DURANTE (THE BEAK) and TED HEALY (THE WAG) go belligerent in INGRAM'S Shaving Contest!

$2,500 FIRST PRIZE : ALSO 10 PRIZES OF $100 EACH AND 2,000 RUBBERSET SHAVING BRUSHES


Durante says
“COOLNESS”
“THAT COOLNESS—TEDDIE—IT'S SUPER-COLOSSAL. THAT LUXURY. IT FEELS LIKE A FACIAL—A NASAL—WHY SHOULD I PALPITATE ABOUT ECONOMY—GIVE ME LUXURY—GIVE ME THE WORKS—GIVE ME THE CHAIR!”
Healy says
“ECONOMY”
“BUT YOU DUMB STOOGE—OR RATHER, MR. DURANTE—A CONCENTRATED CREAM LASTS YOU LONGER. YOU SAVE MONEY—AND MONEY IS USEFUL FOR IT HELPS TO DISTINGUISH THE MAN FROM THE ANIMAL. OH, WELL, SKIP IT, JIMMY, SKIP IT!”

Answer this simple question in 50 words or less

Which is more important to You?

❶ INGRAM'S FAMOUS COOLNESS
❷ INGRAM'S CONCENTRATED ECONOMY

“What do men like best about Ingram's?”—that's the issue that's divided the nation. *“What do you like best about Ingram's?”*—its whisker-wilting “Coolness” or the amazing “Economy” of its concentrated form. That's the dispute we want settled, and for winning answers we're offering big *cash prizes!*

It's a simple contest, easy to enter and open to all. And for the pay-off there's a Grand Prize of $2,500—also ten prizes of $100 each and 2,000 prizes of genuine Rubberset Shaving Brushes worth $2.00 of any shaver's money.

Coolness vs. Economy—that's the battle. Jimmy Durante says “Coolness.” Ted Healy, feature player in M-G-M's “San Francisco,” says “Economy.” But don't take their word—*don't take our word*—get a jar or tube of Ingram's today and write your own reasons.

The first snowy dab of Ingram's that nestles on your chin will make you rabid about Ingram's “Coolness.” Ingram's does that to shavers. Its secret and triple-play formula gives you cream, lotion and face-tonic in every cooling, bracing brushful!

But before you vote “Coolness”—test Ingram's “Economy.” There's a story! A little Ingram's goes a longer way because it's concentrated with a laboratory record over other creams of 15% to 20% more lather and cool, cool shaves from the same amount of cream. Actually it's the most economical cream on the market—a morsel as small as a green pea whips up into a cloudburst of cooling lather.

TRY INGRAM'S AND THEN TELL US!

Get Ingram's from your druggist today, in the handy jar or convenient tube! Try this famous shaving cream and then send us your entry. Read and follow the simple, easy contest rules in the box to the right. And remember, no matter what else you win—*your face can't lose!*

Ingram's
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
Ingram's
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM

READ THESE EASY RULES!

1. Decide which quality of Ingram's is more important to you, its coolness or its economy, and state why *in 50 words or less.*

2. Mail your entry to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Post Office Box No. 503, Elizabeth, N.J. *All entries must be postmarked before midnight, December 1, 1936, to be considered.* Send in as many entries as you wish, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper (a) bearing your name and address, (b) the name and address of your regular druggist, and (c) accompanied by the top of the carton from a 35¢ size jar or tube of Ingram's Shaving Cream.

3. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to be the judges of the contest. Their decision will be final. Names of winners will be announced in Liberty as early as possible in 1937.

4. All entries will be judged on the basis of originality, sincerity and applicability to advertising. No extra consideration will be given to decorated or fancy entries. Literary skill or “clever” writing will not count.

5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (makers of Ingram's), their advertising agents, Liberty Magazine, or their families. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

A LITTLE INGRAM'S GOES A LONGER WAY BECAUSE—*it's Concentrated*

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches........
by Fellows, Saalburg, Goodman, Stewart and Herrick beginning on page 114

Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Love among the editors

We like to feel that Esquire will always be a magazine in which you can never be sure, from month to month or even from page to page, of what's coming next. We don't even want to be too sure of it ourselves. And we aren't. For instance, if you've read Esquire long, you've watched us carrying the torch for the writings of John Dos Passos. It's going on three years, now, or as long as the magazine has been in existence, that we have been beating the drum for Dos. As far back as our first issue, in the fall of thirty-three, we said of him, "He is an author who ought to be read by everyone and could get along without being read by his admirers—we mean that he has a tremendous following among the long haired literary audience and deserves to have it among all readers of books. No one, with the possible exception of James Joyce, has had such a pronounced influence on the contemporary novel. The characteristic Dos Passos novel, kaleidoscopic in treatment and polyphonic in form, took shape with *Manhattan Transfer. The 42nd Parallel* and *1919*, while complete books in themselves, are connected and carry the same cast of characters. A novel now in preparation carries on from the point where *1919* left off. Until someone can show us conclusively that we're wrong, we lay our money in the Great American Novel Sweepstakes on the ultimate great book of which *42nd Parallel* and *1919* form the beginning and middle." Well, that was three years ago next month. In the interim, along with notes on how to read him, we have served up pieces of Dos Passos' writings as often as we could lay hands on them. And two months ago, in the Backstage, we told you that "the novel now in preparation" was completed and about to be published as *The Big Money*, and reminded you again, in case you'd forgotten, that it is, along with *The 42nd Parallel* and *1919*, a masterpiece. And now if you will turn to page 102, Burton Rascoe will take over the mike and tell you—ah, the magazine of infinite surprise—that it's lousy. Not so good as something called *Millie*, by a Mr. Donald Henderson Clarke. There's Esquire for you.

Now what Burton wants to say in our pages about any book or anybody is his business. Esquire is prouder of nothing than of the complete freedom of expression enjoyed by its contributors. But one sentence in Burton's review sticks in our crop. He says something to the effect that Dos has always written his novels the way he wanted to write them, never the way his critics wanted him to write them. And now, presumably upon mature reflection, he decides that the critics, not Dos, are right. This is a strange decision, coming from Burton, who knows that there was a man named Keats who persisted in writing his stuff the way he wanted to write it, and not the way his critics wanted him to. Now probably, because he is a scholar, Burton knows the names of those critics who, at the time, put Keats in his place. Perhaps he even knows the names of the magazines in whose pages they did the job. But who else does, a hundred years later? Yet everybody, today, knows Keats.

The contemporary critics of Keats may be forgiven, as well as forgotten, because they didn't understand him. So may the critics of Wagner. And of Cezanne. Always, when a worker in the arts ventures into territory theretofore unexplored, the critics he has left behind him begin yipping at him to come back. They want to measure his work by the only surveying-instruments they possess, and they are duly resentful when he gets out of range. They insist upon trying to measure the unknown in terms of the known, the unconventional in terms of the conventional.

But Burton Rascoe's range of vision and power of understanding have always been far beyond that of the ordinary critic. His catholicity of appreciation enabled him to understand two such dissimilar writers as Cabell and Dreiser when both were generally misunderstood. And he has shown, in the past, that he knows that it is necessary to use opposite ends of the telescope in appraising the work of Hemingway, who expresses the times in terms of the individual, and Dos Passos, who expresses the individual in terms of the times.

Knowing that Burton himself understands the Dos Passos method, we want to be the first to ask him why, by all that's holy, he elects to appraise the new book's separate parts not in terms of what they are, as component bits of a broad panorama, but as what they obviously aren't, i. e., as separate little love and success stories. He deliberately lifts them out of the context that gives them distinction, to read them by themselves, then complains bitterly because the distinction is lacking. Why, Burton? As your constant reader and fan, why?

Maybe we chose the wrong space in which to ask this question. Probably you're bored blind by the whole thing. Probably we should have addressed it to *The Sound and the Fury*. But we didn't have much else to write about in the space this month anyway. So you didn't miss anything. There, too, is Esquire for you.

ESQUIRE
Oct., 1936
T. M.
Reg.

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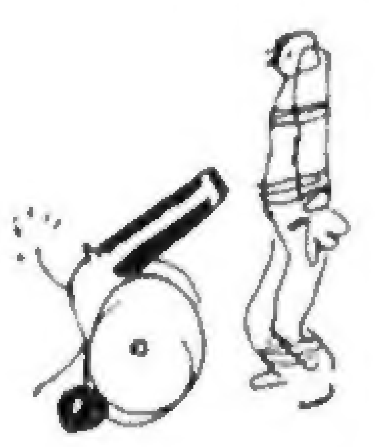
Vol. VI, No. 4
Whole No. 35
T. M.
Reg.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

THANKS, THANKS, THANKS

I do not object to your alleged fiction about the neurotic Frenchman who killed his son dead, dead, dead, because the neurotic Frenchman was afraid the son would be killed by the Germans. But Charles L. Palmer, who contributed *Transcontinental Troop Train* to your August issue evidently knows as much about troop trains as Graham the Great knows about any sporting event regarding which he is broadcasting. And if ever you have had the extreme displeasure of listening to Graham, you know that is not very much. It seems to me, from what I can remember, that fiction should bear, should bear, should bear, some slight relation to actuality or maybe it was the other way around. Having the Major come into the car without inspecting the arms of the man on guard and the drum head court martial were just too ducky, too ducky, too divinely, ducky for words. What war it was Mr. Palmer neglected to say, or do you accept any story, no matter how lousy, provided only it bears out your contention that war is a very, very, very, nasty thing? So is birth; why were you born?



I append a story: Oswald Drizzledrawers was afraid if his wife had any kids they would grow up to be soldiers. So he had himself sterilized, but his wife had kids anyway. So Oswald hanged himself, because he detested bullets. Besides being shorter than most of your anti-war bilge, my story is offered to you free of charge.

Yours very truly,

Cleveland, O. Jos. D. Heade

DEATH OF A LEGEND

I decided long ago that the outstanding Characteristic of the American race is the ability to kid themselves along.

The foregoing is prompted by reading in the July number your editor's offer of 3 thousand dollars for a "nice clean" copy of your magazine for Sept. 1932. If he is patting himself on the back for making such a generous offer, I would like to suggest that he would have been perfectly safe in offering 3 million, or as President Roosevelt or Pepsodent's Andy would likely do—3 billion—because he knows darn well that there never was a clean copy of Esquire printed. So there!

And furthermore the people wouldn't buy it if it was.

Greenfield, Mass. C. F. Ulrich

Editor's Note: *Well, C. F., you're half right—there never was a nice clean copy of this magazine for Sept. 1932.*

YOU DONE RIGHT

In our town we have a druggist (surprise?) who, besides being very apt at ham sandwiches and frosted coffees, can and does when the occasion arises (we're a healthy lot) put up prescriptions, besides which, he's a salesman from way back! I went into his lovely drug and soda emporium a while back, looked the magazine stand over from top to bottom, and said, seeing no Esquire lying about, "How about it, Mr. Palmer, no Esquire?" The answer came unhesitatingly, "No, but I'll give you five *Delineators*. Swell guy is our Mr. Palmer!

(Miss) Dean Street

Glen Head, N. Y.

P. S.—I had a frosted coffee.

WELL, WHO DOES?

1000347652890675321: She's no longer faithful if: You find her in bed with some other guy.

1000347652890675322: She's no longer faithful if: You find some other guy in bed with her.

1000347652890675323: She's no longer faithful if: You find them both in bed together, etc.

1000347652890675324: Who cares whether she is faithful or not and why waste any more time on it? Is this inane hooey going to continue forever? Why not give us a blow?

Nertz to you and the ansypay who authored that "She's no longer true, if . . ." junk.

Give us something to read.

Galveston, Tex. M. E. Bowers

BACKWARD CHINA

Sitting in Jackson Park at sundown, I beheld a beautiful pink cloud formation in the general direction of South Haven. A female exclamation from the rear—"What a beau-u-tiful sunset. Why, the sun doesn't usually set over there."

To the same class may I consign Mr. James Merriam Moore for his *Field of the Dark Pines* wherein his fadeout from the Chinese landscape infers a sun rise across the waters on always blessed California.

Tsk, Tsk.

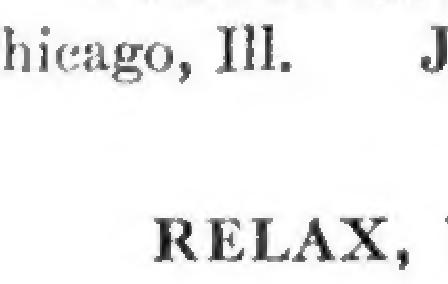
Yours for better astronomy,

Chicago, Ill. J. Theodore Gleick

RELAX, YOU'RE IN

It is fashionable these days to prove emphatically that Esquire is not as good a magazine as it used to be. At least this is the thing amongst the *Sound and Fury* society. Here is my attempt to crash that society.

When the People-who-live-in Chicago-but-write-about-New York progenitated Esky they had a purpose in mind. That was to barnum the people. To do this, they manufactured something that people thought they would rather have than 50c.



Ernest Hemingway wrote an excellent novel once. Ever since then he has been trying to live this mistake down. And Esquire paid him for doing it. Whole groups of writers gave their monthly efforts to the cause of Esky. Cartoonists shortened the time from front page to back page. Modernist artists earned their first square meals with the Improvisation of a Race-Track Jacket. Petty proved that the most pleasant line between two points is a curve. All in all America, the sophisticated, took to this mass glandular humour. Esky fairly and properly prospered. After all had Esky not been dedicated to men, foundationed with women, and edited by children?

This started out to be a flaming criticism of Esquire's fiction stories. Which are pretty terrible. Now it assumes the manner of a fan-letter. Do you accept congratulatory letters? You do get them? I believe your magazine gives us younger bloods an idea of what to wear, why and when. Your cartoons laugh at people as I see them. Your writers are mentioned in some of my college courses. You have given us males something which we have waited for . . . a truly masculine magazine. Something at once interesting and subtle enough to keep lying around in the living room. And I think that after all the *Sound and Fury* (which signifies nothing) looks forward each month to the fifteenth. I do.

Wilmette, Ill. Howard Hindley

STARRING E. H. AS THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

For months I have watched your storey page being grabed off by Hemingway, and why? What has Ernest ever done? What has he ever wrote thats worth looking at. I'm warning you hes a dud, a washout, a false alarm, and a nasty picture scrawler on outhouses.

Take his latest *Snows of Kilimangero* of all the AAA-1 fertilizer that ever was shoved into print that takes the fur lined chamber. His trick of stepping two paces to the front and attempting to show whats going on in some one's mind is so old it smells. He used the same method to sell the two hundred 'odd' copies of that big pile of bull, *Death in the Afternoon.* I was very younge and tender when I read it and I thought it was hot stuff. I attempted to emulate the great Casanova of Esquire. Since then lots of water has run under the bed, and I have come to the conclusion that Earnest is a fraud. And this fishing! I have my suspiciouns. If anyone ever catches a half-man half-fish around in or near the waters of Key West, and it comes up to gaff spittin and cursin and yellin bolt your aunt, bolt your sister, bolt your brother, Earnest had better start traveling; cause I'll shoot him dead on sight.

If any of Esquire readers will drop into the "Valley" at East St. Louis, they can get twiced the dirt, filth, and bull that Earnest puts out, for half the money.

Phooey on him.

Arthur W. Sunday

Greenville, Ill.

CASTING THE SECOND STONE

Louis Sobol in last night's *Journal* called attention to plagiarism in reference to an article appearing in your magazine.

Whether or not this is true, I do not know, but I do know that recently the *Journal* has developed into a hotbed of plagiarism. I refer to their Amateur page. The famous poem which goes (I have not this absolutely correctly, but this is close enough):

In a little Bronxville flatlet
Lived a lady and her catlet, etc.

was credited to some young amateur and paid for at the rate of $5.00.

But the prize of all was a poem which read:

One ship sails east and another sails west
With the selfsame wind that blows.

This poem originally appeared in the *Journal* many years ago under the byline of old Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The editor of the amateur page paid some young lady for it—$5.00 the rate—stolen from their own pages. All of this has occurred within the past eight months.

Yours very truly,

New York City Never Mind Who

TOAST TO A HAPPY STRADDLE

I wish to take this belated opportunity to congratulate you upon the editorial appearing in the June issue of your splendid magazine. It was a most adept answer to the perennial moral cowards who object to the clever and petty (Petty) indiscretions of Esquire. Tolerant as I try to be, I have no patience with those who consider the discovery of every minute error, be it a mistake in spelling or in the exact term of something mentioned in the mag. with which the griper considers himself an expert, as a golden opportunity to knock Esquire. Unfortunately, unlike opportunity, they are not content to knock but once. Esquire's difference from other magazines is its chief stock in trade, it would lose half its punch if it were to even think of catering to the abortive brainchildren of this flock of reformers. Having been an ardent follower of Esquire for approximately two years, I have nothing mentionable of which to complain. Your array of authors and artists is exceptional, and I revel in your style charts. In my opinion Esquire's moral tone is exactly as it should be, happily astride the fence between narrow-minded Mid-Victorianism and loose obscenity, looking peacefully and broadmindedly over both elements.

In closing may I suggest that we lift our imaginary glasses and toast the long prosperous and unhampered life of individuality that it has led for nearly three years.

Appreciatively yours,

Santa Paula, Calif. J. L. B.

P. S.—If you consider this epistle a typographical error bury it gently among the others of its kind in the nearest basket.

YOU AND YOUR DELVING—WHY, SHAME ON YOU

The August issue of Esquire struck me as being such a dud that I am compelled to take action. As I opened up the cover the editorial squib seemed good, in fact they are always witty and in keeping with the layout of the magazine. *The Sound and Fury* Department is now the best feature of the lot and you get it for nothing. The August letters were particularly clever. Well, I was feeling mellow until I hit the gangrene story by Hemingway and my spirits fell below normal. Good Gravy—why is that tripe supposed to be good? Anyhow I staggered along until I hit the Tunis article on Tennis wherein he blamed the English balls.

That certainly was the finishing touch. Helen Jacobs won this year didn't she? And how about Helen Wills and Bill Tilden in years back—they won with English balls. Why not face the truth and say that our boys haven't the intestinal fortitude to give up liquor and carousing and concentrate on tennis. Tilden and Vines were serious about the game and they won—the boys on the team now just play for publicity—I wouldn't have Van Ryn or Mako on my team. Put Allison and Budge together and develop a real doubles team.

When you are introduced to a girl which of the senses registers first? Correct, the sense of sight. If the looks are pleasing we delve further to see if she has a nice personality or is kind to dumb animals but—if she doesn't register to our sight we pass on and never bother to inquire about her beautiful character. It is the same with your magazine. You attracted attention by your grand cartoons and pictures in your early issues and have increased circulation in spite of nauseating reading matter. But now you are toning your illustrations to the *Ladies' Home Companion* level and they are losing their zip. Give the sedate cartoons to *Literary Digest* and keep your steamy paintings regular.

Sincerely,

Keene, N. H. Clyde Wrentham

Editor's Note: *One slight correction, Clyde; Tilden and Vines may indeed have been serious about it, but as we recall the Davis Cup records, they lost.*

Continued on page 8

Four Roses
A Blend of Straight Whiskies
Blended by Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated
Louisville Ky.
94 Proof

It takes the "four" in Four Roses to make the finest Manhattan

GLAMOROUS fragrance . . . golden-rich body . . . velvety smoothness . . . surpassing flavor—these are the four qualities a whiskey must have to make a *perfect* Manhattan cocktail.

And these are the same four qualities that make Four Roses, in our opinion, America's finest whiskey.

For Four Roses is not just *one* straight whiskey. It is *a blend of several fine straight whiskies . . . and nothing but whiskey.* And each of the straight whiskies that goes into Four Roses has some *particular* claim to greatness. Each excels in *aroma* or *body* or *smoothness* or *flavor.*

By skilfully blending these whiskies together, we combine *all* their virtues in *one* superlative whiskey—Four Roses.

Try a Four Roses Manhattan. We believe the first sip will tell you that you're tasting the noblest whiskey you've ever lifted to your lips!

. . .

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore, also make Paul Jones (92 proof), Old Oscar Pepper, and Mattingly & Moore (both 90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies.

Send ten cents in stamps to Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville, for the new edition of "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book."

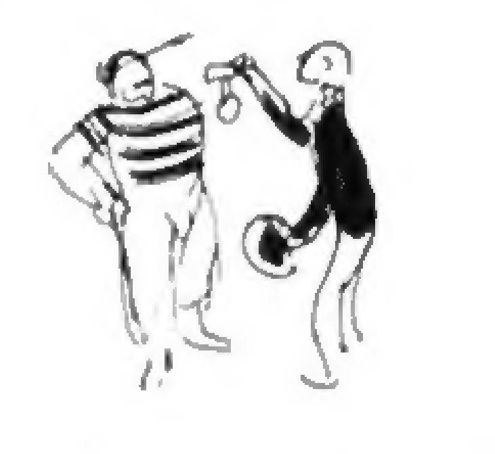
FOUR ROSES

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES . . . 94 PROOF

★ WE BELIEVE IT IS AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY, REGARDLESS OF AGE OR PRICE ★

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

REDEMPTION OF HEM



I have previously made some complaint about this fellow Hemingway and the supercilious attitude of some of his writings and was somewhat puzzled as to wherein lay his particular virtues. He has redeemed himself in my eyes with your publishing of his story *The Snows of Kilimanjaro.* The fellow evidently can really write when he is willing to forget that he is the Great Hemingway. Would suggest that you withhold some of the approbation received by mail for his attention, as otherwise he will undoubtedly rest on his oars for another six months. A man who has genius for sale is in a tough spot. If he delivers every time, he is taken for granted, and if he doesn't deliver often enough his position is threatened.

It seems to me you are overdoing this wings over Ethiopia stuff and I am afraid if WE ever got involved in anything like that you would drop everything else and become the chief enthusiast and run all your male readers off to war, whereupon, if it was a sanguinary war your subscription list would be more or less annihilated.

I had to chuckle out loud at the appearance of a suspensory ad in ESQUIRE and hope that the owners of inquisitive feminine noses felt the same way I used to feel when I picked up a *Ladies' Home Journal* and saw a bunch of corset ads. There are more ways than one of freeing a dog of fleas and of keeping your own preserves free of intruders.

With best wishes for your continued success, I am,

Yours very truly,

McGill, Nev. W. L. SPAULDING

BENNETT TO MUSSETT TO SCULLY TO ESKY?

Isn't there someway to get Frank Scully to scribble an article concerning the too, too droll actions of the late Frank Harris?

Specter Scully might use this little incident gleaned from "The Journal of Arnold Bennett for Friday, December 24th, 1909:

"Elder Dempsters offered him and his wife (the Harrises) a FREE passage and a month in one of their hotels somewhere for something, and he asked for TWO months, which they refused, whereupon he was perfectly furious. He told Lord Grimthorpe, who cried, 'The scoundrels! Have my villa.' And this is why Harris and his wife are now living FREE in Grimthorpe's villa."

Phantom Frank would be able to uncover many other laughable tales of Mr. Harris' life, since he has worked with Harris' publishers and Harris' close friends, as evidenced by *Now It Can Be Sold* in the August issue.

Yours,

Minneapolis, Minn. W. E. MUSSETT

MEMOIRS OF A PARTY BOY

I just read your August gass-jet which I found in a ash barrel. I want to say a few words into the dunghill colum. I seen a lot of garbage wrote about how to smoke a pipe by a man that cant smoke. I dont know anything about writing but if he can do it why cant I?

I know an old saying about "Them that talks about it dont know about it." Show that to Mr. Anthill will you? And ask him to make a chart about the piano, I'll bet he cant play one of them either. He calls that *Frankie and Johnnie* original. Ask him if he wrote Bell bottom trousers and The daughter of the rabi? Maybe so, these Chinese are clever. And that guy Campbell should find out if them little books about Guss and Gussie are coppywrit!

All jokin' aside, That rag you print makes me think of a house party I was to once. Well all the gents knows as much about dirty stories as I do and the ladys knows more and what do they do? They sit around and play a game like this. A lady makes a crack and she waits to see if any of the gents knows what dirty joke its from. If all the gents knows it nobody laffs. Then a gent does the same thing and the ladys cant tell what joke its from. The gents all laugh and the ladys laff so they wont look dum. Then they pick on the lady who dont know for sure and the guy who made the crack has to tell her the joke.

You call your rag "The magazine for men." Well sir There are men and there are men. Could Mr. Anthill make another chart and put a X by the kind that is suposed to read that garbage?

I'd write more but anyway you wont read it. I put the "magazine for men" back where I got it from. I wont read another sinse I get my smut fresh.

Amsterdam, N. Y. A. MANN

(knight of the Blue Flame)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *You mean since you're making your own?*

C-1 (EX-C) NOW GOES EX-MODERN

This man, Antheil, is actually in my hair, now. A while ago, when he tried to blue-print human beings, I just smiled indulgently. It was a perfectly harmless pastime. Any man who picked a certain type and acted accordingly, risked no more than a slap in the face. Any girl who did the same thing, got only what she asked for. But now the Professor is showing us the way to complete social ostracism. How? Through his music. It's like this.

Yesterday I bought ESQUIRE. I read *The Sound and The Fury* first and was tickled silly to find my letter printed. You had headed it "Antidote for Antheil," and illustrated it with a picture of a woman presumably taking an appaling dose of iodin. Swelled with pride and complacency, I turned the pages, approving this and that, when what to my wondering eyes should appear but *Frankie and Johnnie.* So I tried it on my piano. I had played but three bars, when my mother called from the kitchen, where she was building herself a sandwich.

"What in time are you playing?" she demanded.

"*Frankie and Johnnie,*" I yelled.

"Don't you know it any better than that?"

"What do you mean, don't I know it any better?"

"You sound like when you were learning Wynn's Popular Method."

"I can't help it. That's the way it's written."

She came in to get a look at the music herself. "You can't tell me you're not playing that bass wrong," she accused.

I had had, all along, a faint suspicion that something was not as it should be. Acting on the supposition that there was a pretty consistent typographical error, I skipped a few bars and tried the "tremolo a la Fats Waller." If I do say so myself, I'm pretty hot on the tremolo. And my Aunt Lizzie can take almost anything.

Well, as I say, I was burning up the keys, and not liking the noises I was making, when Aunt Lizzie poked her head in the door, pinched her nose, made a pulling motion with her left hand, and observed "Pew."

Now I ask you. We as a family, got used to Debussy, and like him. Gershwin is one of our favorites. We strove valiantly to understand the modern harmonies, and have come to actually enjoy them a bit. But Antheil's *Frankie and Johnnie* is beyond our capacity to endure. It made me sound like Goopy Gear with only one set of bass chords to his repertoire.

Are we hopelessly conservative, or is Antheil a lousy arranger? Will some kind person, who knows about music, please tell us?

All-of-a-dither,

Queens Village, N. Y. ANNE FORD

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Well, if it's any help to you, we remember one time when Mr. Antheil played one of his compositions in Carnegie Hall accompanied by an orchestra composed of eight pianos, six xylophones, four bass drums, and two machines for making a whirring noise. The critics never got over it.*

POLLUTION OF PA.

And you call the ESKY a magazine? After printing such a letter as the one that Fred Newmeyer, Jr. wrote in the August *S & F*, you can't be classified as a magazine anymore. That is the rottenest letter that I ever saw in print anywhere.

He says that he is a freshman at college. Well all college freshman are like that. Very smart. It couldn't be much of a college for a person to write such a letter. And the managing editor of your mag must have been drunk when he passed that to go to press. Any decent-minded person wouldn't have printed such a conglomeration of cussing. In fact, I wouldn't even classify it as a letter.

I am originally from Pa. and he wrote that letter from DuBois, Pa. I didn't know we had such dirty-tongued people in Pa. Unless he is from another state, and that cannot be helped.

It reminds me of a cheap politician making a bid for publicity. He just wanted to see his name in print. Well, it is a disgrace to see a name under that letter. I'll bet that you get other letters about the same prattle.

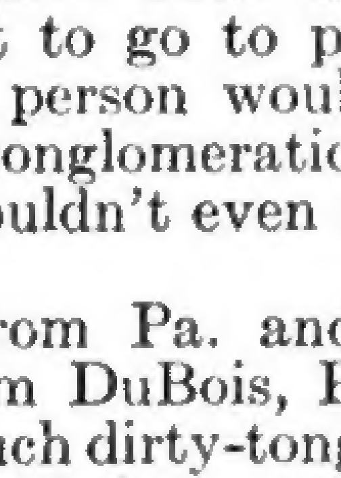
Why not cut out those kind of letters?

Yours sincerely,

Washington, D. C. RAY SMITH

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We'd cut out those kind in a minute—but then we wouldn't get these kind.*

THE ANSWER SEEMS TO BE PROWL, LADY, PROWL



This is an answer to the letter signed A Real Life Image of a Petty Picture which appeared in your August issue. The beautiful lady explains that the first time she gave herself to the emotional scherzo was three years ago with a married man of forty. The affair has continued and in the meanwhile the beautiful lady has become engaged to a younger man. She explained matters to the older man and he nobly wants to give her up. BUT SHE DOES NOT WANT TO GIVE HIM UP. She wants to know what to do. Here is an answer.

Honey;

You are actually asking for a way to avoid suffering. There is no way. Whether you marry the young guy, the old guy, neither of them or both of them, somebody else or nobody at all, you will suffer. As all women suffer. Ah, God, how they suffer! But they suffer loudest and best, most comfortably and most enjoyably, when they are married to a man they love. I believe that you wish to get out of your present predicament in order to attain that happy state. Here is a suggestion in three short sentences.

Give the old guy the gate. Give the young guy the gate. Go on the prowl.

Give the old guy the gate because he makes your life mussy. I know you love him. You've probably had a fine time striding up and down your bedroom in a black negligee emitting low moans at the terrible tragedy of your love. There! There! He's not so frank, honest and innocent as you think he is. You will probably always remember him but only as a pleasant incident. As to how to start reducing him to an incident, see the third sentence. He has enjoyed you, you've enjoyed him and now it's over. You don't want to become one of those nasty females who turn mournful eyes on a man, screech "I trusted you and gave you all" and burst into tears in a public place, do you? Of course not.

You are probably keeping the young guy in reserve in case the other affair becomes hopeless. Women are like that. Give him a break, give yourself a break and give him the air. He'll never be anything to you but a good-natured sap. He started off behind the eight ball. You'd always feel you did him a favor by marrying him. That wouldn't be good for you and it wouldn't be good for him. You will both do better elsewhere. Remember, one woman's Fabius is another woman's Hannibal.

Go on the prowl. The notion of giving up both your constant admirers at the same time probably strikes you as the height of insanity but it's the best way. If there is any truth in your signature you should have no trouble attracting new ones. Attract as many as you can and fight to keep from falling in love with any of them. Don't worry, you'll lose. As H. L. Mencken said a long time ago, before his human juices dried up and he became a grammarian, "A woman who has known man is like a tigress who has tasted blood." Trust your instincts, honey. Keep them busy and you'll forget you love the married man in the excitement. But stay away from married men and insist that your next heart-throb marries you. It's usually best before you melt but it ain't necessarily so.

I think it is presumptuous of any man to advise a woman in these difficult matters, so I'm

Begging your pardon,

Brooklyn, N. Y. BO FAIRFAX

P. S.—You don't really think you look like a Petty picture, do you?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Out of some hundreds or maybe scores or anyway dozens, this was selected as the definitive answer to the plea of the Petty image for advice.*

MAYBE IT WAS THE SILENT OR GOLDEN RULE

Being of a studious and mathematical turn of mind and a college junior interested, yet sadly in need of instruction in, the *ars amoris.* I am wondering what happened to Dr. Adler's eighth rule for being a perfect lover. (May, 1936, page 128, second column). I wouldn't exactly say that I feel cheated, but, you understand, did I get my money's worth? Is it too late to register this gripe?

APPENDIX

Assorted swear words for inclusion in the body of the letter if it goes into *S. & F.*

damn damn damn
damned damned
God-damned Gawd-damned
damned-to-hell
hell hell hell
bastard bastard
bitch
go to hell

JOHN H. POMEROY

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Continued in center of page 182

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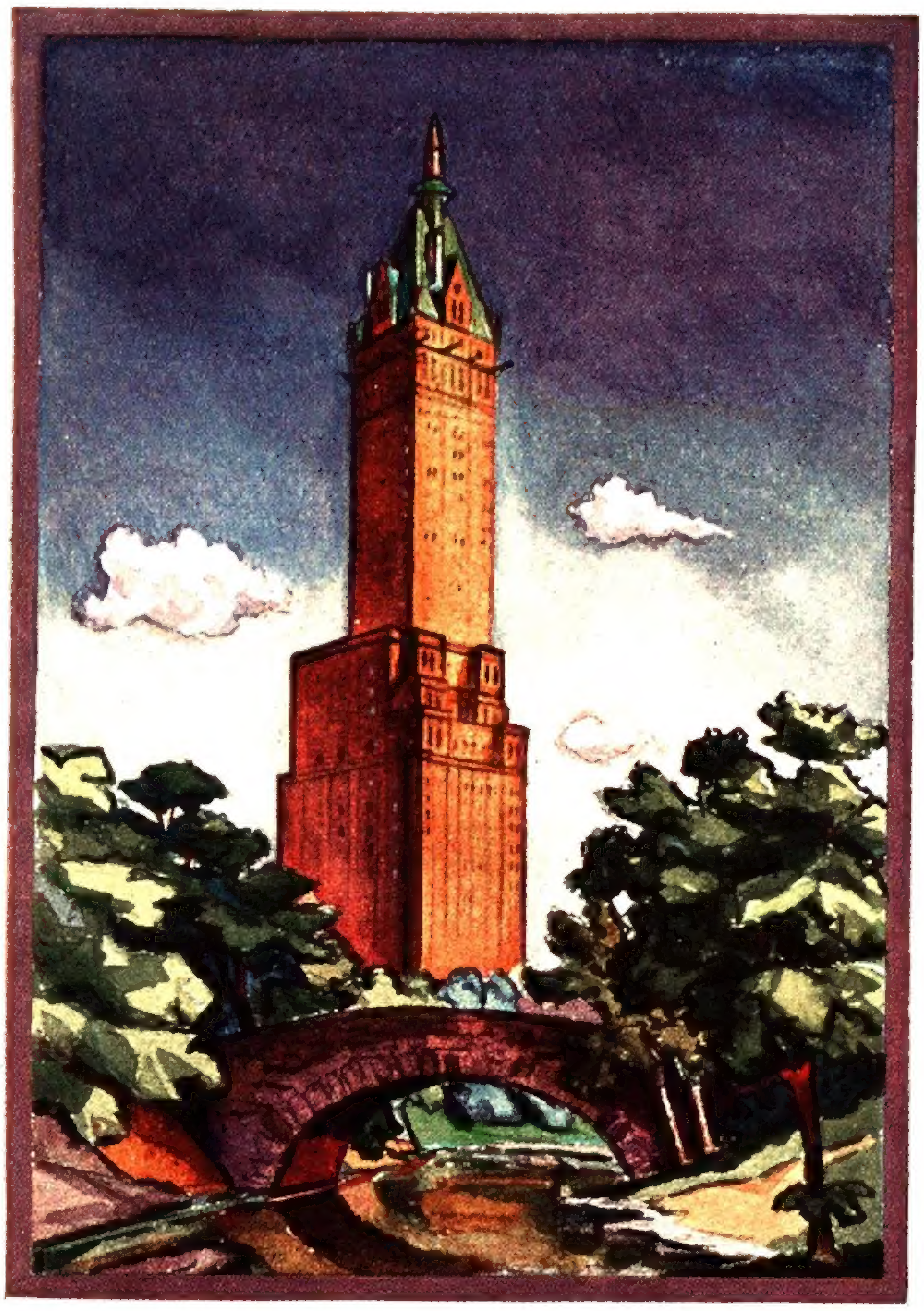

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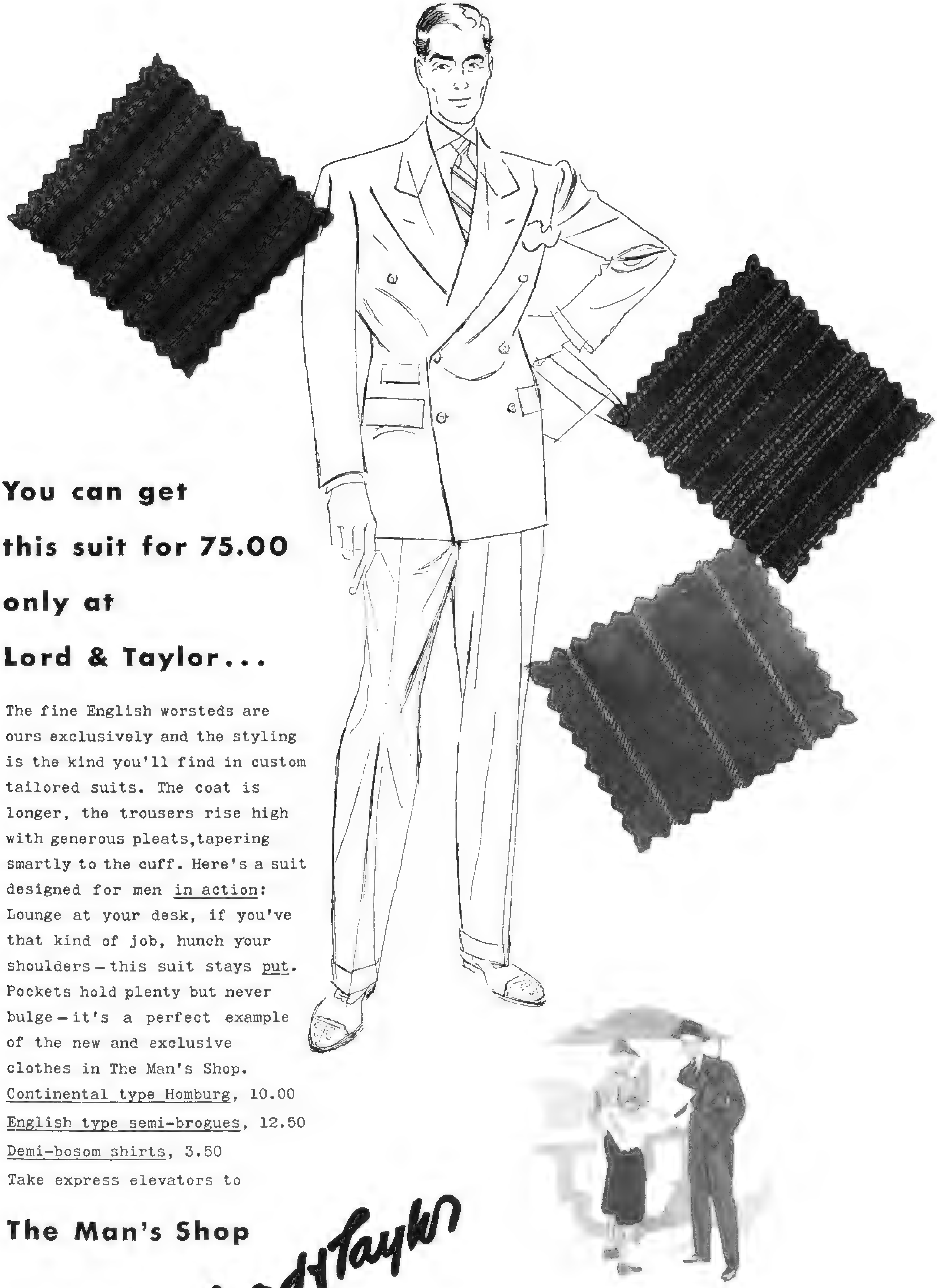

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RADIOBAR—the perfect combination of a Smart Cocktail Bar equipped with the latest 1937 PHILCO Radios, complete with glassware, bar accessories, etc., $99.50 up. See your nearest PHILCO dealer or Radiobar Co. of America, 60 Warren St., New York and 7100 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles.

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Voigtlander F/4.5 BRILLIANT CAMERA with Compur Rapid Shutter gets *action* in a flash. Nine shutter speeds from 1 second to 1-500 of a second. Perfect for vacations. Takes pictures 2¼ x 2¼ on No. 120 film. Price $29.50. Ever-ready case, $3.25. Willoughbys, 110 West 32nd St., New York.

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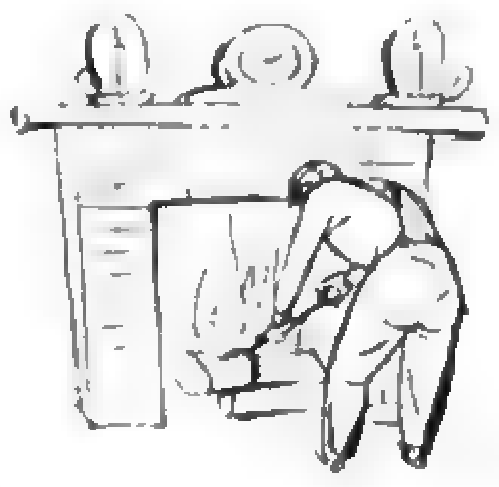
A little gift that flatters BIG business and professional men—the NORMA 4-in-1 Pencil. Writes Red, Blue, Green, Black, at will. Makes his o.k.'s, memos, etc., stand out! Fascinating mechanically. Beautiful finish. Weighs only 1 oz. At Jewelers, Stationers, Department Stores. 14 kt Gold Filled $12.00. Sterling $8.50. 10 kt Rolled Gold Plate $5.00. Chromium Plate or Silni (nickel silver) $3.50.

A new tool for the more efficient manipulating of the logs in a fire place is the first harbinger of Fall over which we have stumbled. This contrivance replaces the traditional tongs and poker for turning the logs. It works something like those long-handled affairs that grocery clerks use to pull packages down from a top shelf, except that it doesn't have the long handle.



A fire screen decorated with hand-made geese in flight may be worn by smart fireplaces this Fall. The geese are appliqued on the usual black iron screen which, in this case, is bound with hand-wrought steel.

Limited editions are not confined to books and etchings. Bone china service plates, decorated with a series of hunt episodes by a leading exponent of this type of art, are available in a limited edition of fifty sets of a dozen each. These would glorify any hunt breakfast. And another set of plates by the same artist depicts currently famous race horses, together with a shield in the racing colors of the steeds' respective stables.

A prominent artist of sporting subjects turned his hand to glass decorating, and the resultant work is a decanter and highball glasses with wild ducks effectively etched upon them. Marsh reeds prove an appropriate ornamental border around the lower part of the glass.

Several new and efficient features have been added to the bridge table. There's one of modern design made with tubular chrome legs and a bakelite top with drop leaves. When the table is not in use, and the side leaves are down, the folded chairs are nested underneath the table in slots provided for this purpose on the bottom of the drop leaves.

Better than a memory course for bridge players is a recording card table which has a shifting lever in front of each player that registers in apertures placed in the center of the table the last standing of the bid, and who's dealing. This eliminates the need for conversation during the bid, and should prove Utopian to sticklers for silence. Incidentally, the top of this table carries a new waterproof, rubberized cover that is assurance against liquids or moisture.

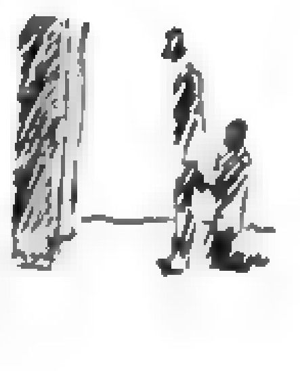
The fabric we reported last month as an ideal slack idea also comes in a skeet coat with a padded shoulder. The pockets have an outside reenforcing strap, so that your shells won't pull 'em down around your knees. A hat of the same fabric is a favorite against all contenders in shooting headwear. It's a helmet type and was originally made for the duckers.

The same fabric is also used in the box-pleated, belted, long-sleeve coat that our fashion department calls a bush shirt, as the African big-game boys go in for it.

A golf enthusiast with a mechanical turn of mind was evidently the designer of an ashtray stand made with three putters that serve as a column to hold a chrome tray. In the center a chrome golf ball flips open to give you a light.

A tray that is as characteristic of our times as those butterfly affairs were of pre-War days is the new roulette tray. It's decorated with a regulation playing board having thirty-six numbers, and a six inch roulette wheel is set at one end. There's a cocktail recipe on each number, and an alcohol-proof surface is indication of its practicality.

Passport folders and containers have always been an irritating addition to already bulging pockets. A new billfold, large enough to accommodate such papers as are necessary to foreign travel, is now available in various leathers.



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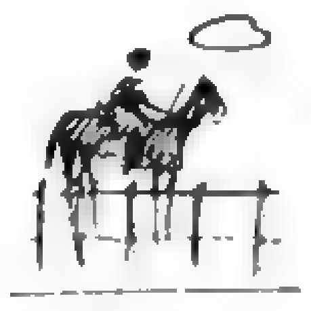

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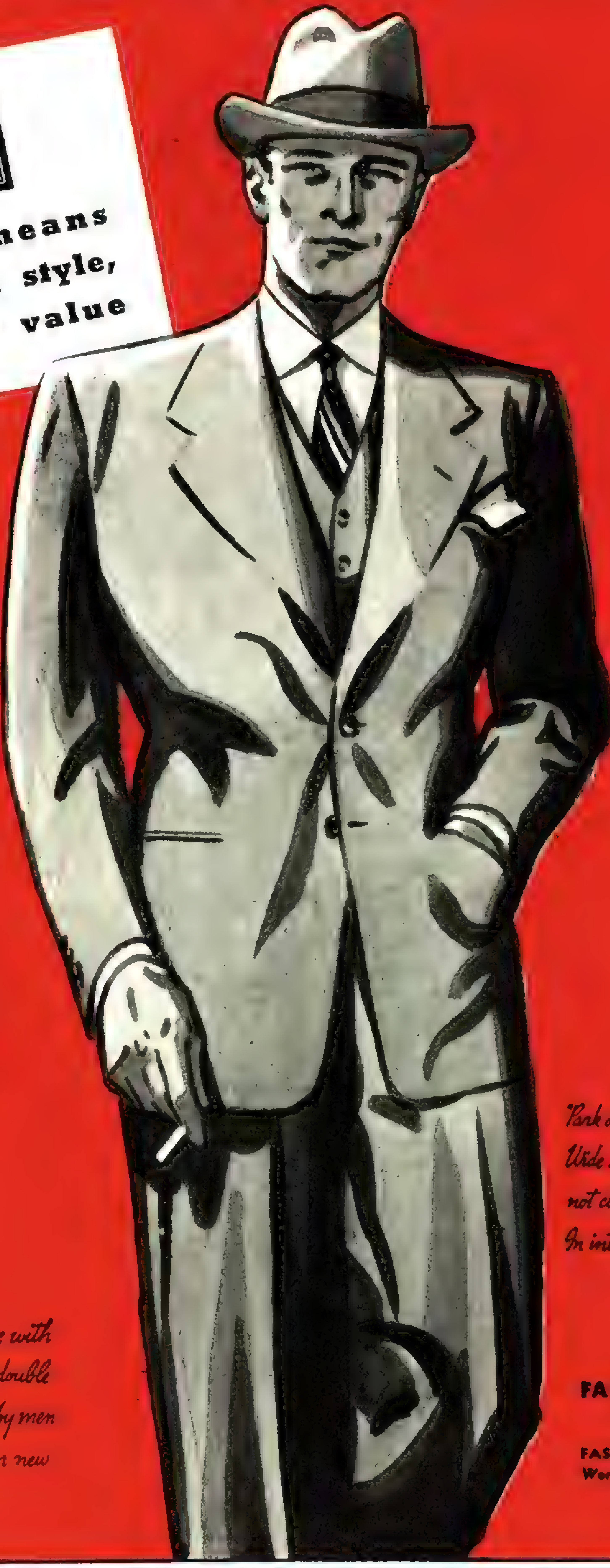

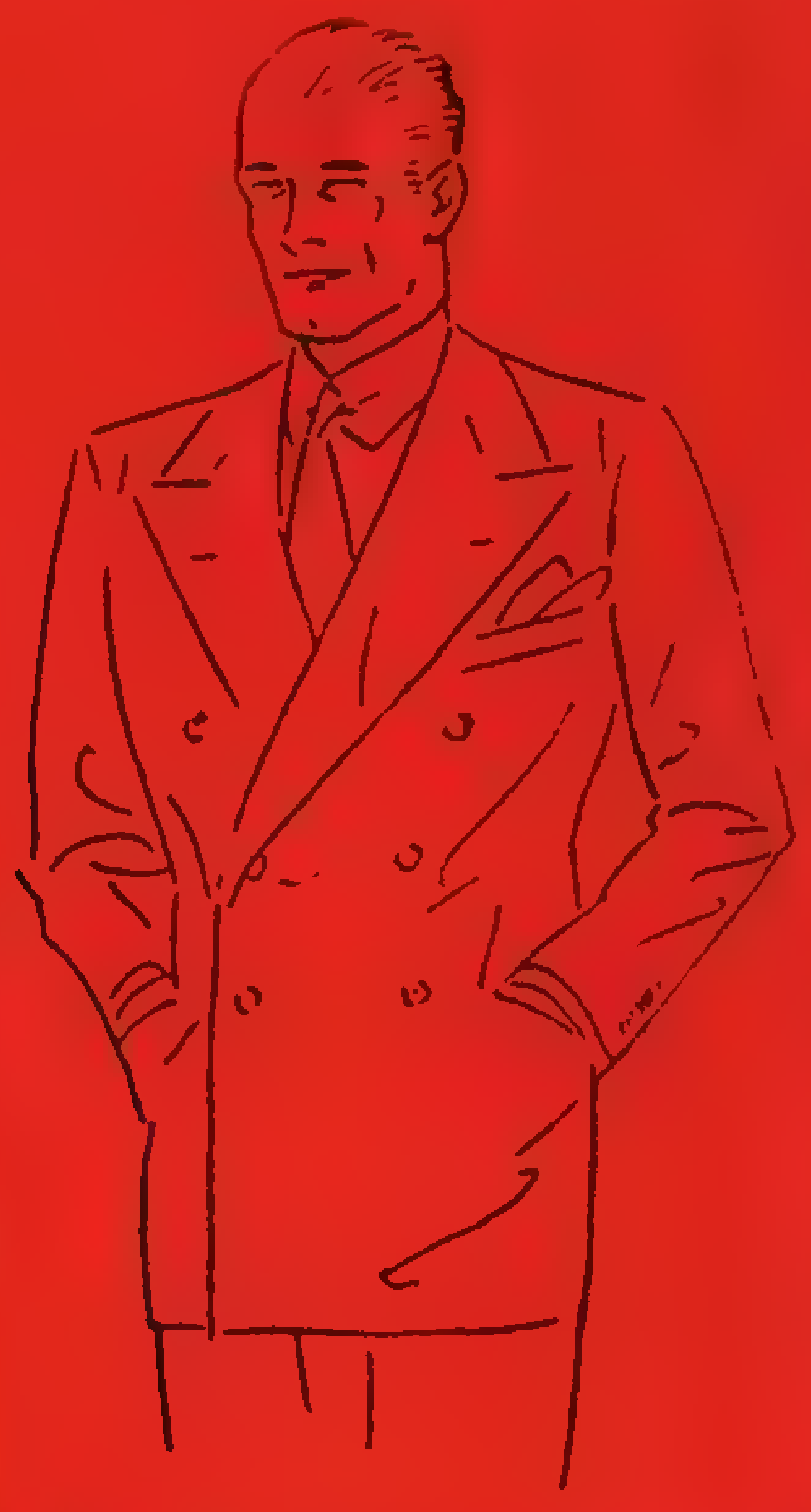

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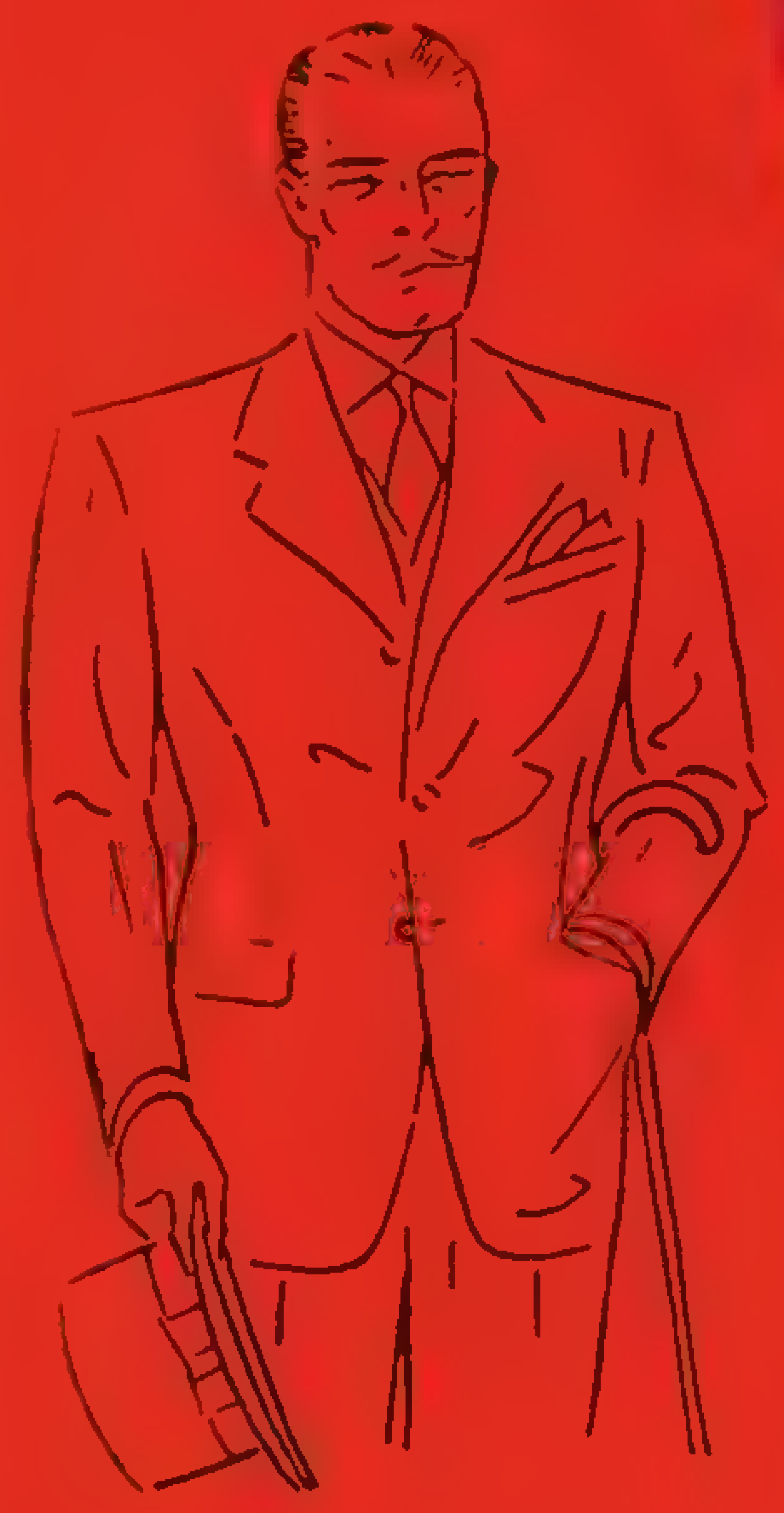

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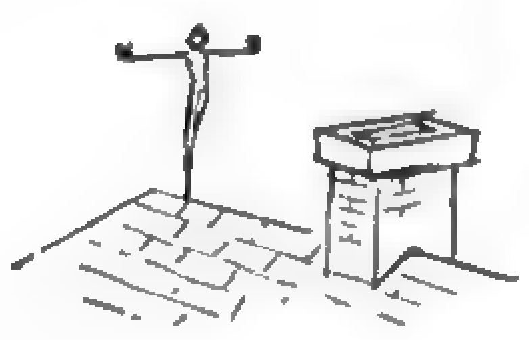
Stop-lights for automobiles are now constructed so that they not only wink at you, but also wiggle. This useful advance in precautionary driving resembles a lantern. When the brake pedal is depressed, a light flashes inside the lantern which at the same instant begins to move vigorously from side to side. To say the least, people notice it. Furthermore, it's attractively finished and will fit smartly the design of any car.



By historical association and romantic lore, weather vanes seem to have picked up a language of their own similar to "the language of flowers". If you've the urge to so express your personality, or if you wish to add authenticity to your house, there's a New York firm that will execute any order according to your specifications, if their large stock holds no piece of interest to you. And they do it rather inexpensively.

Australia has shown the world some top-flight tennis playing in the past few years. They've now developed a racquet that measures favorably in looks, precision and durability with their game. It has a small oval head, an air-stream handle, and ribbed leather grip. Unlike the usual Australian product, it has a very tightly strung gut. We confess a special like for the hand grip. Its resilience lets you freeze on to it, so to speak, so that you can wallop the ball with a gusto heretofore reserved for experts. The neck has a metallic paint finish, which is very attractive, and the head is two-ply wood, finished in the natural color.

A small radio combined with a clock, fountain pen and inkwell is a convenient accessory for a busy executive's desk. With this at hand, you can check up on the World Series' results between conferences.

You can actually try out your own ideas in the matter of football tactics in a new game which the foremost football coaches consider highly educational, instructive and entertaining.

We've had our attention called to some new razor blades. They're made of imported steel, and they're said to be setting endurance records.

Finding a pearl in an oyster is a rare treat for anyone. It's something we used to dream about, but now it's a fairly simple matter, and the pearls are the real McCoy. The oysters are packed in Japan, and they're sold in certain New York shops. Your guests aren't likely to know that, however, and even if they do—it's still a thrill.

And while we're on the subject of your guests, you might also amuse them with a set of imported cocktail napkins, six of which contain scarlet lip imprints with wise-cracks imprinted over them in French. These are for the gentlemen. The other six are for the ladies and are absolutely plain, on the presumption that they can supply their own lip imprints and wisecracks.

We've had the opportunity to preview the 1937 model of the automatic toaster. In true motor car fashion, this new model has been streamlined and boasts of many mechanical advances. The annoying tick-tick of the timing device has been all but entirely eliminated, so that the neurotics will enjoy their toast even in the making. You don't have to change the timing after each piece, because an automatic device holds the temperature at the proper predetermined degree to give you blonde or brunette toast, according to your personal taste. Additional equipment consisting of a large serving tray, individual trays, crust cutters, and small dishes for sandwich spreads make up an outfit that contributes to the ease of midnight snack-serving.

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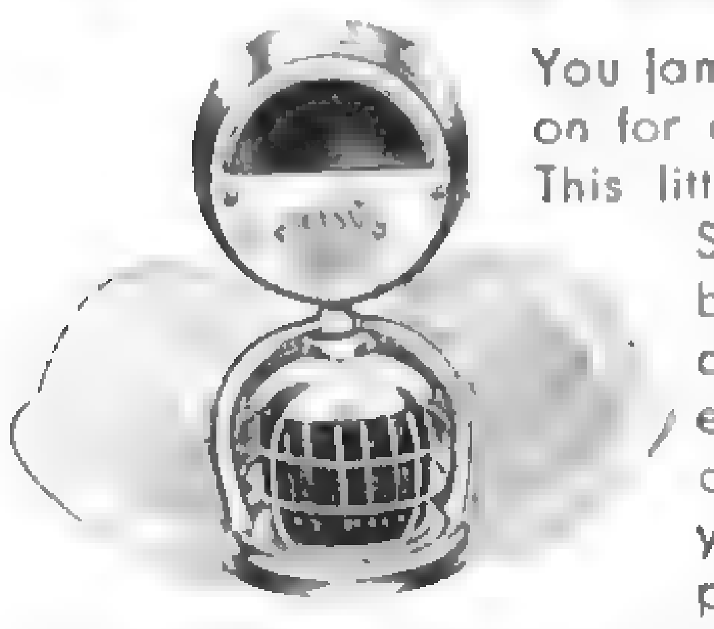

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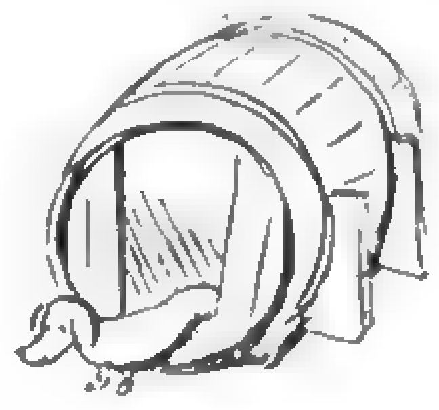


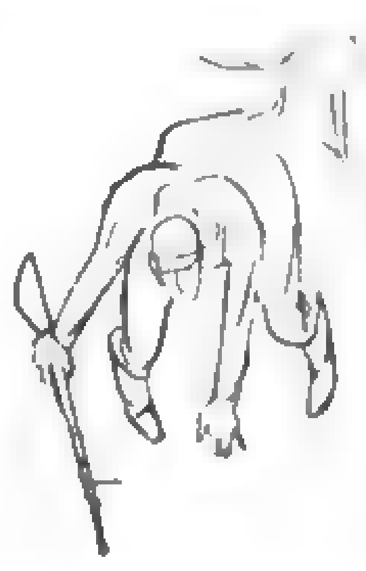
The dearth of oak beer kegs, a condition much publicized in the early days of the return of 3.2, is not only no longer prevalent, but there may even be a surplus of these traditional containers for lager. With part of one end left open, placed on a cradle and fitted with a pad, they are being vended as a kennel for the pooch, a particularly appropriate item for a home tap room.

Amateur movie making and the enthusiasm for small cameras is further stimulated by the introduction of a miniature movie camera that holds thirty feet of eight millimeter film. With a little forcing and ripping, it might well be put into a vest pocket, and it certainly will fit easily into a man's coat pocket or a lady's bag. It sells for a moderate cost, as does a companion projector, and the cost of film and developing with return postage is less than a dollar. It's equipped with an F 5.6 lens, has five stops, weighs only sixteen ounces, and the makers tell us they expect to have it equipped for color movies in another few months.

Much thought is being expended in the direction of the Nimrods and vice versa, whose perennial peak is now approaching. Unusual interest was manifested by the gunmen in a hunting boot we showed a year ago in connection with a page of guns displayed in our November 1935 issue. This high moccasin boot is in great favor because of its comfort and durability. Other more recent contributions to foot comfort for upland or woodland shooting are high rubber hunting shoes, exceptionally light and dry, which have crepe soles and only four eyelets to lace at the top; a new waterproof shooting shoe with blucher front and welt sole which is many ounces lighter than its predecessors; and a moccasin-shaped low rubber shoe that might also be desirable for late season golfers as well as the Nimrods. It's lined with balbriggan and has a gum rubber sole.

A preparation for the preserving and conditioning of heavy leather boots and shoes is an essential. There's an old English waterproofing standby, and a new leather conditioner that do the job well. They're excellent, too, for use on luggage, saddlery and shoes.

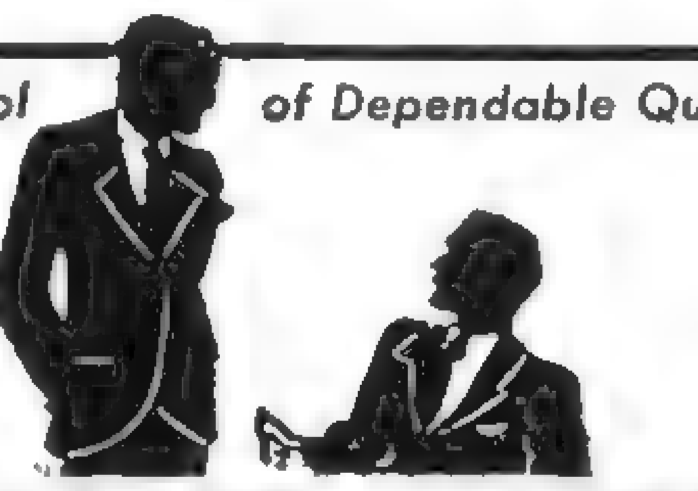
The shooting season brings robust weather. For those who require sleeping comfort in unheated shacks and cabins, a flannelette sleeping garment should prove satisfactory. The feet are an integral part of the legs, and there's a separate hood that you can take or leave off as you see fit.



A pair of breeches made of a cloth originally produced for raincoats should prove practical. Even the trimming, such as pockets, is made of the same fabric, assuring equal strength in every detail. They have laced cuffs. A jacket of this same material is obtainable, featuring slicker-lined drop pockets, and a pivot sleeve that won't raise the bottom of the coat more than an inch when you bring your gun to shoulder.

For cold weather golfers or skeet shooters, an eighteen ounce wool slack in a simple overcheck design is a certain protection against a biting wind. These are about the same weight as a topcoating, and you can get a matching jacket with zipper front to complete the outfit.

The flannel shirt, long the exclusive habiliment of the uniformed forces, has acquired a new standing by appearing in authentic tartan plaid patterns. They're finding popularity with many as part of a shooting kit, or with countryside outfits, as they combine colorful smartness with much-desired warmth.



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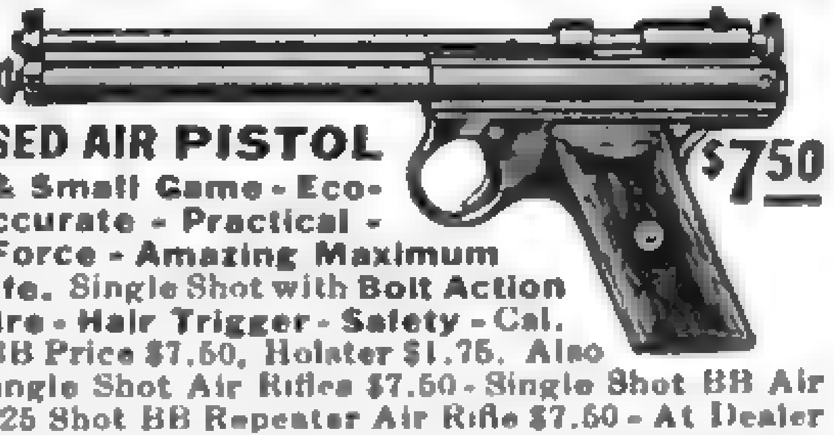

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ARTIE McGOVERN

Formerly Director of New York Physicians' Club. National Amateur Champion Boxer at 16! Learned science of training in prize ring days, but realized after opening first gym, he should know more about workings of human body. So he studied at Cornell University Medical Clinic, where he was also physical director for 8 years.

Today, at 44, is a model of physical perfection—stronger and more active than the average college athlete.

HOW can many of New York's busiest physicians stand up under their gruelling duties? Why are their nerves so steady, their minds so clear after nights of broken sleep and days of fatiguing work?

The answer is simple. They follow the rules for health described by Artie McGovern in his new book. Many not only go to McGovern's famous gymnasium in New York, but asked him to become Physical Director of the New York Physicians' Club!

These doctors are too wise to fall for work-outs that leave the "patient" gasping, dizzy, exhausted, the kind of exercise that does more harm than good. And not only doctors have benefited by McGovern's safe, sane methods. Among the nationally known people who have used them are: Grover Whalen, Walter Lippmann, Vincent Richards, Babe Ruth, Gene Sarazen, Rube Goldberg, Frank Sullivan, Paul Whiteman, Isaac Marcosson.

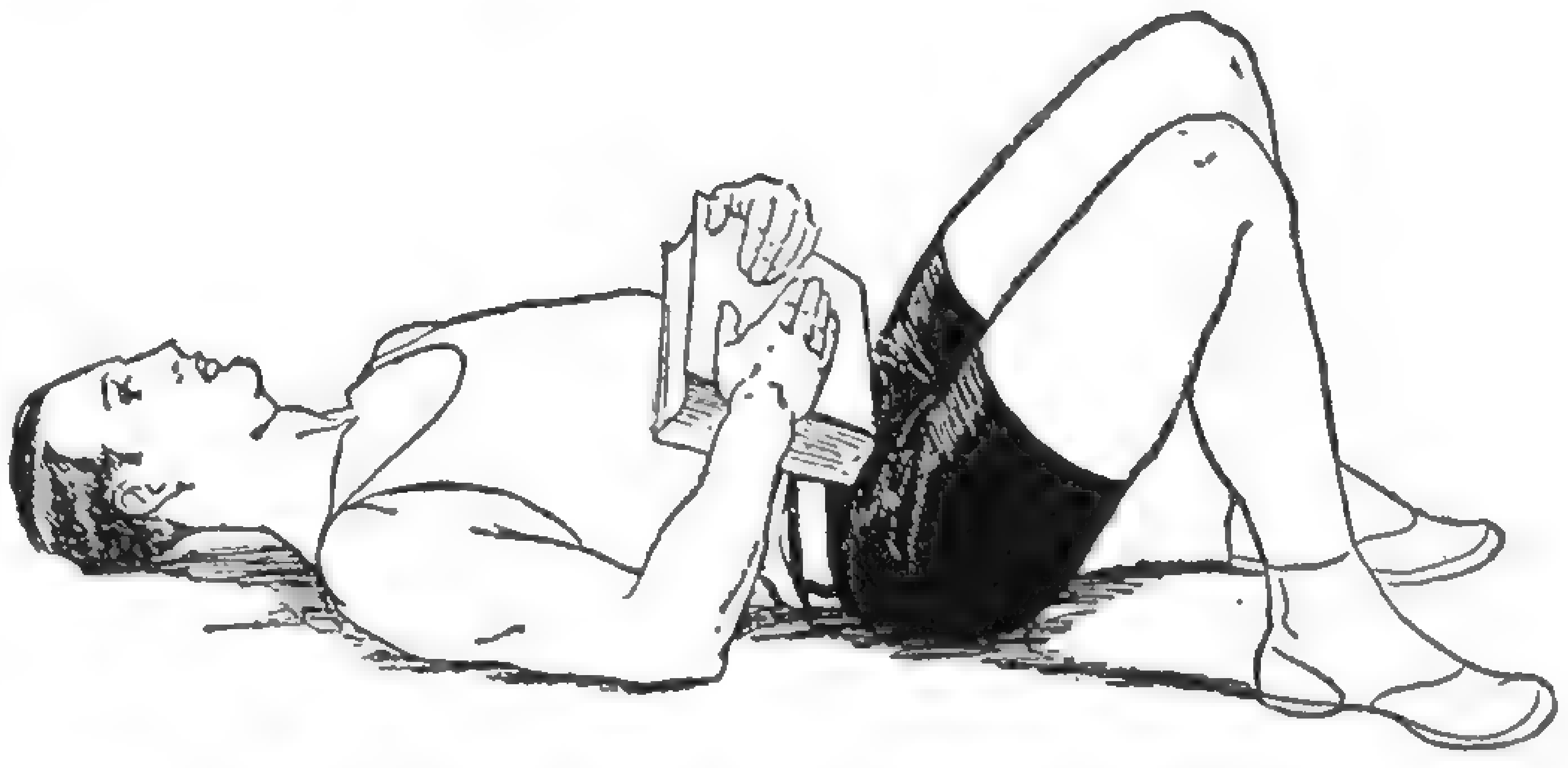
America's Greatest Trainer at Last Reveals His Secret of Keeping Fit!

In his new book Artie McGovern gives you "debunked" truth about exercise. He explodes popular fallacies. He shows you how to increase vigor, feel better, relieve constipation, and either lose weight or put on solid pounds—how to get more enjoyment out of life. Your particular problem (depending upon the type of person *you* are) is treated as such.

Here is a book of unvarnished truth about *your* body, *your* health, *your* living habits. It shows a *safe* way to control weight (the way *doctors* and *athletes* do); how to eliminate nervousness, sleeplessness; how to correct constipation without laxatives; how to tone up your entire system, and build reserve vitality to resist sickness. And all with simple, easy exercises you can do *at home*—without apparatus!

Are You Overweight—Run-Down —Constipated?

Do you feel run-down? Are your muscles flabby? Are you overweight or underweight? Do you take laxatives? Do you sleep poorly? Do you wake up tired? If your answer to one or more of these is "Yes," then you owe it to yourself and family to try the McGovern method.



The exercise shown above (which may be done while you are lying in bed) is one of the best you can do! On the other hand, such stunts as bending over and touching your feet with your hands are some of the WORST you can do—on a par with trick food fads and crazy diets. McGovern's book shows you how to keep fit WITHOUT such drudgery or exhausting exercise!

Artie McGovern doesn't make you give up smoking, cocktails, juggle calories or vitamins. He has no pills, trick reducing salts, tonics or apparatus to sell you. His famous Method is based upon sound scientific principles; the result of 20 years' experience in planning physical culture programs for people in all walks of life. Thousands have paid up to $500 for the McGovern course—now so clearly described and illustrated in this great new book "The Secret of Keeping Fit"—the very same Method relied upon by thousands of doctors and men important in public life.

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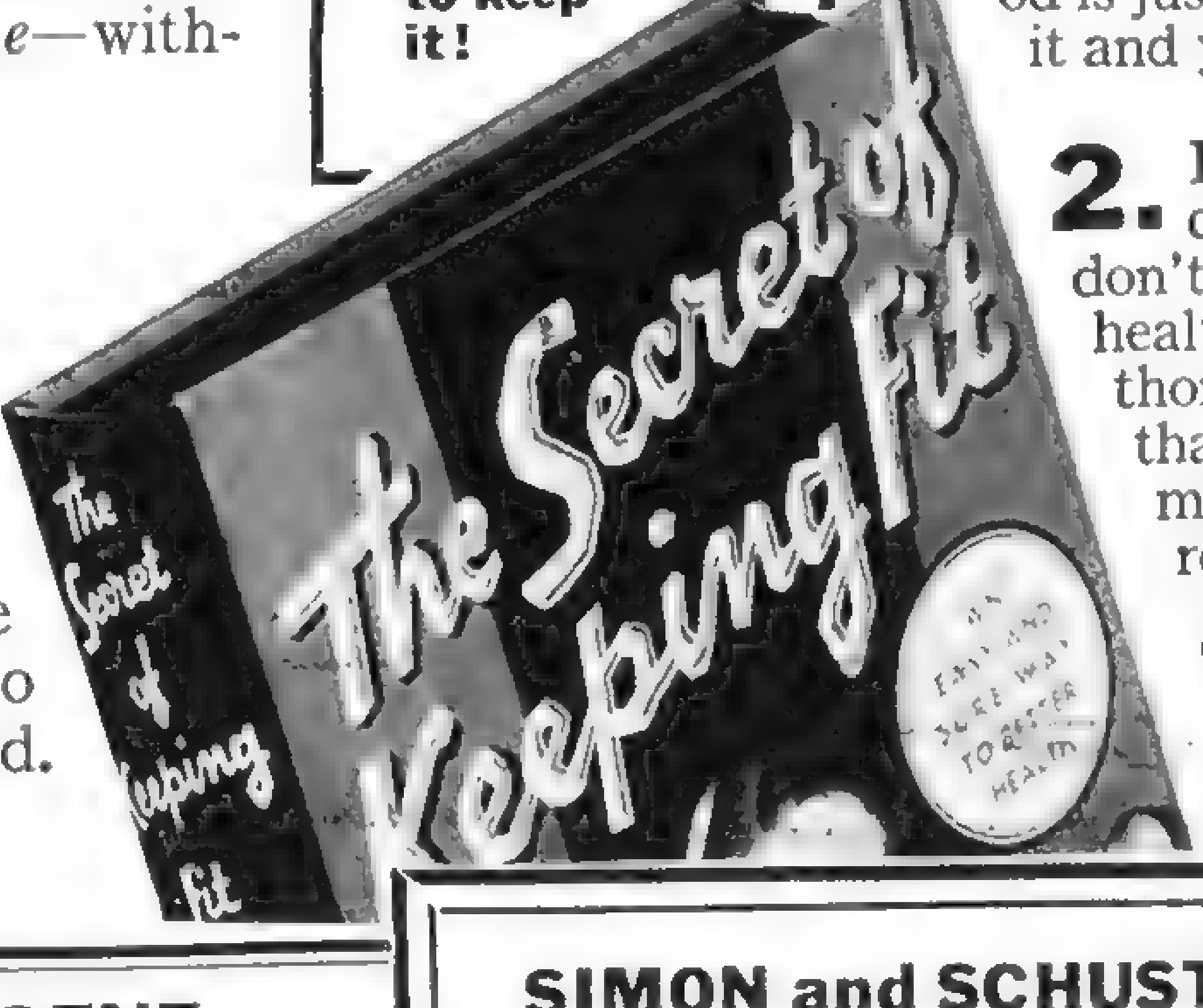

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Hips	47	41
Thigh	25	23
Calf	16¼	15

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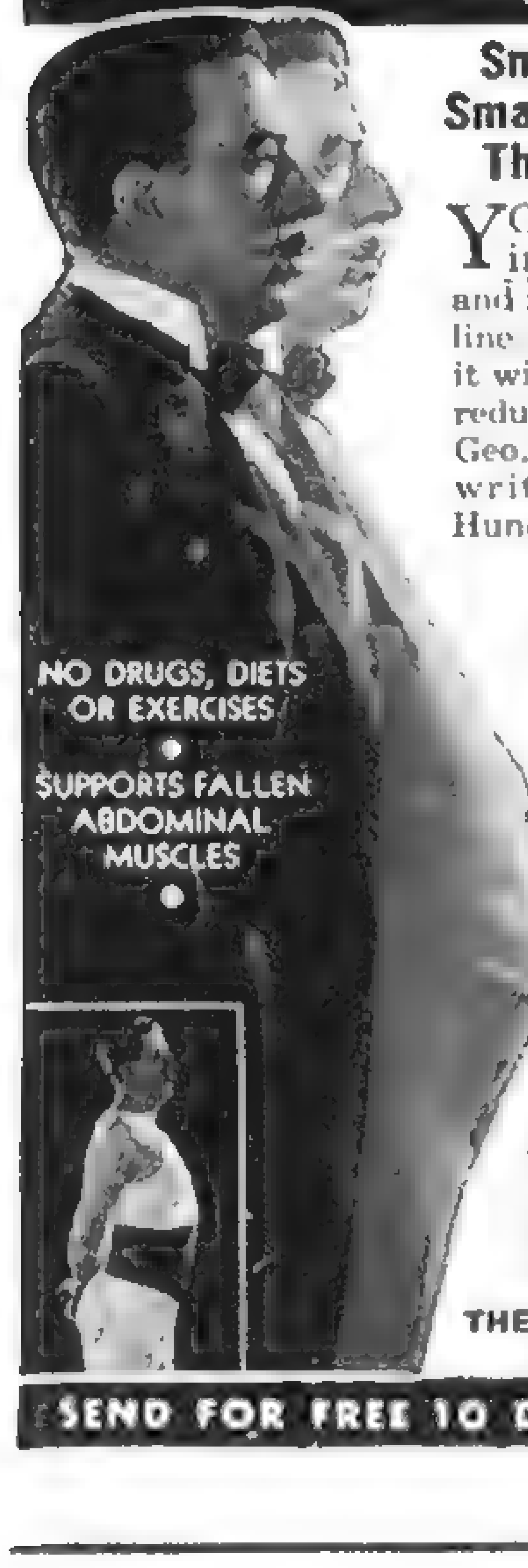
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People that go about inventing things seem to have seized with fiendish glee upon drinking contraptions. A new jigger measure that reminds one of a steam shovel's scoop has just arrived from England. It's called a "Scotch" jigger. You pour the liquor into it, hold it over whatever glass you are using, press a lever, and the liquor flows out through the bottom—none wasted, no mess. Hence, the name "Scotch." It is made of solid block tin.

Those broad-bottom, narrow-neck syrup pitchers used in many restaurants have been taken as models to fashion individual hot toddy jugs. They're made of clear crystal and silver. There's a silver label held to the glass by a silver chain looped over the handle. For one solicitous over his guest's night-time imbibings, they're just the thing. They come from England.

Some men have been bemoaning their inability to secure some large brass cuspidors. There's a store in New York that stocks them regularly, and they can be had at a reasonable figure.

An oddity among drinking cups made its appearance in the form of a liqueur glass stuck high atop a twelve inch stem. It is made of clear crystal, and the rim is edged in gold.

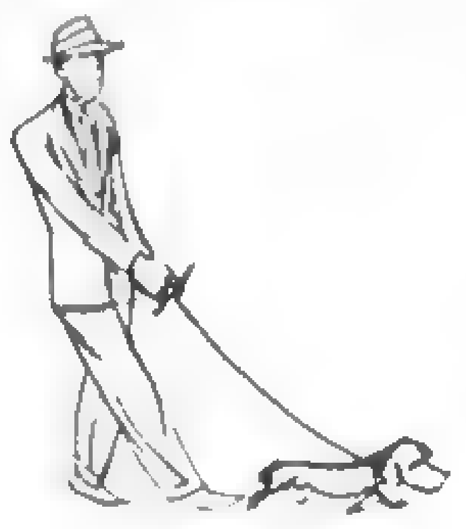
Many dogs have a penchant for resting under a chair. With this in mind, a wicker, bench-like affair has been made to accommodate this canine idiosyncrasy.

For those who would like to indulge a nostalgic passion for romanticism, the old Italian poison ring has been resurrected. Three small gold tubes run cross-wise of the diamond studded band. The middle tube, longer than the other two, is hollow and capped at either end with sapphires. Within it can be carried a small parchment roll, or anything else that fits.

There are so many gadgets for extracting juice from oranges and lemons that mention of another, even though it's the simplest one we've seen, may be merely amusing to you. Anyway, here goes. It consists of a hollow, perforated silver tube, and a wooden plunger that fits into it. You run the tube through the center of the fruit, shove the pith from the tube with the plunger, and manipulate the fruit. It's an English importation.

Trays seem subject to endless innovation. The latest one is finished in black enamel and copper or chromium. It is wide and fairly long, and the handles at either end are attached directly to the legs, so that by a simple twisting motion they are opened. The reverse of this operation closes them. When standing, the tray is about the height of a cocktail serving table.

Have you ever had a dog on lead yank the daylights out of your wrist? A new lead has been designed to stop it. At the end of the wrist loop is a leather-covered solid bar at right angles to the lead. By curling the two forefingers around it, strain on the wrist is relieved, and a firmer hold on the dog is secured. These leads and the collar are available in several attractive color combinations.



Do you remember the old, heavy, amply-proportioned beer mugs? The glass was thick, the stem thicker and the base broad. Some one has found a use for them. Fitted with pewter covers that have carved animal handles, they become admirable containers for peanuts, popcorn, crackers or what you will.

If you've had difficulty securing a collar for a whippet dog, we know where they may be purchased. They're French imports and are made of soft leather in a variety of designs and patterns.

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You won't lose your shirt—nor your socks, underwear, pajamas, nor any of your belongings if you mark them with CASH'S WOVEN NAMES. The genuine have "Cash's" woven in cutting space. Attach with thread or Cash's NO-SO Cement. *Order from your Haberdasher or Department Store or write us.* TRIAL OFFER: *Send 15c for 1 dozen of your own first name and sample tube of NO-SO Cement.*

Cash's 256 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn., or 6227 So. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles, Cal., or 116 Gray St., Belleville, Ont.

CASH'S NAMES 3 doz. $1.50 6 doz. $2. 9 " 2.50 12 " 3. NO-SO Cement 25¢ a tube

1929
Canadian Club
Canadian Whisky
Hiram Walker & Sons
Walkerville Ontario Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
90.4 U.S. PROOF

AFRICA SPEAKS...

C. E. Jenkins writes from Rhino Camp, Africa: "When we trek through the jungle, we travel extra-light. But one thing I always take along—and that goes for most Europeans here—is a stock of your 'Canadian Club'. I've never tasted a whisky I liked half so much."

Wherever you go, "Canadian Club's" flavor has won rare favor—has gained a reputation unequalled by any other whisky distilled on the North American Continent.

Whether you prefer rye or bourbon—bonded, blended or straight—you'll find a Hiram Walker whisky to suit your purse and please your palate. At your favorite dealer's and at clubs, bars, hotels everywhere. Hiram Walker & Sons, Walkerville, Ontario.

HIRAM WALKER'S "CANADIAN CLUB" CANADIAN WHISKY. 6 YEARS OLD. 90.4 PROOF

Hiram Walker's "CANADIAN CLUB"

Town Meeting in a New Age . . .

THE town meeting is cross-roads America, but the biggest town of them all isn't above holding one.

This year, as for five years past, it will be held under the auspices of a newspaper (the New York Herald Tribune). It will convene on the 22nd of the month at the Waldorf-Astoria. As in previous years, it will be known officially as the *Annual Forum on Current Problems.*

The known audience for this Forum runs high in the hundreds of thousands. Its proceedings will be witnessed by some five thousand, heard in the homes of scores of thousands more, read in extenso by thousands throughout the nation in the Herald Tribune of Sunday, September 27th, read and heard again later through the channels of civic clubs.

* * *

This year this famous annual meeting is to adopt a platform which requires but one phrase to tell the whole of it. The theme of the entire proceeding will be the *New Way of Living.*

If this meeting differs from all others in the Town Meeting category it will be a difference in breadth of view and intensive thinking power as applied to problems that refuse to wait for an answer. Its speakers therefore do not make speeches. They state problems. They name solutions. "They", in the case of this Forum, are leaders in the world of thought and action—speaking to the country through the delegated club leaders of thousands of communities which attend by proxy. "They" are chosen by this newspaper to interpret the living needs of this new age. "They" also represent the major industries and organizations which supply the food, clothing, shelter, transport and recreation of post-depression America.

You hear from time to time of an industry stepping out of its part and engaging in activities which have little to do with filling or selling tomorrow's orders. You hear of Kelvinator building houses or Chrysler beautifying roadsides or—for that matter—of a newspaper holding public hearings on the major issues of this day. You chalk it up to "good will" or "public relations" or "institutional publicity" . . . but the labels are loose.

The organizations which are doing these things are literally living in the future for the intensely practical reason that they see their destinies tied to the new way of living. They will not do it tomorrow. They *are* tomorrow.

. . . which is one of the more important reasons why the Forum at the Waldorf-Astoria, Tuesday the 22nd of September, will not be duplicated anywhere. The world figures who will be there will give the specifications for the New Way of Living—the conveniences that make life more of an orderly process, less of a losing struggle, the means of bringing efficient living and minimum labor and maximum use of leisure into the new way of American life.

When these specifications are laid down, they will immediately afterward be incorporated in permanent form in the Sunday Herald Tribune which follows the Forum . . . Sunday, September 27th. On that day, an entire section—a SUPPLEMENT of this paper will reprint the messages of the Forum and the messages of business and industry as well . . . all tied to the central, all-important theme: the *New Way of Living.*

The Supplement will thus be an extraordinary opening for American Industry and Commerce — the spot to focus the country's attention on the stability, the growth, the new accomplishments of individual enterprise. In the pages of this Supplement will be a library of guide-facts for the immediate future of the American family. They will steer the consumer's thinking . . . and his acting.

Every phase of modern American living, covered by ranking authorities — Housing, Food, Transport, Fashions, Furniture, Distribution, City Planning, Social Security, Control of Costs, Control of Crime — these and their allies which control the business of living will determine the context of this Forum Supplement.

* * *

Listeners to this Town Meeting will pick up the Forum Proceedings on their radios. Readers may order by mail, for 15 cents, their copies of the 12-section Herald Tribune for Sunday, September 27th — containing the Forum Supplement reprinting the proceedings and much other matter (address the Circulation Department, 230 West 41st Street, New York City).

Commerce and Industry members—those which especially wish to be identified prominently and dramatically with this movement for the *New Way of Living* in what promises to be an epochal supplement in modern newspaper history—these organizations will communicate with the Business Office of this newspaper.

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune

Even these young citizens have a stake in

TIME PAYMENT PURCHASING

Modern refrigerators keep their food wholesome. Modern cooking ranges make mothers' tasks easier . . . save their energies, health and time for the children who need loving care. Modern oil and gas burners keep homes comfortable with healthful, even-tempered heat. And modern automobiles provide bad-weather transportation to school . . . to church . . . fair-weather transportation to parks, beaches, country. Growing children *need* fresh air and recreation. Automobiles have enabled thousands of families to migrate from crowded city residences to comfortable, low-rent homes in suburbs and open country. These are a few instances of "child welfare" traceable in a great measure to budgeted time payment purchasing . . . a sound program which Commercial Credit Company has been promoting successfully in cooperation with thrifty American families for more than twenty years.

The low cost and the safety of Commercial Credit financing have been proved by the experiences of millions of satisfied users. When you buy anything requiring time payments, be sure to remember the name COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY. Ask any reputable dealer about the plan.

CCC
SAFETY PLAN

One of the country's largest factors in the financing of automobile purchases, Commercial Credit Company urges motorists everywhere to cooperate in promoting motoring safety.

CHECK YOUR BRAKES
CHECK YOUR SPEED
CONSIDER OTHERS

CONSTANT CAR CONTROL
Will Save Lives

COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY

COMMERCIAL BANKERS

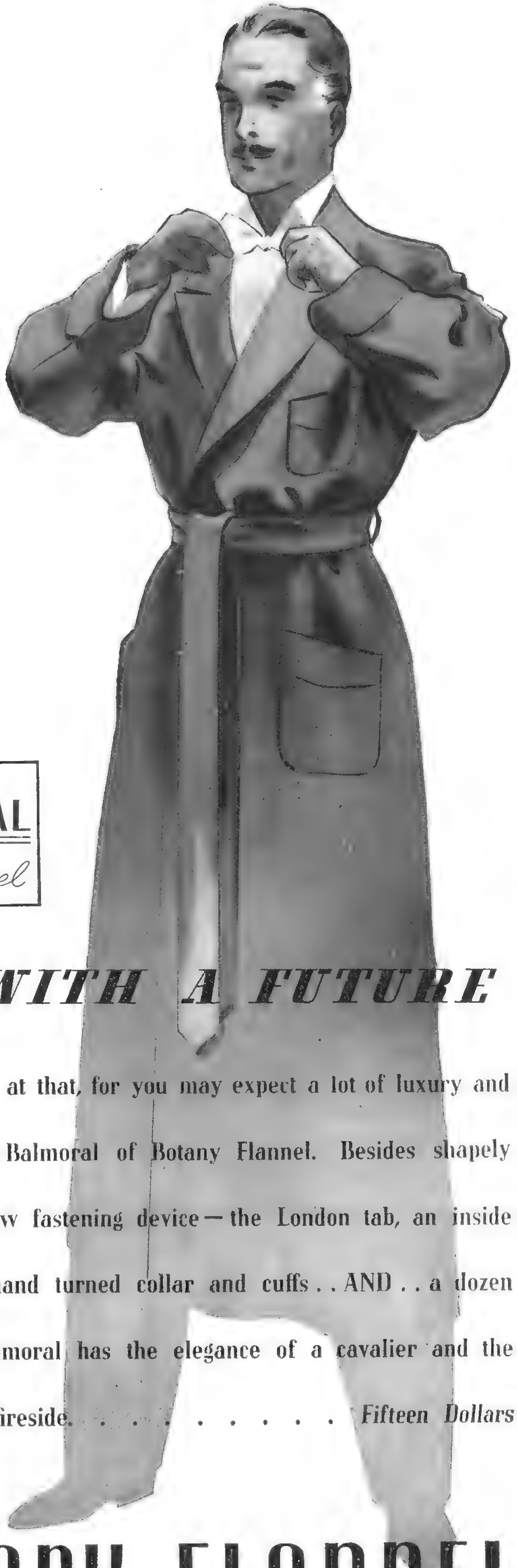
FINANCING SERVICE FOR MANUFACTURERS, DISTRIBUTORS AND DEALERS THROUGH 171 OFFICES IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA

These Stores Are Featuring THE BALMORAL In Their Robe Departments Now

Akron, Ohio	Lang's
Albany, N. Y.	John G. Myers Co.
Atlantic City, N. J.	McAvoy's
Austin, Texas	Merritt Nabours Co.
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler Bros. Co.
Baton Rouge, La.	Welsh & Levy Co.
Beaumont, Texas	White House D. G. Co.
Birmingham, Ala.	J. Blach & Sons
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Boston, Mass.	Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Frederick Loeser & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Flint & Kent
Buffalo, N. Y.	J. L. Hudson Co.
California	Roos Bros.
Charleston, W. Va.	Schwabe & May
Chicago, Ill.	Maurice L. Rothschild
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus, Ohio	F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Dallas, Texas	E. M. Kahn & Co.
Danville, Ill.	Deutsch Bros.
Decatur, Ill.	Blakeney & Plum
Des Moines, Iowa	Younker Bros.
Ft. Worth, Texas	Monnig D. G. Co.
Houston, Texas	Battelstein's
Kansas City, Mo.	Rothschild & Sons, Inc.
Little Rock, Ark.	Gus Blass Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.	The May Co.
Madison, Wis.,	The Hub (F. J. Schmitz & Sons Co.)
Miami, Fla.	David Alan
Milwaukee, Wis.	Toepfer & Bellack
Minneapolis, Minn.	Juster Bros.
New Haven, Conn.	White
New Orleans, La.	Leon Godchaux Clo. Co.
New York City	Broadstreet's
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Rothschild's B & M
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Kaufmann Dept. Stores
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimer Bros.
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
Salem, Mass.	Clark & Friend
Saranac Lake, N. Y.	T. F. Finnegan
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd Richardson Co.
St. Paul, Minn.	Schuneman's and Mannheimer's
San Antonio, Texas	Frank Bros.
Seattle, Wash.	Bon Marche
Shreveport, La.	M. Levy Co.
South Bend, Ind.	Max Adler Co.
Toledo, Ohio	LaSalle & Koch Co.
Topeka, Kans.	Ray Beers
Tulsa, Okla.	Palace Clothiers
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop
Wichita Falls, Texas	W. B. McClurkan Co.
Wilmington, Del.	Jas. T. Mullin & Sons
Youngstown, Ohio	Scott Co.

If your favorite store
is not listed, write to

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS
PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY
New York Showrooms:
1450 Broadway



The
BALMORAL
of
Botany Flannel

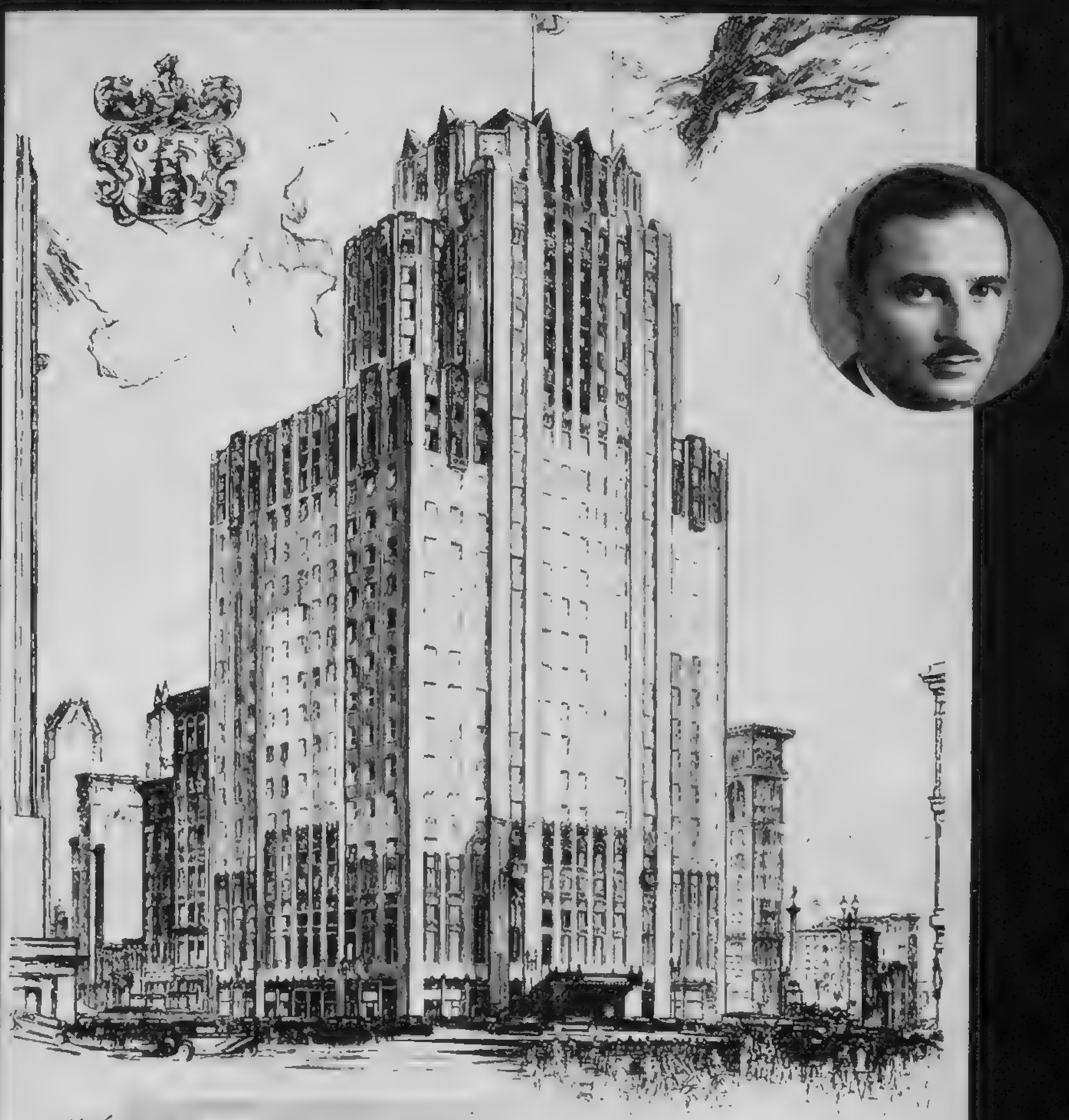
A ROBE WITH A FUTURE

and a great future at that, for you may expect a lot of luxury and comfort from the Balmoral of Botany Flannel. Besides shapely hymo lapels, a new fastening device—the London tab, an inside cigarette pocket, hand turned collar and cuffs . . AND . . a dozen other niceties, Balmoral has the elegance of a cavalier and the home-iness of a fireside. . . . . *Fifteen Dollars*

BALMORAL OF BOTANY FLANNEL

BOTANY FABRICS FOR MEN'S WEAR AND WOMEN'S WEAR—THE BOTANY TIE—THE BOTANY TOP-DYED YARNS FOR HAND KNITTING

Hotel SIR FRANCIS DRAKE *installs* *outlets for the* PACKARD *Lifetime* LEKTRO-SHAVER



San Francisco, California
August 5, 1936

Dear Mr. Andrews:

We have so many requests from Packard Lektro-Shaver owners for outlets in our bathrooms that we have decided to accommodate them and are the first hotel in America to inaugurate this service, installing six hundred outlets.

Cordially yours,

HOTEL SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Dan E. London

Dan E. London, *Resident Manager*

One million fastidious people are now shaving electrically. Daily, thousands of new enthusiasts are telling it everywhere . . . how you can *now* shave dry . . . without lather or cream . . . quickly, cleanly, *painlessly. Twice a day,* if you like! Of course, you can "plug in" anywhere, but this progressive manager on the Pacific Coast considers it good business to make this modern shave *even more convenient,* with special outlets for the Packard Lektro-Shaver.

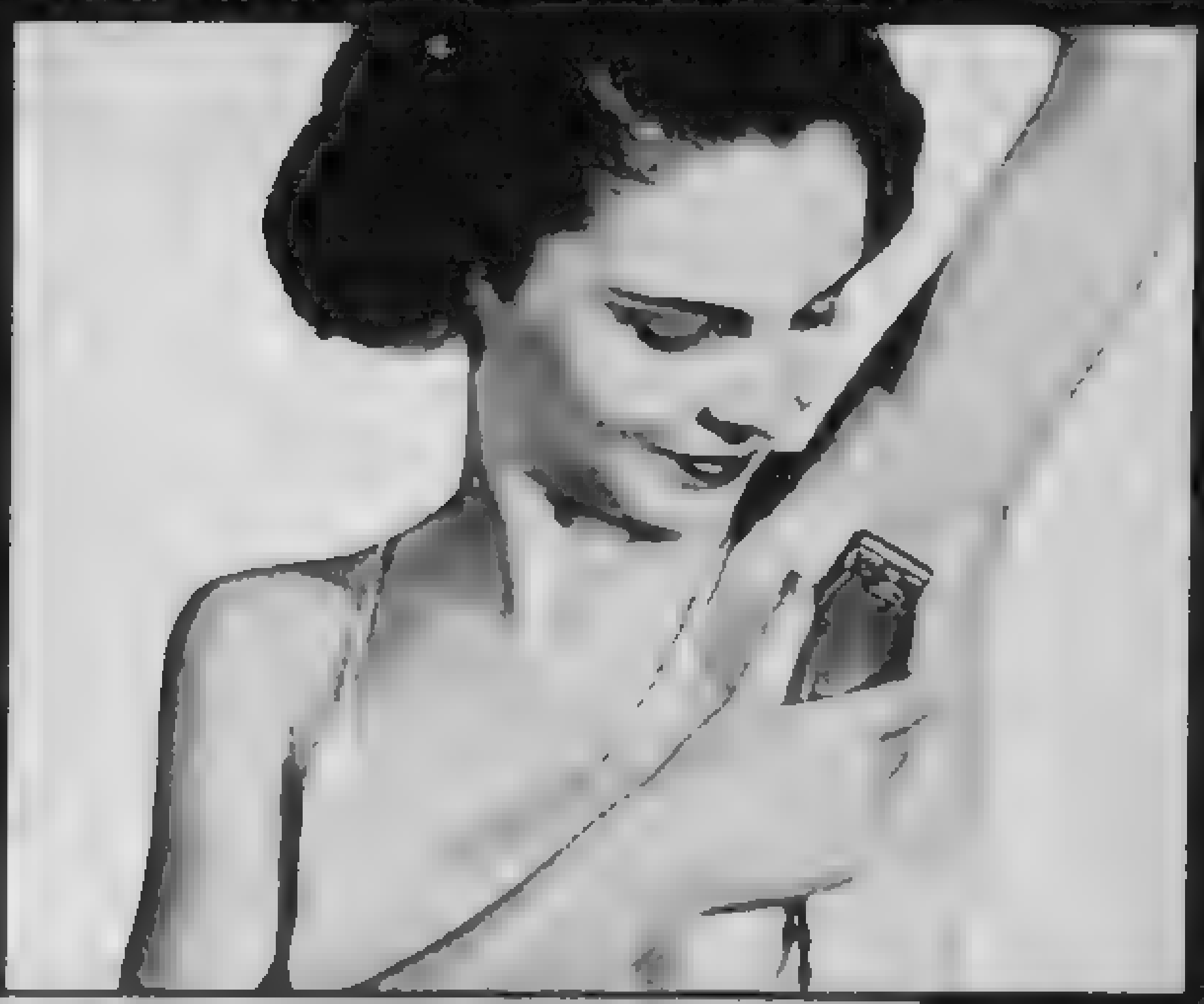
Packard Lektro-Shaver reaches even those hard-to-get-at places . . . in the ears, in the nostrils, on the ridge of the jaw bone.

For only $15 . . . the average cost of a year's old-time shaving . . . you get immediate comfort now, and for years to come, with no more expense. Specify Packard . . . the one with the polished, $200,000-patented round-head cutter that has no claws to scratch your face.

Go to the "Progress Counter" in your nearest department store, or to your favorite dealer, and see both the Packard and the remarkable Lektrolite Flameless Lighters demonstrated.

150 SERVICE STATIONS THROUGHOUT THE U. S. A.

For information, inspection or service on Packard Lektro-Shaver, 'phone nearest Dictograph or Acousticon office listed in telephone directories in all principal cities, or at the Progress Counter in your favorite department store.



THE $200,000 MASTER CUTTER

U. S. PAT. NO. 1,970,518
OTHER PATENTS PENDING

PACKARD *Lifetime* LEKTRO-SHAVER

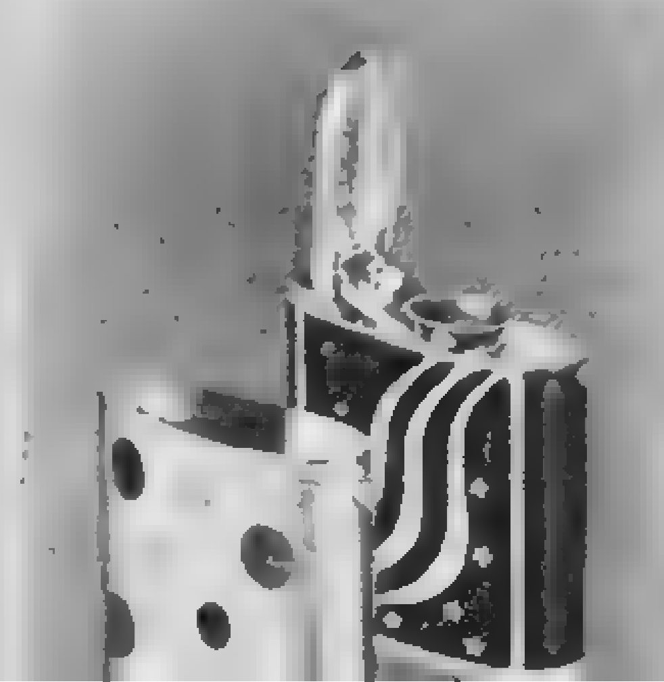
Lektro-Shavers are manufactured by Dictograph Products Company, Inc., precision manufacturers for 33 years, for Lektro-Shave Corporation, Licensees. Sole Distributor: The Progress Corporation, 1 East 43rd St., New York

On sale at 1,000 department store "Progress Counters" and by dealers everywhere. If they cannot supply you, use coupon below.

NO REFILLING NUISANCE WITH LEKTROLITE *Flameless* LIGHTER

THREE MONTHS WITHOUT REFILLING!

Ten million cigarettes now lighted every day on LEKTROLITES! You can light your cigarette in a whirlwind! No flame. No falling sparks. No stain. No odor. It works like magic. You merely raise the cap, insert one end of the cigarette in the cup of the lighter —Presto! With the first puff, the cigarette lights! The magic glow is 1200 degrees cooler than flame and releases no stain-producing substances from the cigarette. Result: a cooler, cleaner smoke. See Lektrolites at Progress Counters and dealers everywhere. Priced from $1 to $25.

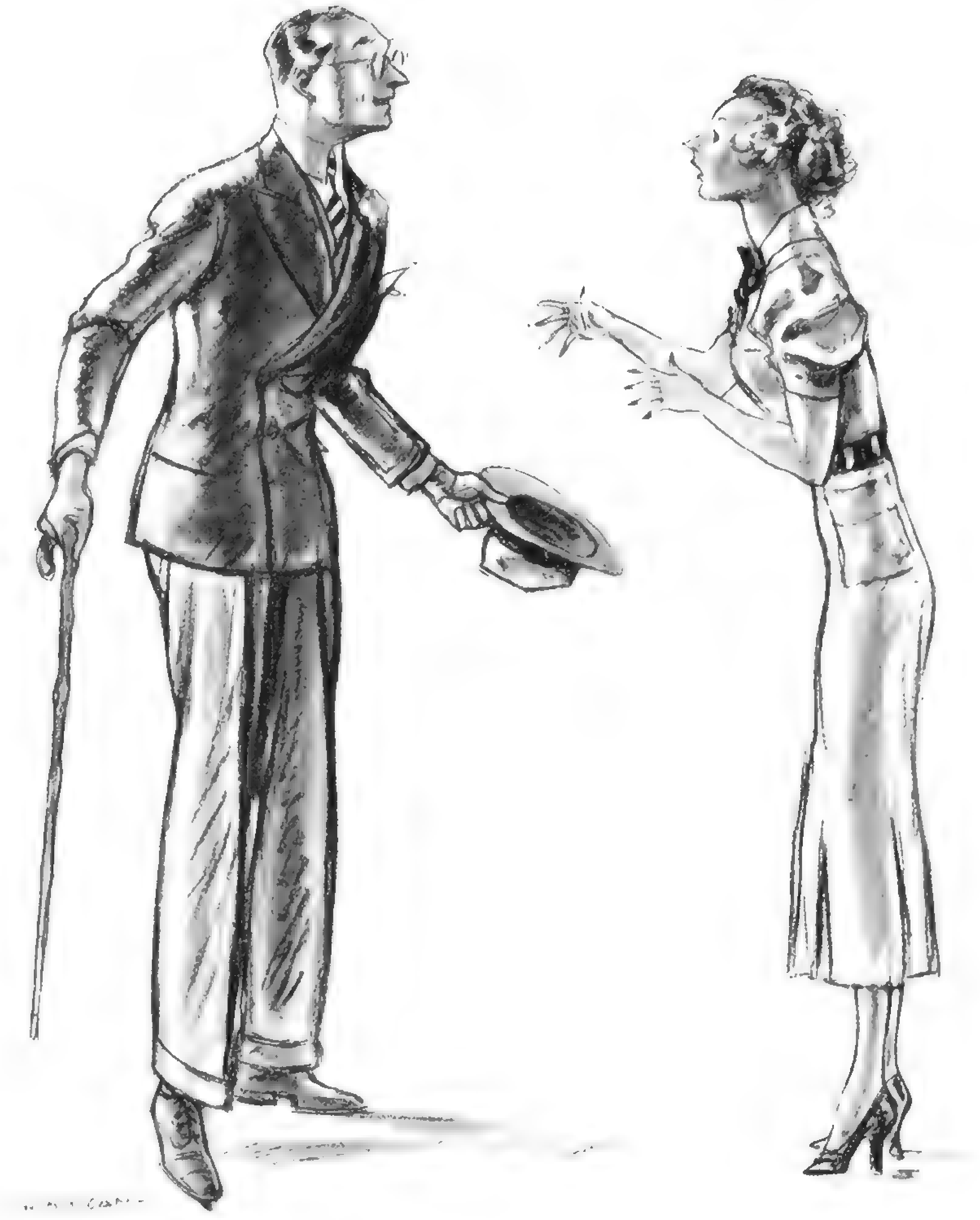


THE PROGRESS CORP., 1 East 43rd Street, New York (Dept. E1-A)

Enclosed find check ☐ money order ☐ for $.................... for which please send me . The "Quarterly" lighter (illustrated) Nickel ($5); . Chrome Engine turned ($7.50); . Chrome and Enamel ($10); . Packard Lektro-Shaver ($15).

Name............

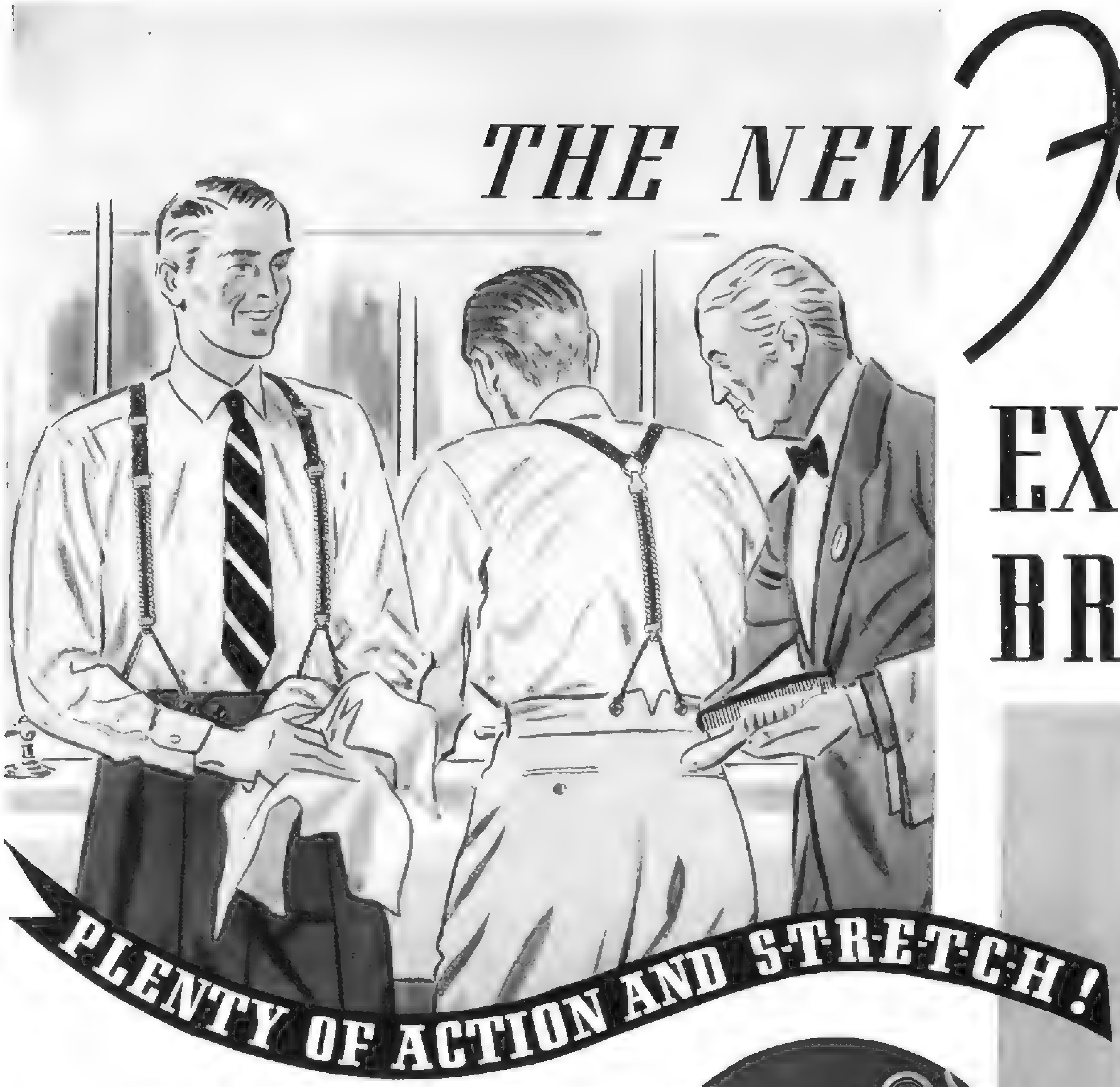
Address............



HE: It's out.
SHE: What's out?
HE: The new Scribner's.
SHE: What are Scribners?
HE: My darling, you'll never know.*

*If you're able to read without moving your lips you'll appreciate the new Scribner's Magazine. On sale now—25¢

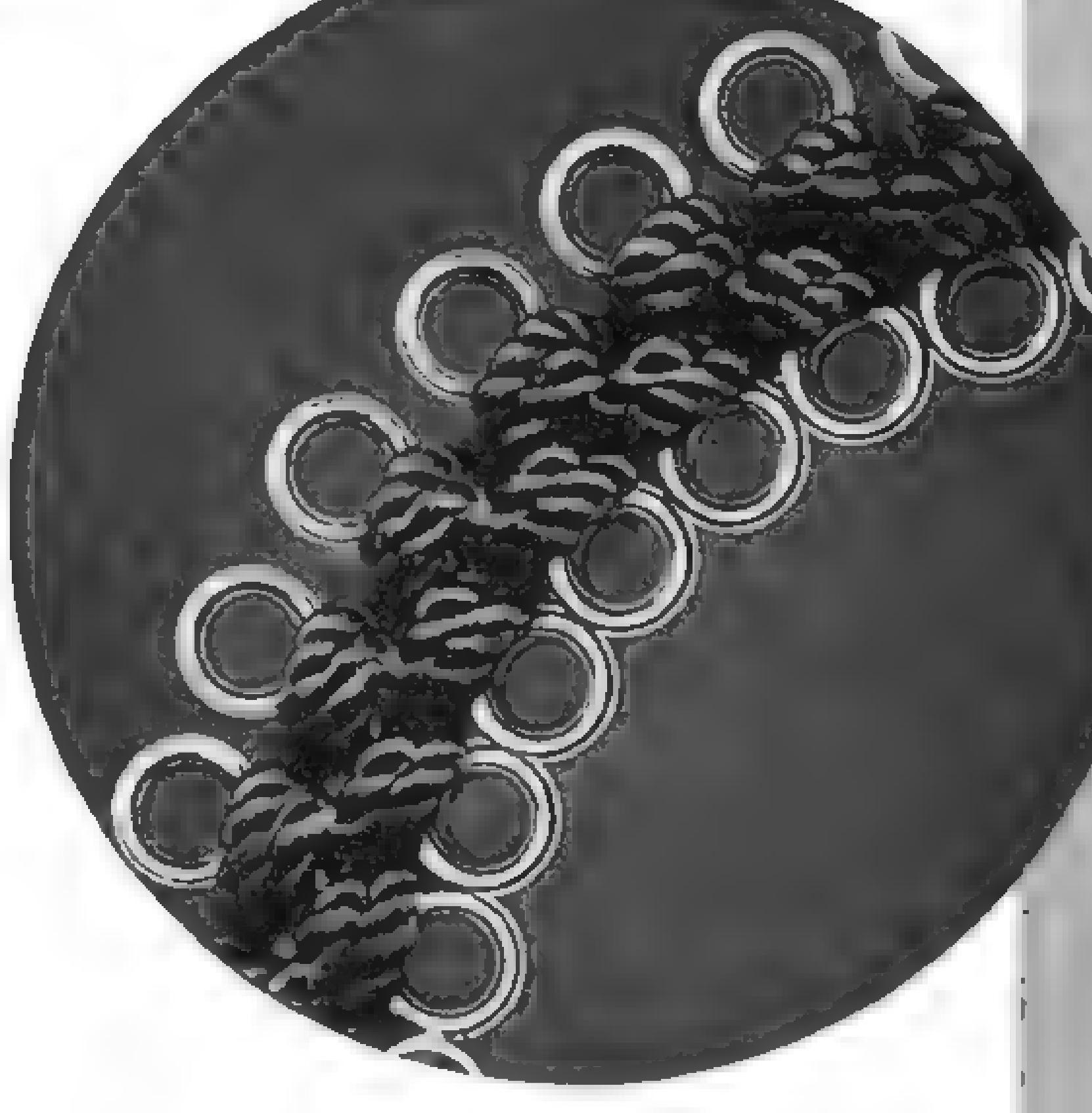
THE NEW Forstner METAL EXPANSION BRACES...


PLENTY OF ACTION AND S-T-R-E-T-C-H!

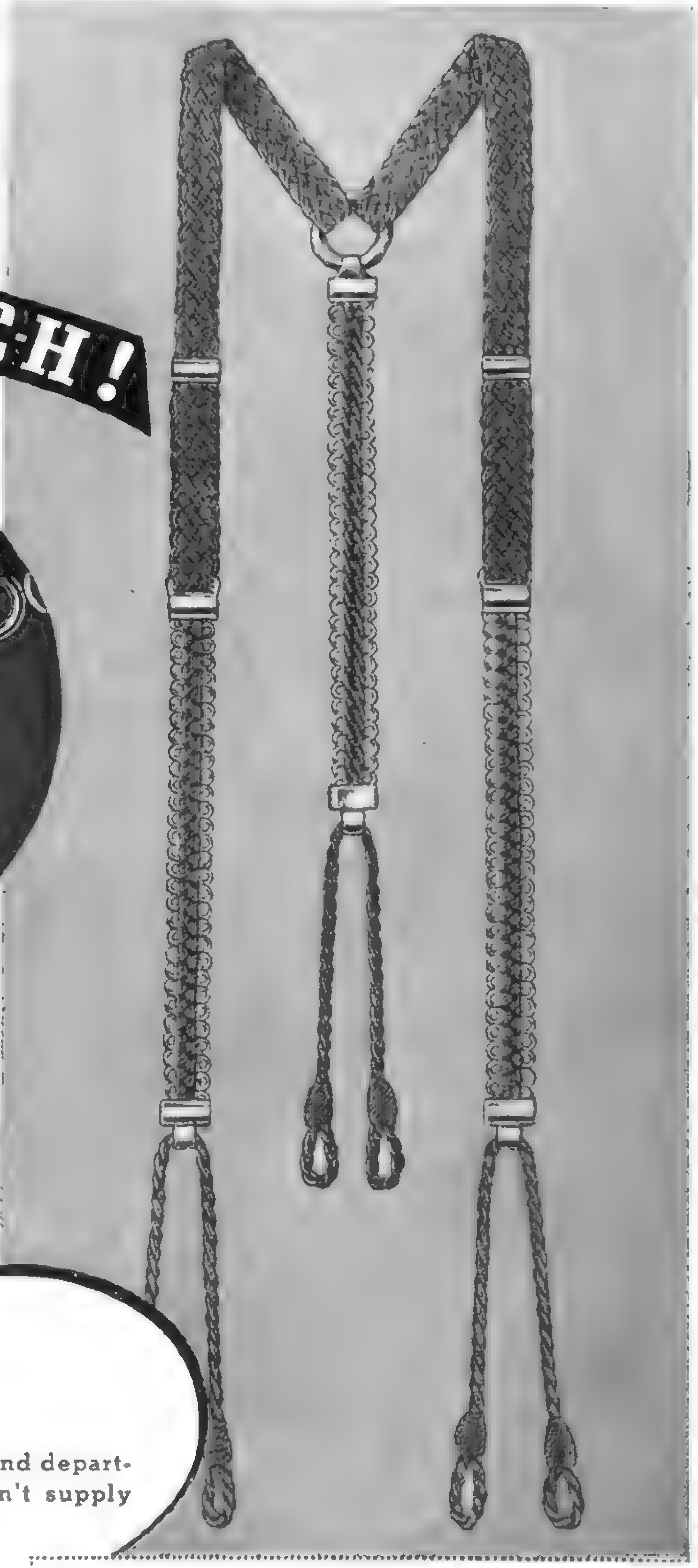
Here is fashion (and comfort) news of first importance to men! Following the success of the metal sport belt, FORSTNER now sponsors metal expansion braces that are lightweight, cool, durable . . . and they s-t-r-e-t-c-h with every move of the body.

Never binding or strain . . . gentle, easy wear is assured with your FORSTNER Expansion Braces. They're champions for comfort.

The last word in style smartness too! Attractive cord bindings in black, brown, blue, stone grey, bottle green and maroon add a pleasant masculine note to these spiral braces.



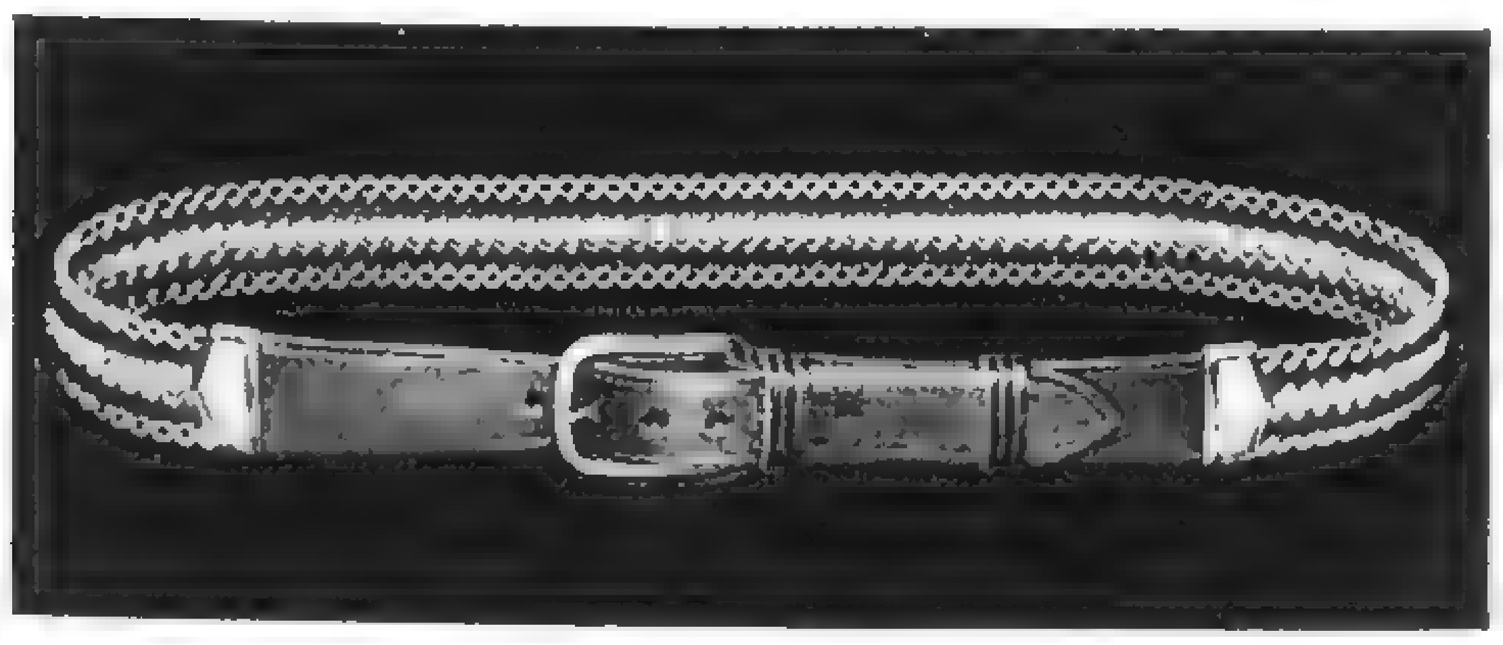
Actual photograph, close-up view, which illustrates the unusual elasticity of FORSTNER Metal Expansion Braces. This extra "give" means more comfort, better trouser support.



$1.50

at most up-to-date men's wear and department stores. If your dealer can't supply you . . . write to us. Coupon below for your convenience.

Companion to the Expansion Braces . . . a FORSTNER Sport Belt



These belts have the same expanding features as the braces. They're smart too, and appropriately worn all year 'round. Available in black, brown, blue and maroon • $1.00 (narrow width model), $1.50, $2.00, $3.50 and $5.00.

Forstner
CHAIN CORPORATION
IRVINGTON • NEW JERSEY • U. S. A.

FORSTNER CHAIN CORPORATION
646 Nye Avenue • Irvington, New Jersey

Send me METAL EXPANSION BRACES at $1.50, in color.

Also a FORSTNER SPORT BELT at

☐ $1.00 *Narrow Model* | METAL PARTS IN WHITE ☐ $2.00 | METAL PARTS GOLD PLATE
☐ $1.50 - ☐ $3.50 | ☐ $5.00 |

My Waist Measure is

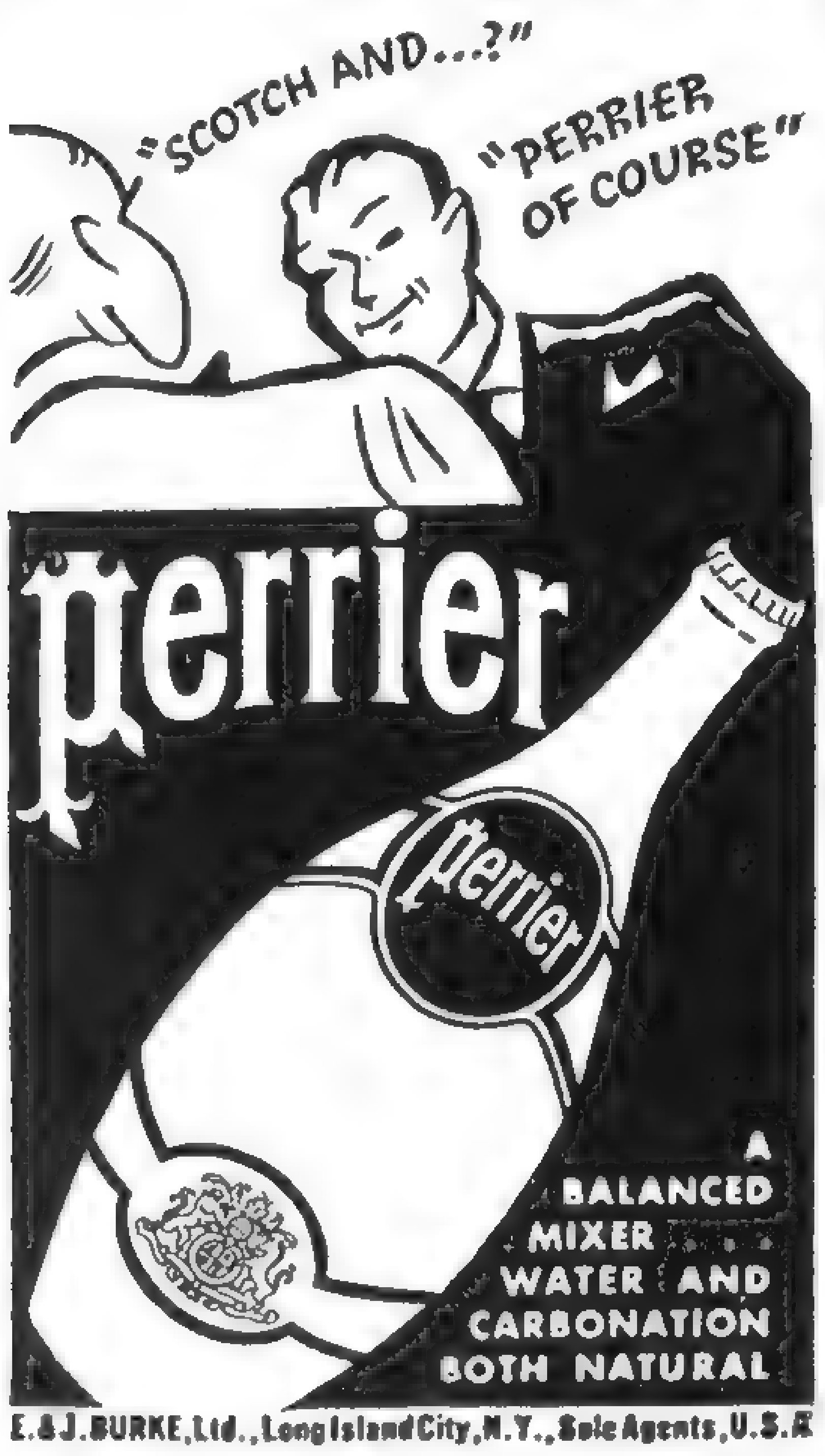
Name ________________
Enclosed: *Address*
☐ CHECK
☐ MONEY ORDER *City* ________ *State*

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

ANNOUNCING
the NEW
RESTAURANT
DE LA PAIX

News for New Yorkers!... opening early in the fall, and directly adjoining the famous CAFE de la PAIX, will be the most chic and continental place to dine, wine and dance in town!...there'll be delicious food and drink ...smooth and smart entertainment... the swingiest music in Manhattan!

ST. MORITZ
ON-THE-PARK
50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
Personal Direction:
S. Gregory Taylor



"SCOTCH AND...?"
"PERRIER OF COURSE"
perrier
perrier
A BALANCED MIXER... WATER AND CARBONATION BOTH NATURAL
E.&J.BURKE, Ltd., Long Island City, N.Y., Sole Agents, U.S.A.

CLIFFORD C. FISCHER'S
FOLIES d' Amour
Gay, sparkling review
at dinner and after theatre
French Casino
THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS THEATRE RESTAURANT
7TH AVENUE AT 50TH STREET · COlumbus 5-7070

Any day now the Café de la Paix, in the corner of the St. Moritz, at Fifty-ninth Street and Sixth Avenue, will have an expansion belt to take care of the increased patronage. What were sundry druggists and brassiere shops have been moved across the street and a swank restaurant with dance floor moves in. The new name is to be Restaurant de la Paix. This abandons the cellar to banquets, where they belong. We made another visit the other day to try and eat our way through the pastry tray, but gave up. Half-way through we met the artistic creator, Willy Rahmig, who has built the wedding castles for half the brides of Europe. Willy is somewhat discouraged at the American taste, which merely consumes befor it admires. Abroad, he could sculpt cupids, trees and airships out of sugar which would adorn the mantel-piece for many a moon. Willy is the only pastry maker we know who insists on locking the kitchen when he brews his confections. No apprentice is ever going to take his secrets down the street. Perhaps Willy is right. He swings a mean and unbeatable spoon. The Sky Terrace stays open until the frost sets on the pumpkins.

Divan Parisenne, 17 East Forty-fifth Street, is still having fun with its bicycle pump desert. But aside from that, the food remains at its excellent level. We partook recently of a dinner that began with a cold consomme, slid into pheasant on Virginia ham under glass, greens salad and the strawberry *aux vent.* With such a meal only a Bordeaux, such as Chateau La Mission Haut Brion, '23, is indicated. It is indeed a noble wine, as Father Divine might say, did he dine at the Divan.

El Chico, 80 Grove Street, goes its merry way. It is difficult to find Spanish dishes better cooked in the city, such as their *arroz con pollo* or *paella Valenciana.* The entertainment, too, is authentic and we wonder that some revue has not picked up Senor Carlos Salazar for his interpretation of a drunken peon or Senorita Selinda for her beautiful provincial dances.

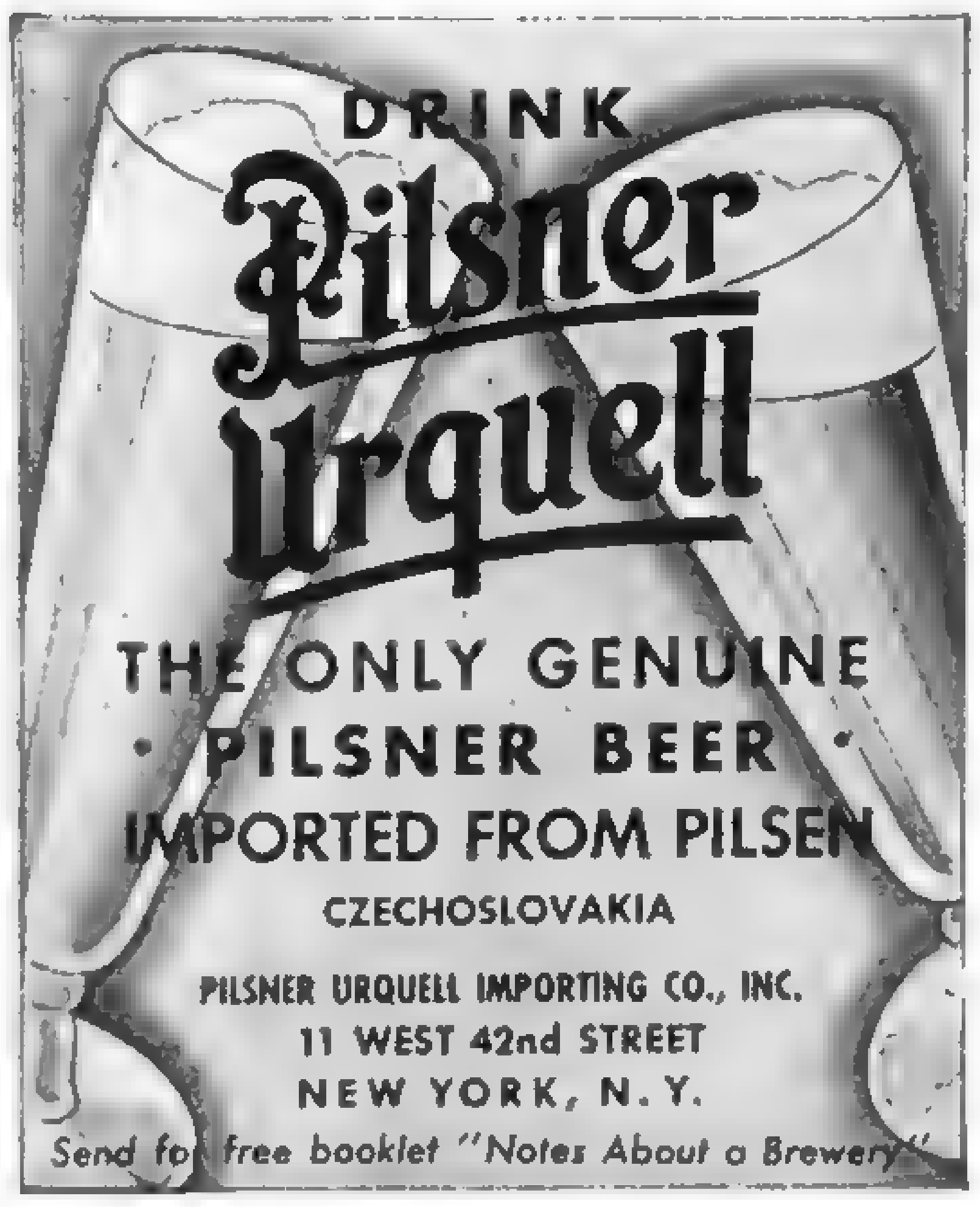
Rudy's Rail, 842 Second Avenue (near Forty-fifth Street), is the 1936 version of the Haymarket. If you don't know what that was, ask Dad (when mother's out of the room). There, swains, wearing their hats, dance in close formation with their lady frens and a nickle-in-the-slot piano has been replaced by a nickle phonograph with your choice of six selections. There are no singing waiters but current bawdy jests are on the walls as murals. The beefsteaks are hearty.

If you are up near Stamford, you will probably find Heywood Broun, Quent Reynolds, George Bye, Deems Taylor and Westbrook Pegler sipping at Ye Tavern, on Long Ridge Road. Don't let the "Ye" stop you.

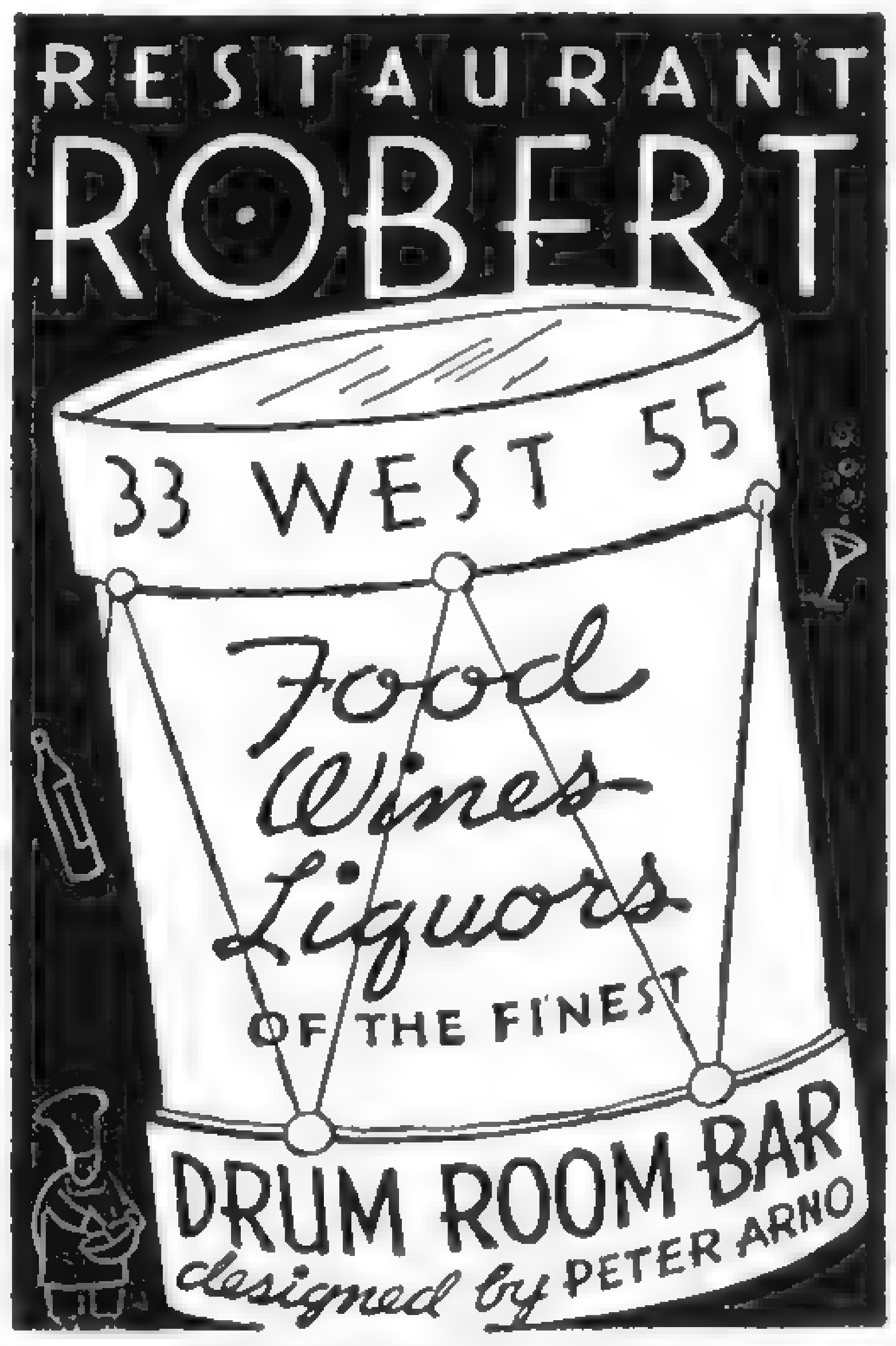
We are sorry to see the leaves fall from the ailanthus trees in the garden back of the Kungsholm, 142 East Fifty-fifth Street. It was one of the nicest garden restaurants in town. With the cooler weather we move into the handsome rooms to eat some swell smörgasbord and drink aqua vite. The bar, by the way, has a padded under surface to stead the knees of lady standees.

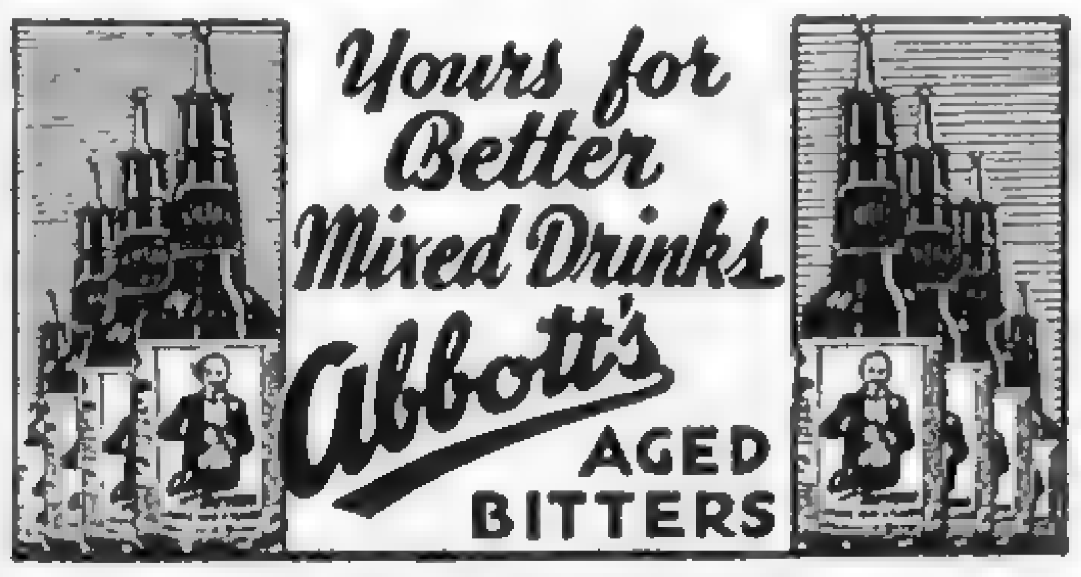
Longchamps opening up still another of their sidewalk affairs has gone Mexican. The staff artist, Winold Reiss, has done the décor and murals and, though not much of an improvement on his Fifty-ninth Street Longchamp affair, at least the room has been kept sheer and there are some nice planes. Also the blonde and brunette knick-knack passers are worth the price of admission. The place, unable to import tequilla, falls back on a home-made highball called El Faro.

For the
Connoisseur
THE
BILTMORE BAR
& GRILLE
For Men
On the 43rd St. Corner
Air Conditioned
Spacious
THE BILTMORE
Madison Ave., at 43rd St.
New York, N.Y.



THE ONLY GENUINE
· PILSNER BEER ·
IMPORTED FROM PILSEN
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
PILSNER URQUELL IMPORTING CO., INC.
11 WEST 42nd STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y.
Send for free booklet "Notes About a Brewery"





Yours for Better Mixed Drinks
Abbott's
AGED BITTERS

Ocean-Clear LOBSTERS
THEY'RE THE BEST
World's Largest
Distributors of
LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED
LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

THE COAT SENSATION OF THE CENTURY

Season Skipper

IT'S AN OVERCOAT IN WINTER
IT'S A TOPCOAT IN SPRING

View of Season Skipper's beautifully tailored interior showing how simply and gracefully the detachable lining is inserted and removed. A single, continuous slide fastener does the trick in less than a minute.

● Season Skipper has no respect for the calendar. It looks at the thermometer and acts accordingly. It tempers both the chill blasts of winter and the crisp winds of spring to give you perfect comfort...Season Skipper gives you outdoor temperature control. With or without its detachable lining, Season Skipper is a model of smart fashion and a superb example of tailoring art... A single swift twist of the wrist, and the Season Skipper is instantly transformed from topcoat to overcoat and to topcoat again . . . Designed with rare ingenuity and tailored with miraculous skill, Season Skipper looks, hangs and feels, the masterpiece of coats.

TWO SMART COATS IN ONE

Season Skipper is a great convenience to the man who travels. The lining is in his bag, ready to slip into place when colder weather is encountered.

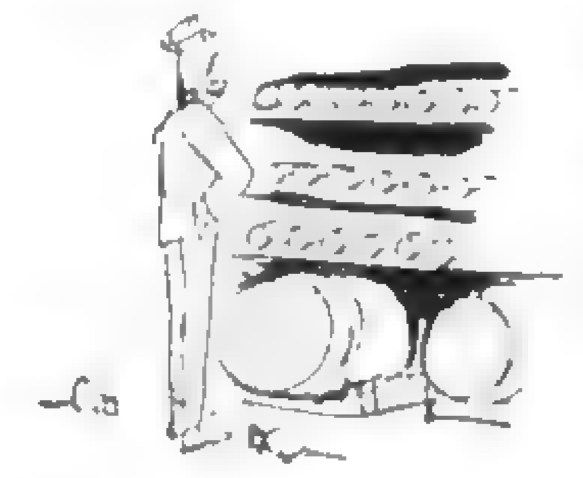
You must see the Season Skipper to appreciate this unusual coat. It is the sensation of the century. You can have your choice of correct style, rich color and distinctive patterns

. . . at all good dealers!

CHICAGO C. B. SHANE CORPORATION NEW YORK

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

The Bagatelle Club and Compass Bar, at the Ambassador Hotel in Atlantic City, is excited about a new cocktail that is supposed to do more for the customers than the usual beauty parades. Lest there be any misunderstanding about it, they call it the Passion Fruit Cocktail.



If you are fortunate, you can get into one of the town's secret places—the wine cellars under Brooklyn Bridge, 209 Williams Street. Although there is a bar on the place, nothing is served except at private parties. But the caves are worth a trip, just to get the feel of plenty of champagne around you for once in your life. Constructed before the Brooklyn Bridge was erected, the cellars housed vintages until that tragic year when we went noble. Then they took on the old printing presses from the World. Those failing to ferment, the place was turned over to Anthony Oechs, Importers of Pol Roger. As far as we know, they are the only wine cellars owned by our fair city.

The Brook, at Summit, New Jersey, will doubtless give you a shock. Outside you meet the facade of an old Colonial masterpiece; within you see an interior done by none other than the decorators of the Rainbow Room. Not that we like that chocolate décor, but it is miles ahead of the old stuff and the intent is right. The Brook is run by a noble host who knows his business. Familiarly known as "Zig" to the gourmets of the Oranges, he not only can handle a room full of matrons playing bridge on an afternoon, but can get along with the exuberant football crowds coming back from Princeton. Also he can master one of Escoffier's pupils who knows what to do with frog legs, lamb and so forth in the kitchen. The bar is one of the trickiest in ten counties, and next that is a handsome circular room with fine fenestration, affording a handsome view of the rolling hills. The Brook should not be missed.

The Murray Hill Hotel, at Park Avenue and Forty-first St., is not affected by time or change. They are proud of their "Original Bar", a handsome relic of the past. The place is filled with nostalgics, stopping on their way to the commuters' trains. The bar list is one of the cheapest in town.

The smart hotels reluctantly relinquish their view of the stars to come down to the street level and cellars for the winter. Most of them linger on till frost. The handsome Viennese Room, atop the St. Regis, will eventually give up for the Maisonette Russe and a brand new King Cole room ... Pierre's go back to their Corinthian cocktail lounge and Neptune Room with promise of startling entertainment ... The Plaza has never stopped entertaining the young in its beautiful Persian Room ... The Astor claims it will never desert the new roof, even if they have to resort to banquets to keep it open ... The Waldorf Astoria has many places to catch those descending from the Starlight Roof, such as the Empire and Sert rooms ... The Park Lane hurries from the falling leaves of its garden to a newly decorated room inside ... The Marguery also has to stack its chairs for indoors as does the blessed Brevoort which had a real terrace ... The Silver Room of the Lexington still continues to entertain the swains of the neighborhood ... The New Yorker folds up its amazing ice and the ever-popular Terrace goes back to a popular dance orchestra ... The Rainbow Room, atop Rockefeller Centre, has a brilliant new program for its brilliant spot ... The Sherry Netherlands plans to revert to the Russian influence ... The Savoy Plaza will again be the smart place for Sunday cocktails.

Smart New Yorkers meet at the
CASINO-ON-THE-PARK
[AIR CONDITIONED]

where NAT BRANDWYNNE'S famous orchestra entertains nightly for dinner and supper dancing. For an enjoyable luncheon, cocktail hour, dinner or late supper be sure to come to the Casino-On-The-Park. Prix fixe—a la carte.

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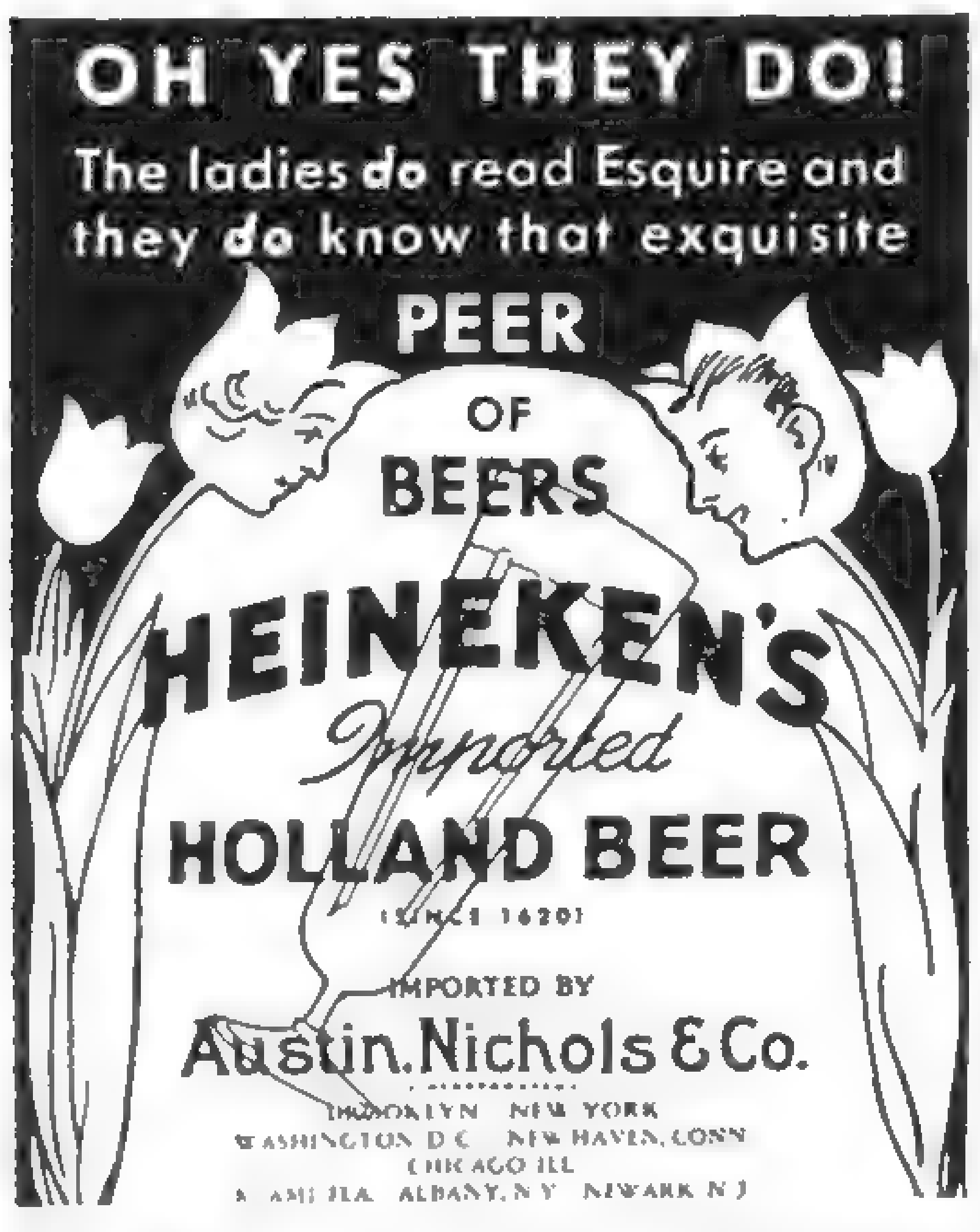
Oscar Wintrab, *Managing Director*
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.
On 59th Street facing the Park

BE SURE TO SEE THE MODEL APARTMENTS NOW ON DISPLAY BEFORE LEASING ELSEWHERE



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The ladies *do* read Esquire and they *do* know that exquisite
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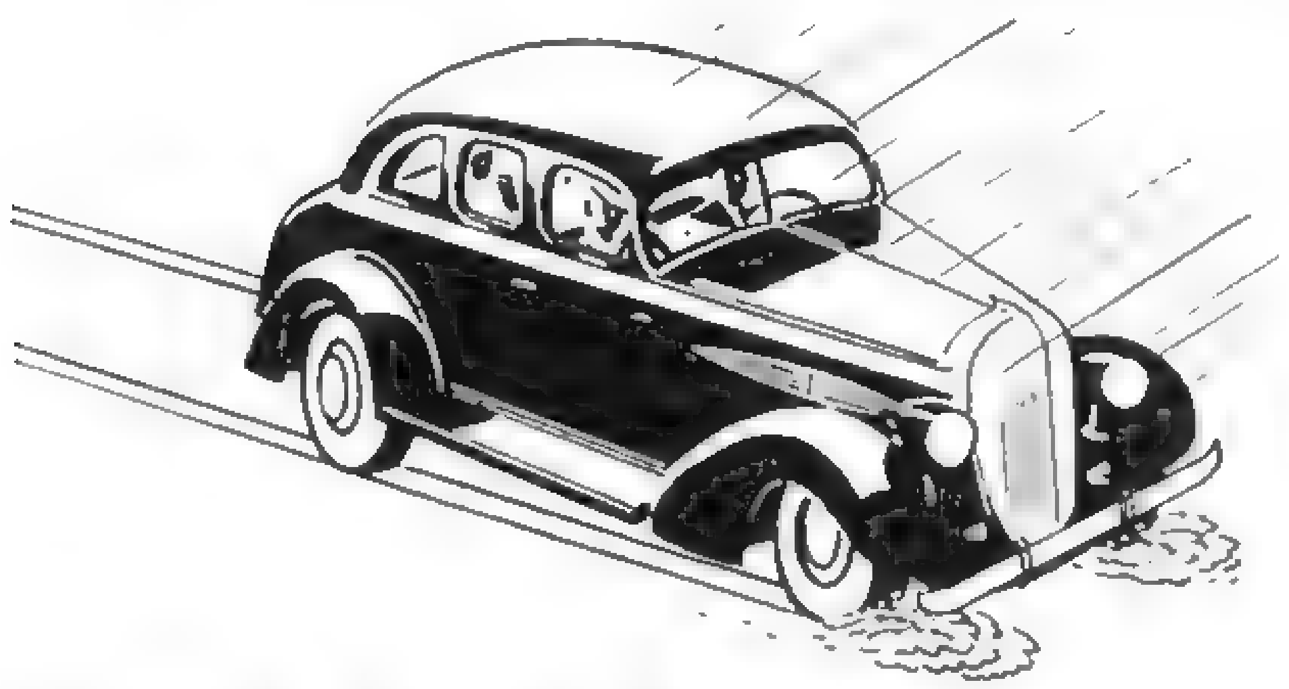
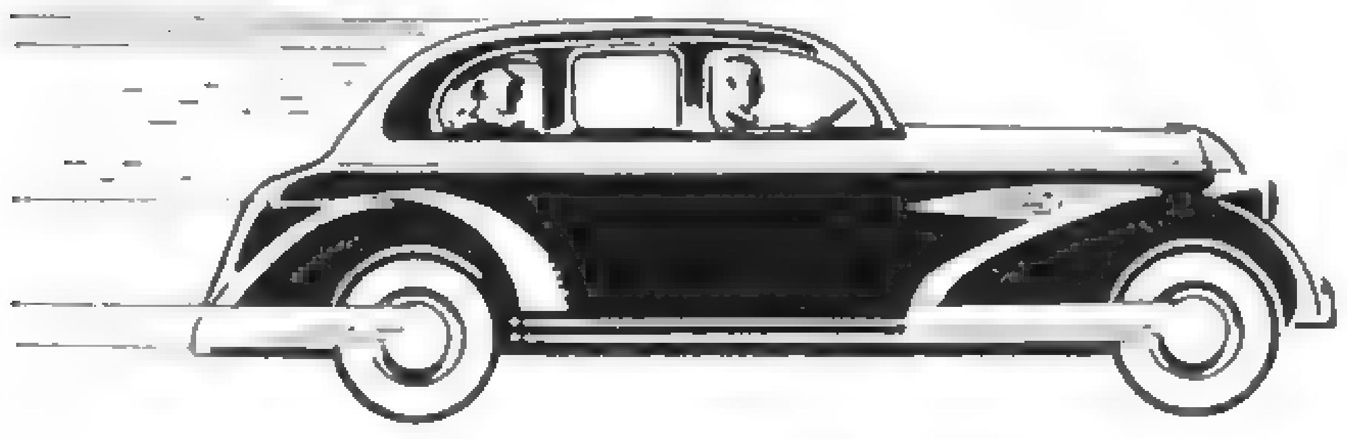


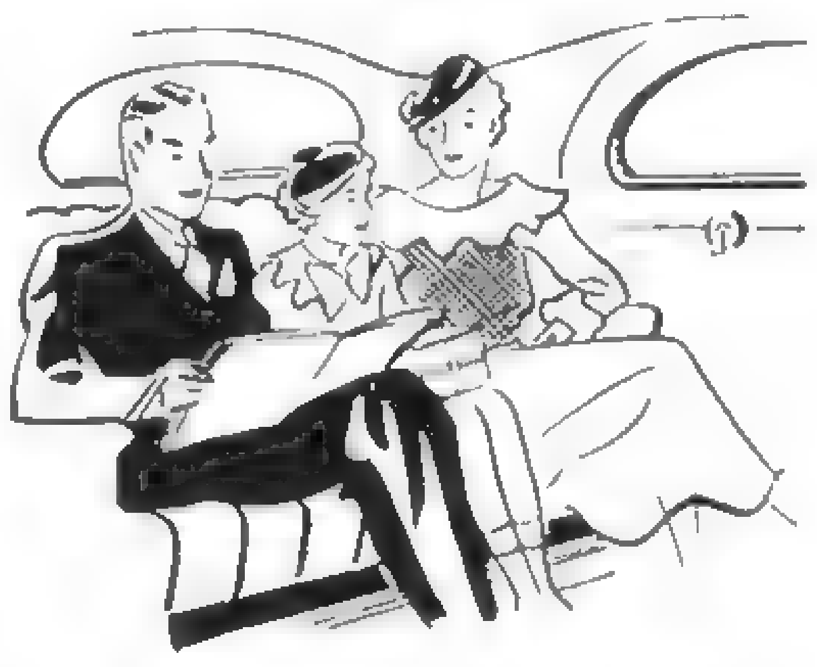
Quick Stopping

Skidding accidents don't happen just on wet pavements. Every day fatal accidents occur because of failure to stop a car quickly enough even on dry roads. Today's high speed cars and constant traffic hazards demand a tire that will hold on any road, in any weather. Remember: your brakes stop your wheels but your *tires* stop your car. Based on standards set by the National Safety Council for stopping on dry pavements, the new General Dual 10 stops quicker at 60 *in the rain* than ordinary tires stop at 50 *in dry weather.* Stopping ability like that means super-safety in *any* emergency.



Original Blowout Protection

For twenty years General has pioneered in the development of lower air pressure. General's patented principle requires 20% to 30% less air pressure than ordinary tires. The whole tire is softer and more flexible —all plies are full floating—there are no short "breaker strips"—no points of extra strain and extra heat to weaken the carcass. Softer yet stronger, patented Generals actually absorb road blows that would normally damage a tire. All combined, it means maximum blowout protection that has been proved on millions of cars for over five years.



Softer, Easier Riding

Obviously, General's low pressure means much greater riding comfort. But General has gone even farther. By patented design the tire carcass itself is softer and "gives" throughout — and the flexible ribbons of rubber in the exclusive new tread contribute greatly to an entirely new kind of ride. Road shocks are absorbed in the tire and are not transmitted to the car. This prolongs car life and reduces repairs. A few minutes spent in a car equipped with General Dual 10s is all that is necessary to learn what a difference Dual 10s make.

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO., Akron, O.
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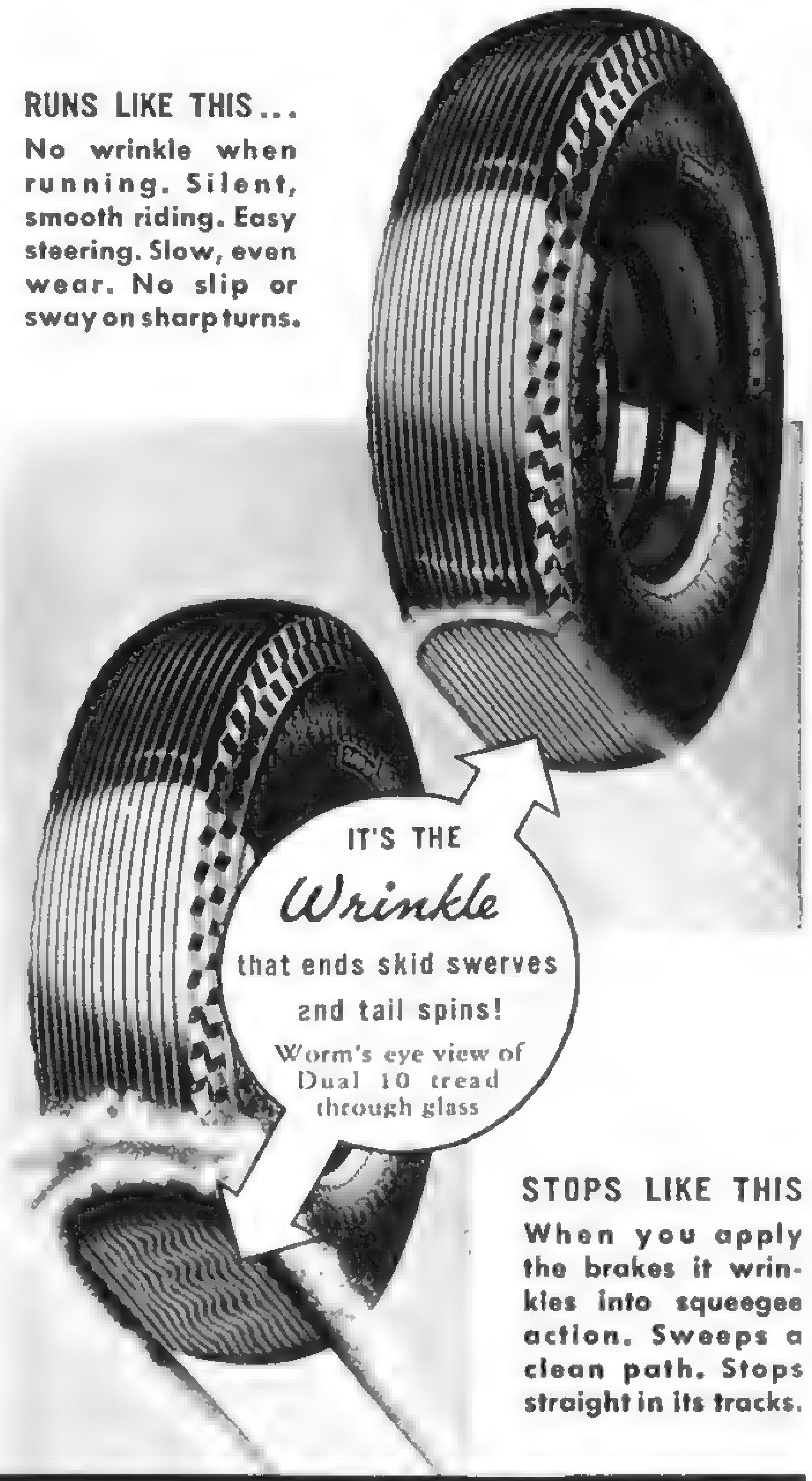
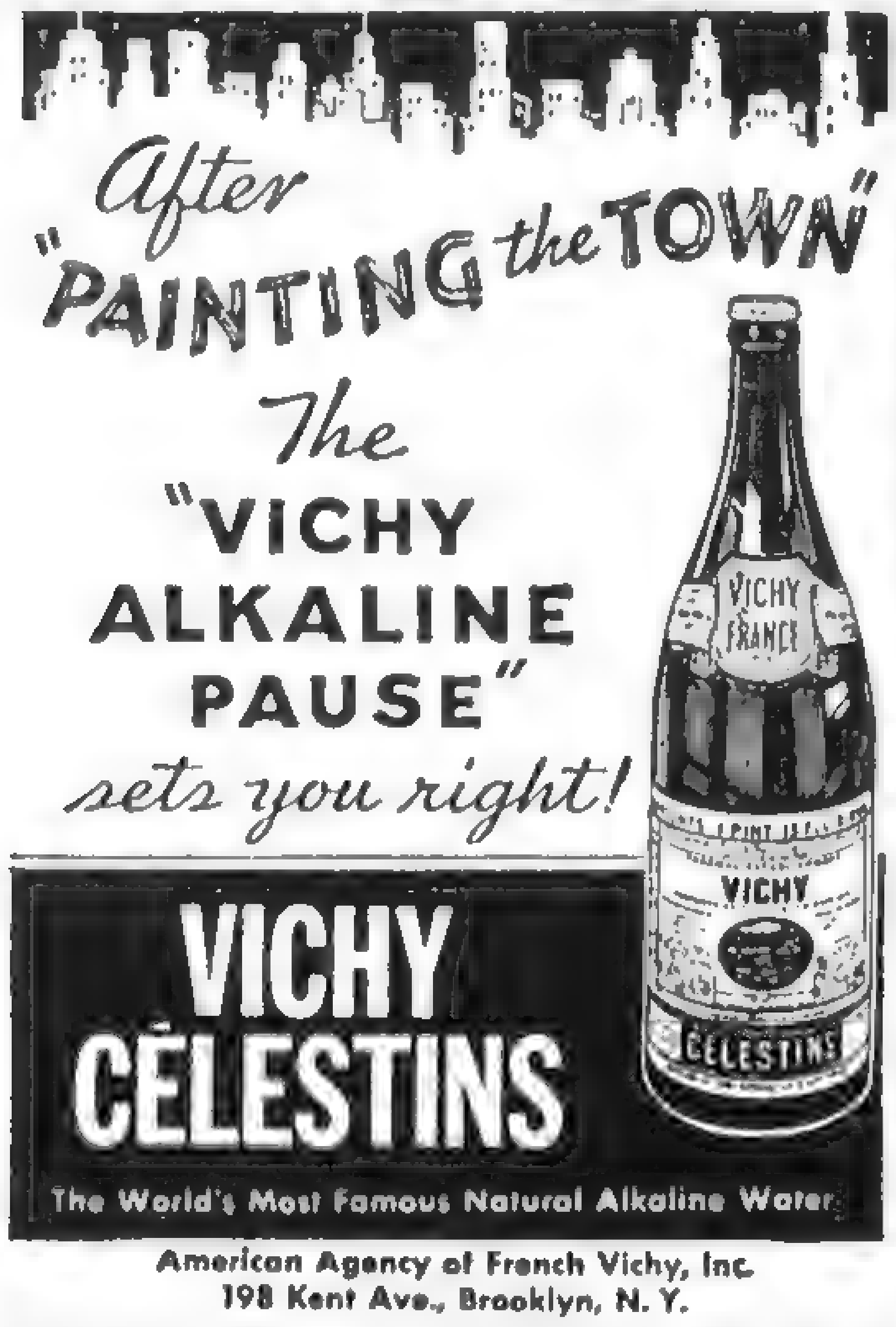

IT'S THE
Wrinkle
that ends skid swerves and tail spins!
Worm's eye view of Dual 10 tread through glass

RUNS LIKE THIS . . . No wrinkle when running. Silent, smooth riding. Easy steering. Slow, even wear. No slip or sway on sharp turns.

STOPS LIKE THIS When you apply the brakes it wrinkles into squeegee action. Sweeps a clean path. Stops straight in its tracks.

THE NEW
GENERAL *Dual* 10

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE


After "PAINTING the TOWN" The "VICHY ALKALINE PAUSE" sets you right!

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Ice Carnival . . . four big
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BAPTIE & LAMB . . . in
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Smartest Theater Restaurant
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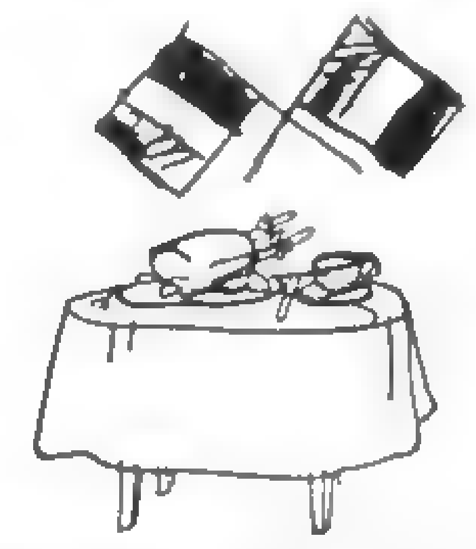
FRIED • PAN ROAST • HALF-SHELL
And Our Famous OYSTER STEW
Grand Central
Terminal
Restaurant
& Oyster Bar
Lower Level—Grand Central Terminal

Bernard, at the Mascotte, still hears from customers who try to duplicate his zablione from the recipe we printed. We've decided it can't be done, outside the magic kitchen he maintains at 19 East Sixtieth Street. We returned the other night for one of the town's best dinners. Starting with a cold cream soup, we went into chicken en cocotte, a field salad, ending with the peerless zablione and coffee. With the fowl there was a bottle of Meursault Charmes, Abichot, '23, a rare delicacy of the good year 1928.

Luncheon at the Gripsholm, 324 East Fifty-seventh, we find is as popular as dinner. Their Special cocktail, a Swedish punch base, gives you courage to stand up for the second and third helping of smörgasbord. You may want to know that the Gripsholm features *ecrevisse*, crayfish to you, or crawdads if you stem back to the old swimming hole. The Gripsholm never disappoints.

As the poet, William Rose Benet says, the new year begins in New York in the Autumn. Part of the exhilaration is visiting old places and seeing old faces after the summer. To start the new year right, we called on Sherman Billingsley at his famous Stork Club, 3 East Fifty-third St. Aside from being one of the town's gayest bars, the Stork serves an excellent meal. It is on the expensive side but the quality of the food and service warrants it.

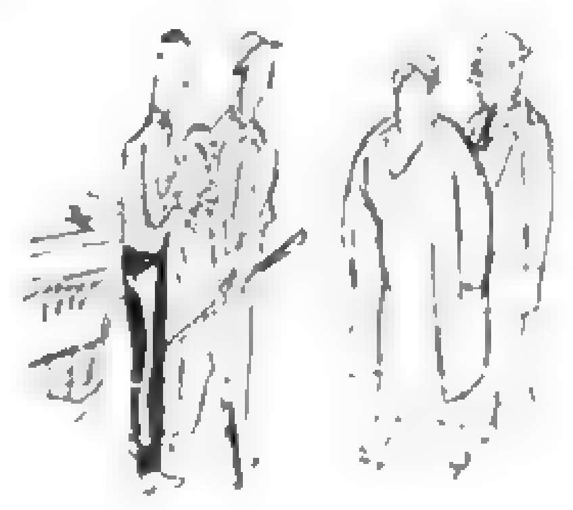
The St. Denis, 11 East Fifty-Third Street, is another of those moderate, pleasant French places where the food is enhanced by the proper note in decoration. The national colors go well with the menu and you can get a filling luncheon for seventy-five cents with dinner in proportion.



We've told you of the Sazarac, 110 Greenwich, but feel so strongly about it that we risk a retelling. It's worth the trip to the lower end of the island because we know of no other place in the city you can get such authentic creole dishes. After a Sazarac or Ramos Gin Fizz, go into a dinner that uses gumbo. If you like shrimp, try the shrimp gumbo and for others there is a chicken mixture that you will long remember. Gumbo, in case you don't know, is a sort of American curry made from herbs, and comes from Louisiana. They have other dishes for the sissies.

The Red Devil has moved uptown to 111 West 48th Street. Once it was a tourist joint known only to the discerning and you went way down to Mott Street to eat polipi affogati (octopus to you). It took a bit of doing but once you got by the visualizing of the thing and closed your eyes, it was as easy and pleasant, as eating white bait. In their new quarters the Red Devil preserves its menus, even its waiters. We had some clams à la Red Devil which were superb.

Everything in Greenwich Village is not phoney and set to snare tourist trade. Some of the places are genuine native haunts that the artists (working artists not in the chrysalis stage) patronize because the fare is good and scaled to an artist's budget. We've mentioned the Bat often enough for you to be familiar with that. On a somewhat less expensive set-up is the Grand Ticino Restaurant, 228 Thompson Street. You pass the pool table where the native sons are playing pin ball and find an honest peasant meal beyond. We've never had broccoli better prepared and at twenty-five cents the plate. That will give you an idea. Dropping in by chance we met seven actual artists moved by the same impulse. No décor, no air-conditioning; plenty of odor and plenty of food.



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The Famous
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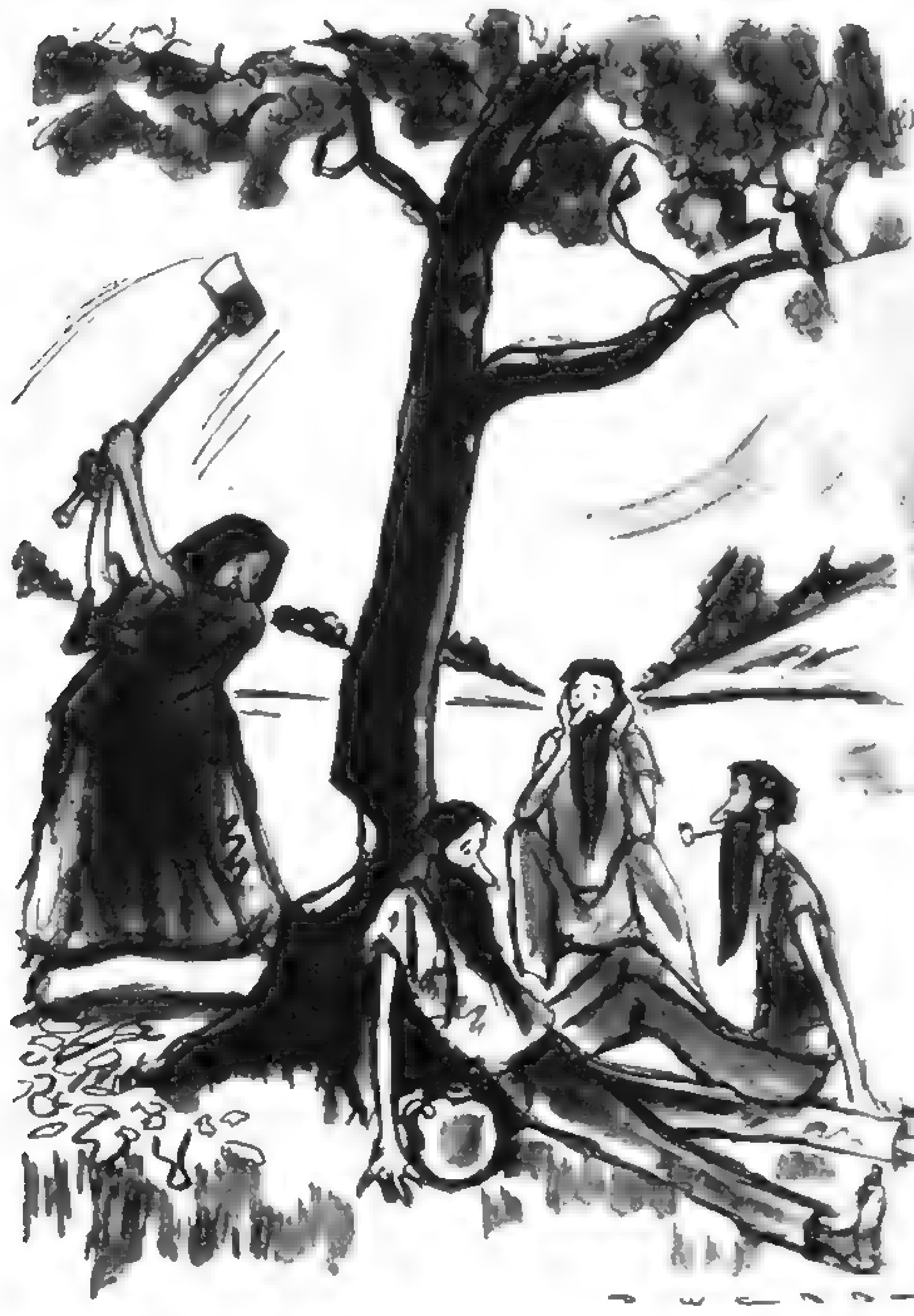
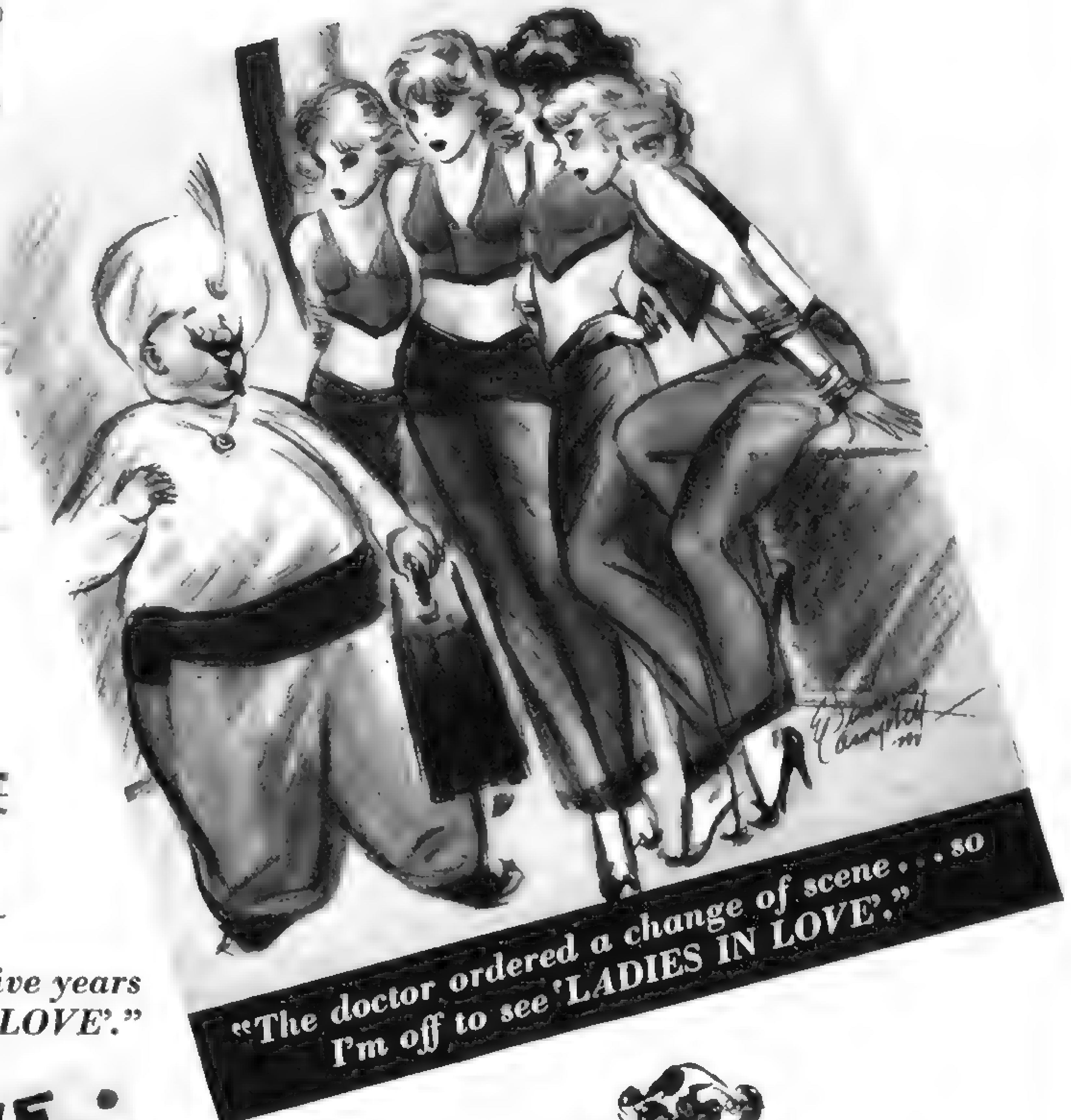
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
36th Near 6th

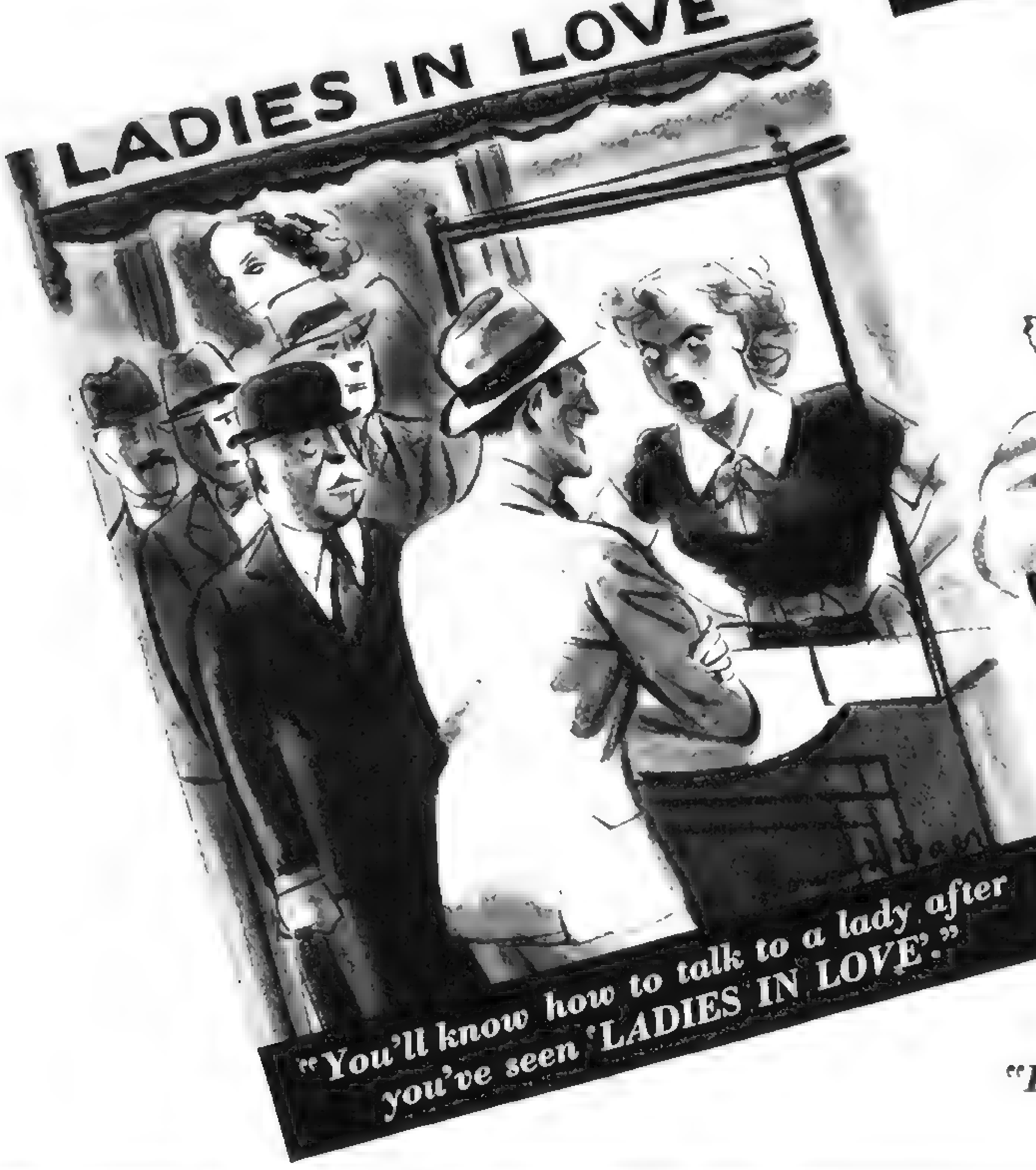
Esquire looks at "Ladies in Love"



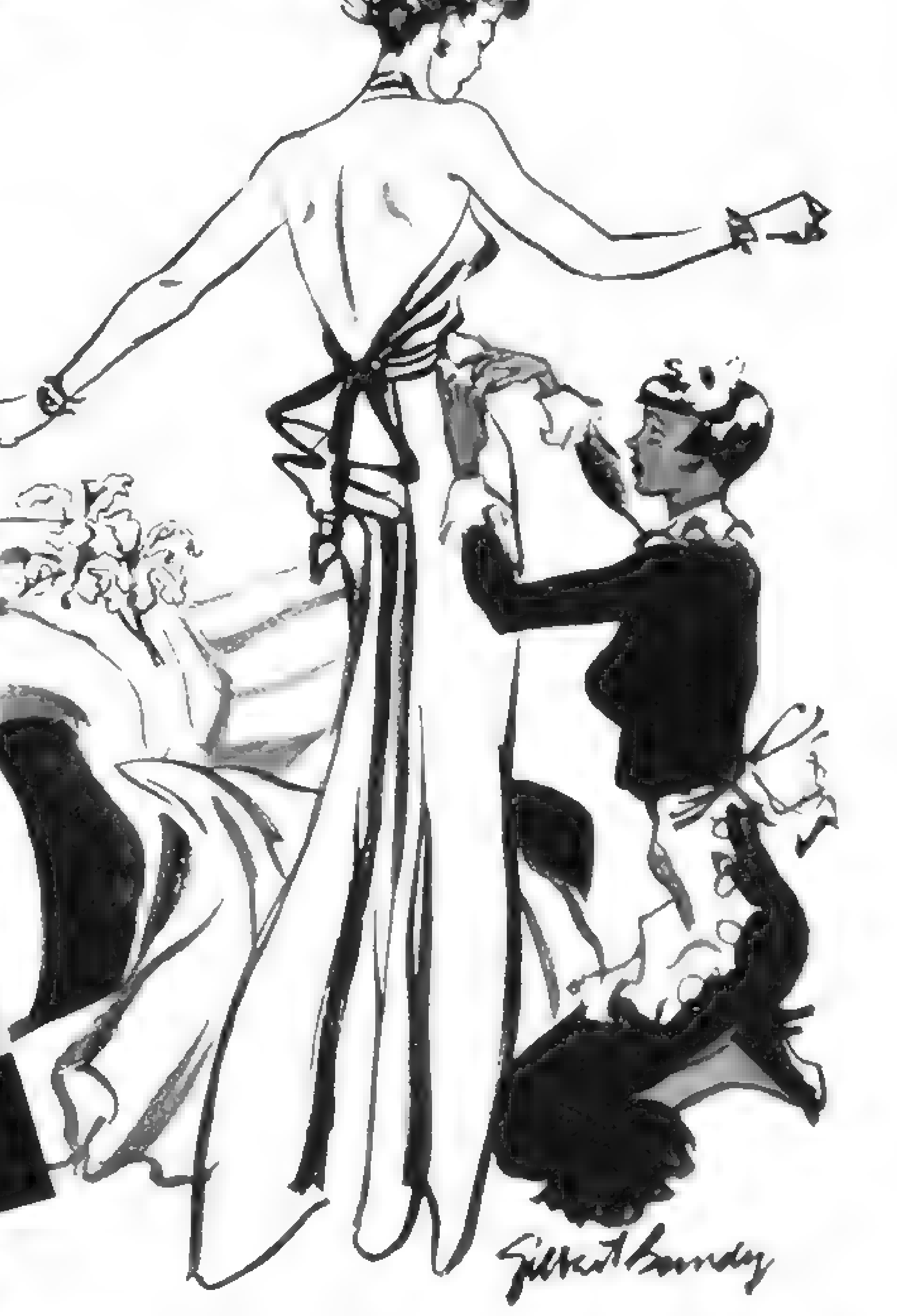
"Shucks——Gran'maw acks 'bout seventy-five years younger since she went t'see 'LADIES IN LOVE'."



"The doctor ordered a change of scene . . . so I'm off to see 'LADIES IN LOVE'."



"You'll know how to talk to a lady after you've seen 'LADIES IN LOVE'."



"I'll show him . . . I've learned something, too, from 'LADIES IN LOVE'."

ONLY FOUR SUCH STARS . . . Could so Delightfully Present This Bitter-Sweet Comedy-Drama of The Loves and Disillusions of Four Little Maids in Search of A Husband!

JANET GAYNOR, as Martha, the girl who wanted to get married because she was lonesome.

LORETTA YOUNG, as Susi, who wanted a hat shop, not a man.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, as Yoli, who wanted love but got a millionaire.

SIMONE SIMON, as Marie, who found the best way to get the man she wanted was to ask him.

Janet **GAYNOR** Loretta **YOUNG** Constance **BENNETT**

in

LADIES IN LOVE

with

Simone **SIMON**

DON AMECHE · **PAUL LUKAS** · **ALAN MOWBRAY** · **TYRONE POWER, Jr.**

DIRECTED BY EDWARD H. GRIFFITH—Associate Producer B. G. De Sylva—Based on the play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete

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TELL *Us*

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OF

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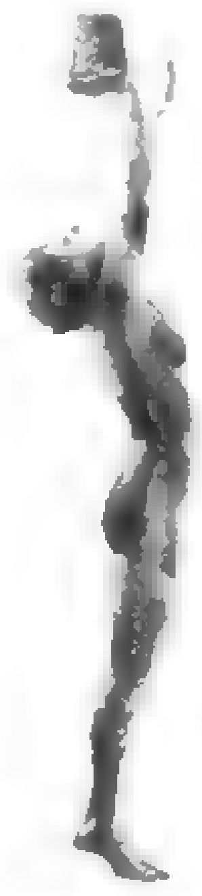

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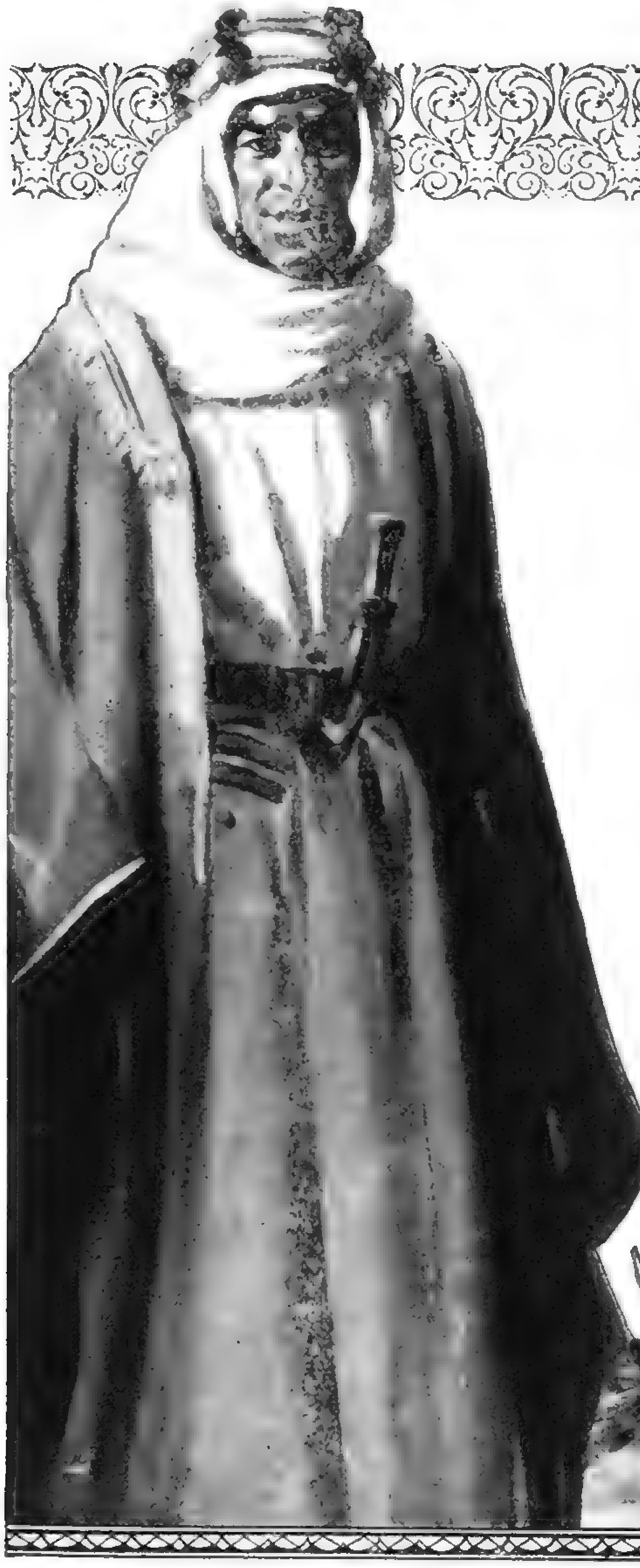
—a book which until last year was available only in privately printed copies that were priced at $20,000 each. Unexpurgated and identical with the original text in this special edition of the famous

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM

By T. E. LAWRENCE

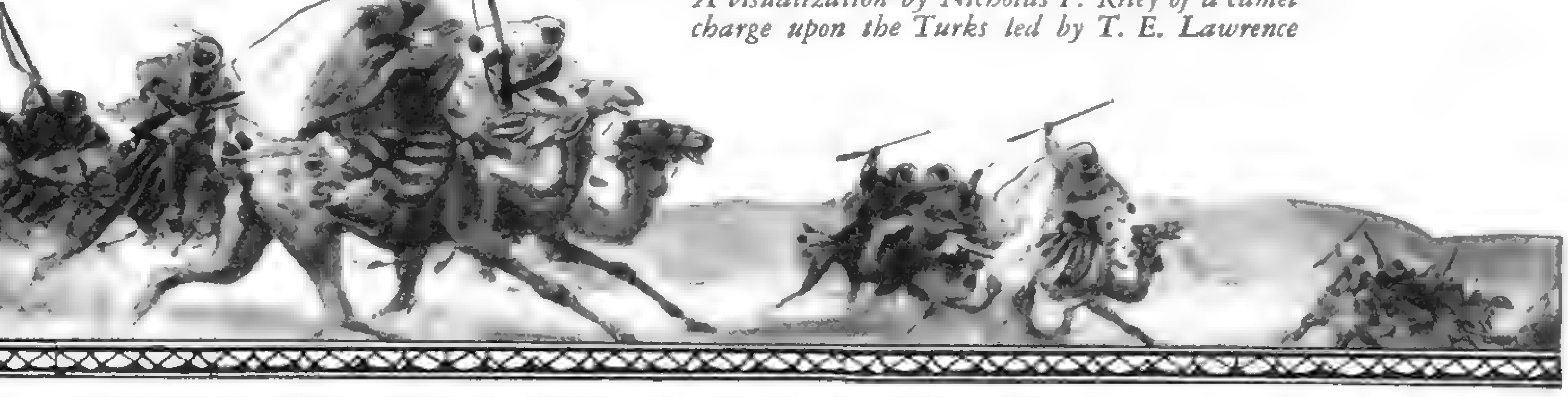


THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM will be, as it was meant to be, Lawrence's monument to posterity. It has an exciting story of its own, and for years has partaken of the sensational and legendary which surrounded everything that Lawrence did. Lawrence finished it during six months of writing at the Peace Conference in Paris. Close to 250,000 words had been written. Then one day while he was changing trains at Reading Station in London, he left this manuscript unguarded and it disappeared. It has never been recovered.

Within a few months he rewrote a second draft in 400,000 words; but his style was careless and hurried, and realizing he would never be satisfied with it, a year later characteristically he burned the entire manuscript. The third text was begun at once and was composed with great care. It is the present one. It was privately printed in London and fabulous sums were said to have been paid for the few copies sold in England. Twenty copies were printed for America, to retain copyright here, and the price of these was set at $20,000 apiece. The money realized from this private edition was donated by Lawrence to Arab charities. Upon his death, last year, the unexpurgated text was given to the world.

"Compiled from a notebook which must often have contained hurried items set down in exhaustion and anguish, expanded into a book in the bitterness of disillusion, the SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM is neither all narrative, all reflection, all memoir, but a blending of every kind of writing except formal poetry in complete self-expression. . . . Nor is it a clear and simple account of the Arab revolt which helped to win the war in the Near East. For the truth is that Lawrence was not writing a history in this book. . . . The stream of explanation and narrative is made up of many elements. There are studies of Arab history and Arab character, the latter brilliant in the extreme, and pen portraits of Arabs, Turks, French and British leaders of extraordinary wit, shrewdness and power, and these and much else is floated on a narrative of adventures that are terrible, humorous, exciting to a degree unequalled in our time, enriched by descriptions of the desert, of Arab life, of the backgrounds of critical action, many of which are beautiful in a high degree, real masterpieces of English prose. . . .

"But this is only one strand of this great book. . . . The other is philosophical, but in no abstract sense. It is the meditation, often agonized, sometimes profound and occasionally petulant and despairing, of a leader torn between duty to his conscience and duty to his cause, of a Hamlet uncertain of the worth of his every action. . . . This is the memoir of a genius recording what he believed to be his failure as well as what he knew to be his triumph. It is an inextricable mixture of a human document, pure literature, philosophy, adventure, a history and a confession."



A visualization by Nicholas F. Riley of a camel charge upon the Turks led by T. E. Lawrence

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If, after reading the booklet, you decide to join the Club, the free copy of SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM being reserved for you will at once be shipped to you.

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Teledial Brings In 15 Stations In 15 Seconds, Perfectly Tuned

JUST turn the TELEDIAL once, like a telephone dial. Instantly the station you choose comes in, perfectly tuned. Get your fifteen favorite stations in fifteen seconds, with TELEDIAL. As fast as you can flip your fingers! And . . . not a sound between stations. The slow, uncertain, old-time way of tuning radios, the way you've always done it, is gone forever. TELEDIAL is here!

And with TELEDIAL come actually a score of other radio advancements in the new 1937 Grunow radio. Now you can hear flawless tone, thanks to Grunow's patented and exclusive new "Violin-Shaped" Cabinets. An utterly new tone-principle, developed by Grunow.

Sensational performance at every point—at a sensational price! For now a 12-tube TELEDIAL set actually is priced *lower* than other radios with *fewer* tubes and *without* TELEDIAL. See it today. At leading radio dealers', all over America.

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A 12-Tube Set . . . Metal Tubes . . . 12-Inch Speaker . . . All-Wave, All-World Reception . . . Patented "Violin-Shaped" Cabinet

WE CAME WITHIN AN INCH OF BUYING A 12 TUBE SET OF ANOTHER MAKE WHICH DIDN'T HAVE AUTOMATIC TUNING AND THE PRICE WAS $167.50

THE OTHER RADIO WE WERE LOOKING AT WAS $117.50 — HAD ONLY 9 TUBES AND DIDN'T HAVE TELEDIAL

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An Eleven Tube Radio At The Price Of A "Six"! . . . All-Wave, All-World! Metal Tubes! . . . 12-Inch Speaker . . . "Violin-Shaped" Cabinet.

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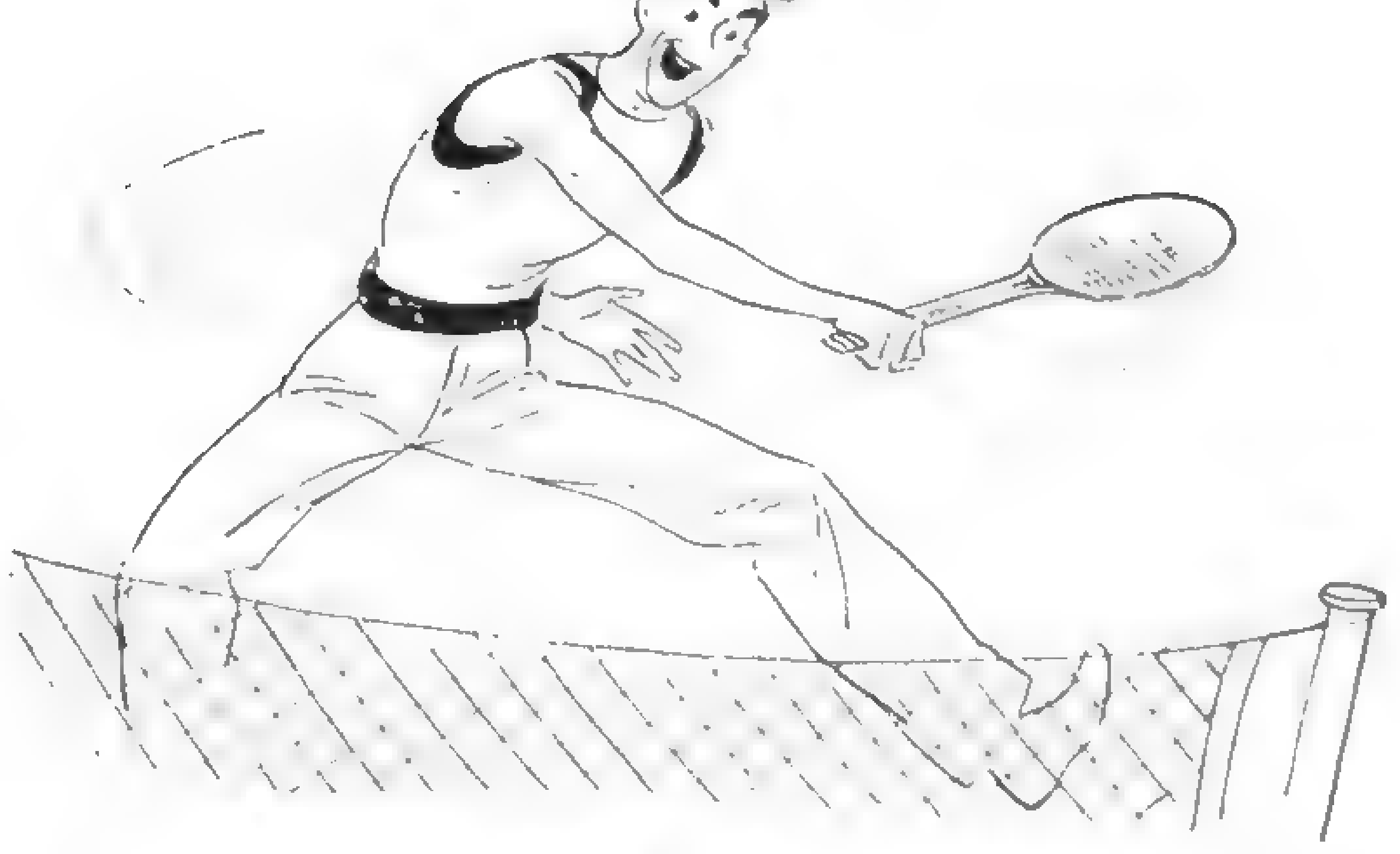


Short men... Fat men... Tall men...

all look younger, smarter, better in The BRACER

NOW you can have a trim, athletic, youthful figure — quickly, easily, and without discomfort. For here is an entirely new kind of supporter belt that not only gives you adequate support, but holds up sagging stomach muscles as well—gives you a firm, flat waistline. It's The Bracer!

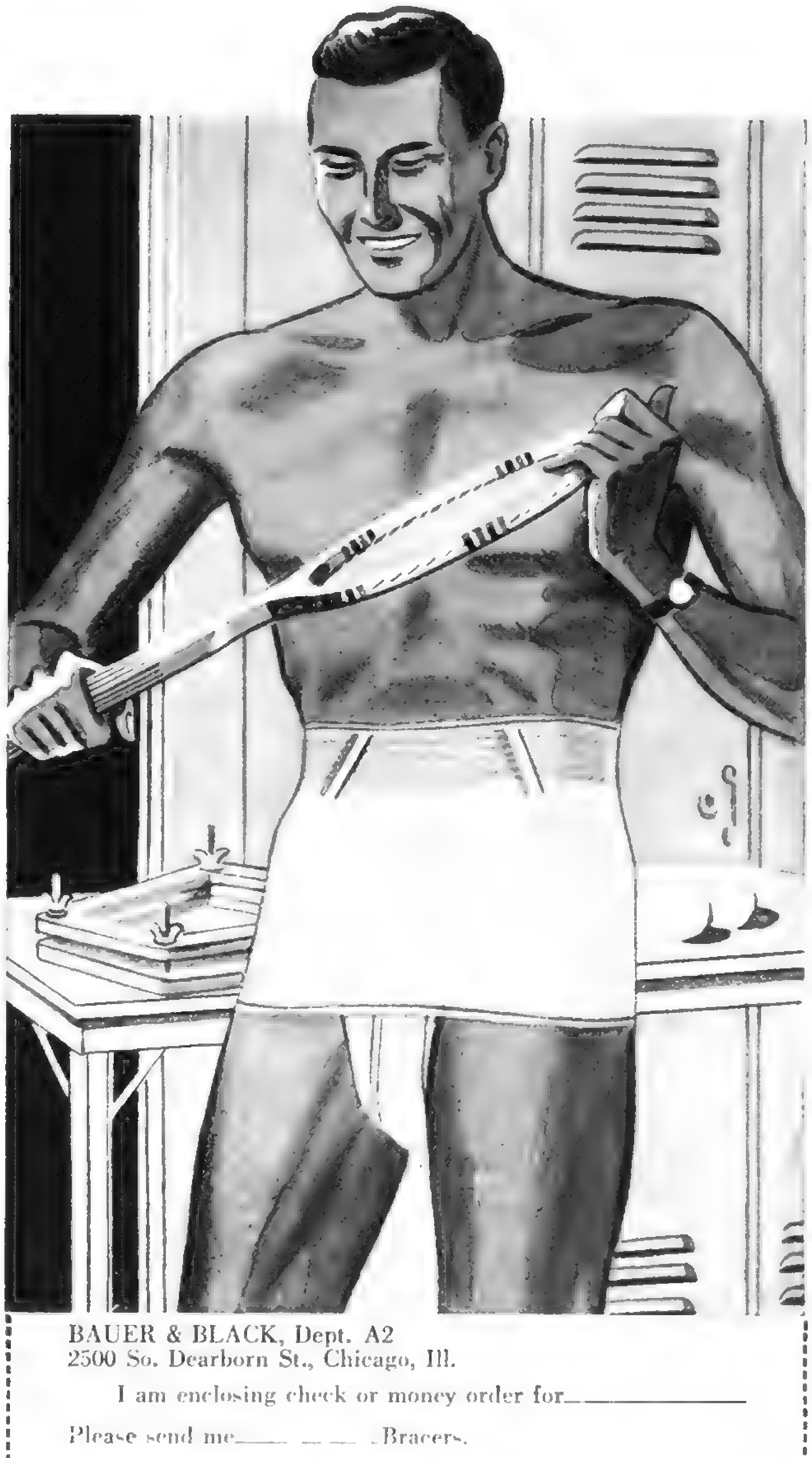
The minute you slip The Bracer on, you'll be amazed at the difference it makes in your appearance. You actually look years younger—feel younger too. Your clothes look better on you—stylish—neat—trim!

The Bracer is scientifically tailored for positive protection and perfect fit with complete and absolute comfort. Knitted from two-way stretch lastex with four stays at the top to prevent rolling and with a soft yarn fly-front supporter at the bottom, The Bracer is comfortable and convenient. It has no buttons or buckles, and the supporter type leg strap is always comfortable. The Bracer doesn't rub or chafe.

But that's not all! The Bracer can be laundered again, and again without shrinking or losing its elasticity—Stays soft, snug and comfortable. Its sturdy construction guarantees months of hard usage. The seams are impregnated with live rubber—cannot loosen or pull out.

And The Bracer is made by Bauer & Black, famous makers of medical supplies—the world's largest manufacturer of athletic supporters—makers of the famous Pal. What's more it's made under the same scientific and sanitary conditions that surgical dressings are made. No wonder The Bracer gives you the utmost in wear, fit and perfect comfort.

Try The Bracer now. Get several—have a clean one always on hand. You'll look younger, feel better whether you're on the tennis court, on the golf course or working in the office when you're wearing The Bracer. Get The Bracer now. It can be purchased at department stores and men's apparel shops.



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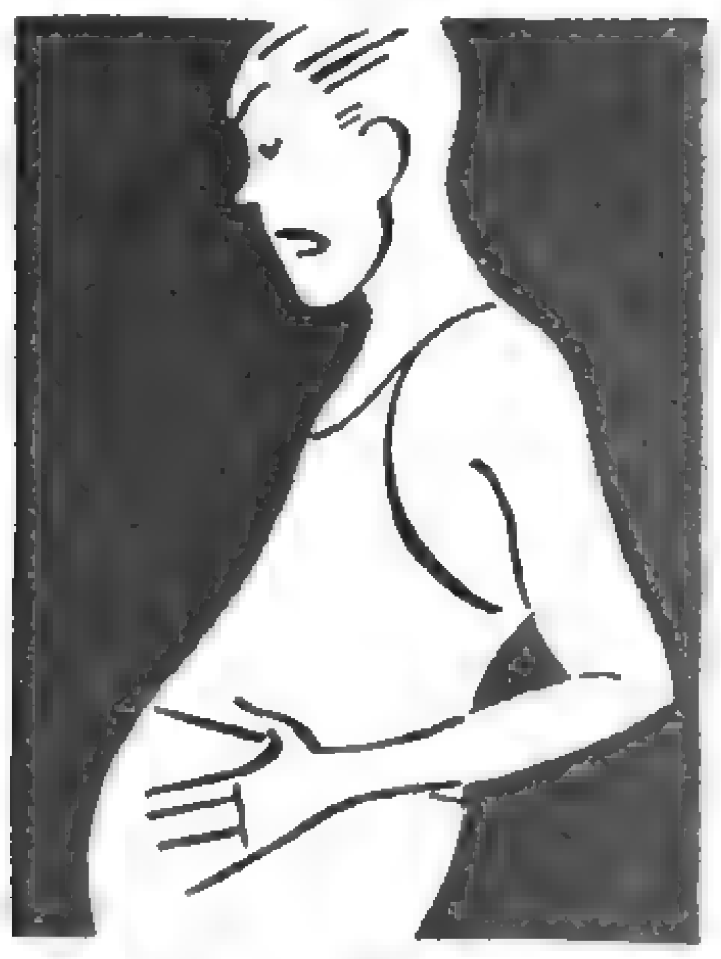

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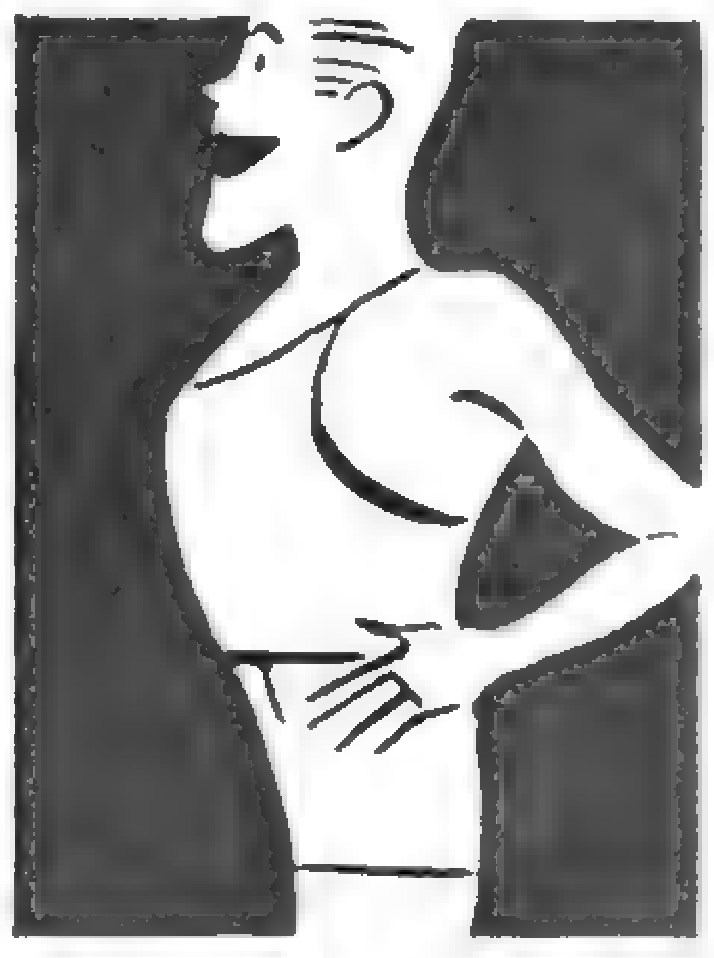


The Bracer

MADE BY BAUER & BLACK

If your dealer cannot supply you with The Bracer, simply fill out and mail the coupon at the right with check or money order. The price of The Bracer is $2.00.

Price in Canada, $2.75

BAUER & BLACK, Dept. A2
2500 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I am enclosing check or money order for__________

Please send me__________Bracers.

My waist measurement is__________

Name__________

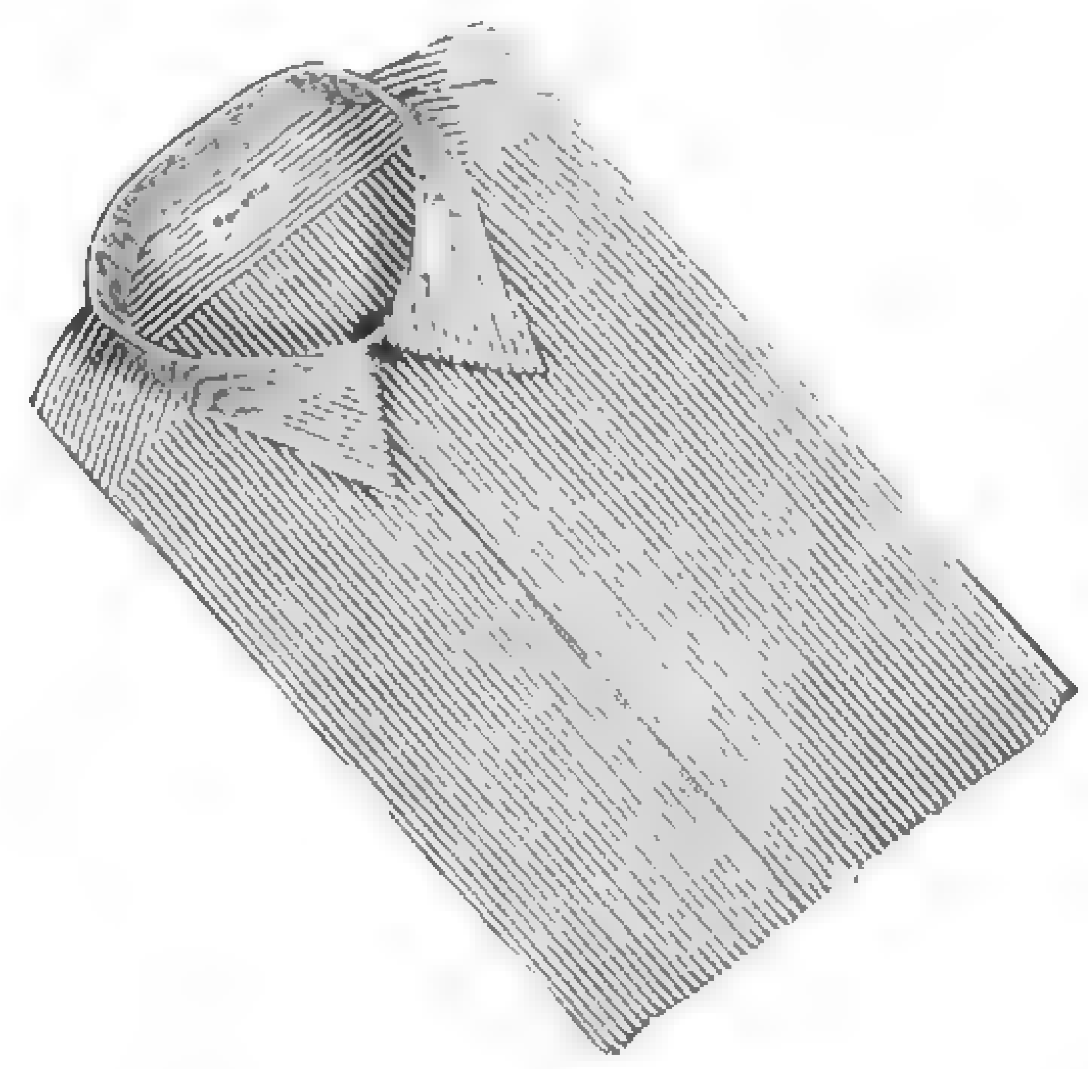
Address__________

My dealer's name
and address is__________

EXCELLO

A GENTLEMAN'S SHIRT

In carefully avoiding the common tendency to be daring ∽ and in striving only to secure inimitable character and fineness, balanced by taste and gentlemanly correctness, the makers have gained for their product a degree of renown, which is not only unprecedented but readily acknowledged by all men who possess a feeling for luxury and quiet distinction.



BEGINNING AT TWO-FIFTY

at one distinguished store in your city

Excello Shirt Company

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

THIS 1937 STUDEBAKER PRESIDENT CHALLENGES EVERY COSTLY CAR

$965 AND UP AT SOUTH BEND

125 INCH WHEELBASE *115 HORSEPOWER*

This new 1937 President has been deliberately designed to take the starch out of precedent. • It's intended to appeal to buyers who smartly refuse to pay a needless premium for a name. • Its automatic overdrive gives it impressive economy and thrilling 'plane-like action under open throttle. • Its Dual Range steering cuts the turning effort required for parking almost in half. • It's one of the two cars in the world (the Studebaker Dictator is the other) with the Automatic Hill Holder. • Its eight-cylinder engine was the only power plant built in a passenger car factory to finish in the Indianapolis Speedway race of 1936. • It has so much room for carrying things you would think its luggage compartments were specially custom-built. • Its low floors give it exceptionally deep door openings and the most roomy interior ever offered in a 125-inch wheelbase car. • Its rich simplicity is a new triumph of its stylist—gifted Helen Dryden. • Twelve enduring coats of paint glisten on its steel-reinforced-by-steel body which has the world's largest one-piece steel top. • Its price of $965 and up at the factory may be paid out of income through the very reasonable Studebaker C.I.T. budget plan.

THE SPOTLIGHT CAR OF 1937

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

In refreshing contrast to the usual threats with which professionally interested people voice their displeasure at cartoons touching upon their vocations is this sweetly reasonable note from the Public Relations Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of the City of New York:

"*Pardon Me, But Is This the Y. M. C. A.?* in your August issue, gets a good laugh—but—by inference takes a crack at both Y. M. C. A. membership and the high purposes of the organization.

"The young man in the cartoon who is so patently out of place in the high brow club, is far from a typical caricature of the New York City Y. M. C. A. member. (There are over 20,000 of them—and one and one half million in America.)

"The New York City Y. M. C. A. is rather proud of its buildings and equipment and our hat is not off to any of the so-called 'better clubs.' Our membership likewise is drawn not from the awkward youth group, but from well bred and gentlemanly young men of all ages.

Cordially,
New York, N. Y.
A. G. STOUGHTON
Public Relations Sec'y"

•

HARRY SALPETER, whose current story is *Unstruggling Artist (Alexander Brook)* on page 105, says he would like it to be understood that his interest in pictures has not eclipsed his life, and, he hopes, understanding of letters. His literary opinions, now delivered *sub rosa* rather than *ex cathedra*, are no less decisive, he assures us, than they were in the old days of *The New York World*, when he was writing pieces about books. He has always had a curiosity about people, it seems; only this time the people are picture makers whereas yesterday they were authors.

•

SHERWOOD ANDERSON (*The Good Life at Hedgerow*, page 51) was born in Camden, Ohio, the third in a family of seven. His father was a Southerner whose adventures in a world of his own imagination have been told in *Tar* and *A Story-Teller's Story*. His mother was of Italian descent. He spent his boyhood in a succession of small Ohio towns and when he left Ohio it was to tramp around the United States. During the Spanish American War, he served in Cuba. After attending Wittenberg College for awhile, he got into the advertising business. He began to write while he was still an advertising man. In fact, before that for a long time during which he made no effort at getting published. His first novel, *Windy McPherson's Son*, was published in 1916. His other books are: *Marching Men, Mid-American Chants, Winesburg, Ohio, Poor White, Dark Laughter, Many Marriages, Horses and Men, Triumph of the Egg, Note Book, New Testament, Hello Towns, Perhaps Women, Beyond Desire, Death in the Woods, No Swank* and *Puzzled America*. Several years ago he abandoned the city for a farm in Virginia where he edited two country newspapers, continuing at the same time to write novels. He is now spending part of his time in Virginia and the rest traveling in the South and West.

•

JAMES STILL, who wrote the poem *Dance on Pushback Mountain*, page 65, lives down in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, and is librarian in the Hindman Settlement School. He says: "This school is located at the Forks of Troublesome Creek in the most remote section in Eastern America. I tramp the hills through ice, snow, and mud transporting books to backwoods schools. I am twenty-eight years of age, was born in Alabama, schooled in the mountains of East Tennessee, later went to Vanderbilt University and the University of Illinois. I have been writing verse for eighteen months; no acceptances until recently and those by *Saturday Review of Literature, Virginia Quarterly, Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, and the *Sewanee Review*. None of these have yet appeared in print. For some time I have been learning to play the dulcimer but fear my musical career is unpromising." We purchased *Dance on Pushback Mountain* some months back and have since held it waiting for the breaks of the schedule to permit the use of a color page. Hence Mr. Still's biographical note is now somewhat dated. The other accepted verse has undoubtedly appeared in print by now.

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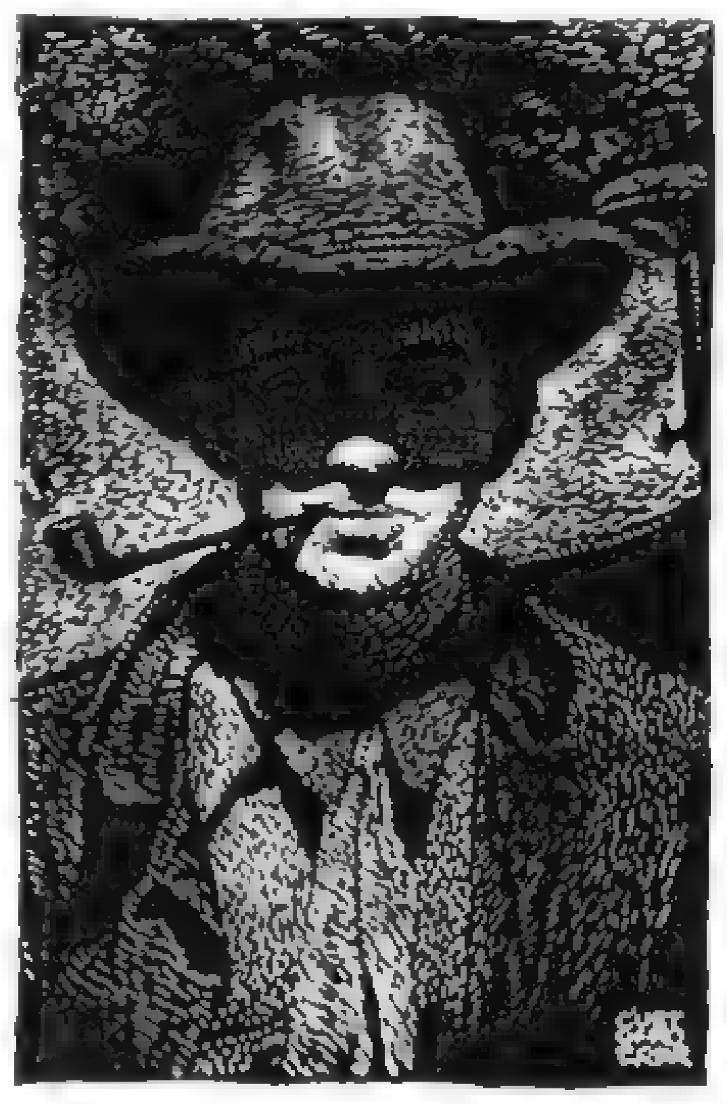

Howell N. White, Jr.

HOWELL N. WHITE, JR., is our Discovery of the Month. *Godiva in Taxco* on page 85, is his first story to be published in a national magazine. He says: "After graduation from Princeton in the dark days of '32, I taught school for two years near Santa Fe, New Mexico, then in Albany, New York. Lest, *in loco parentis*, I become truly loco, I pulled stakes and went to Mexico with a fourteen-pound, six-weeks old pup, yclept *Chico* which, being interpreted, means "Little One." I returned some six months later with a beautiful tan, innumerable bites from *pulgas* (it sounds more polite in Spanish) grand ideas about a novel and gold mines, assorted stories, a load of huarraches (Mexican sandals) which I have been trying to sell along with my brain children, and Chico, now weighing a hundred and twenty pounds. He deserves a word or two to himself. He is a Great Dane, harlequin, (black and white paint job) who gives me an inferiority complex from his accomplishments. He has crashed Ripley's *Believe It or Not* on his caddying ability. He carries my clubs, hunts for the ball, stands perfectly still while I or my opponent may be shooting or putting. The legend has arisen locally that he barks once when the ball goes out of bounds. I like the snapshot of myself which I enclose because it doesn't look much like me."

•

DONALD HOUGH, whose *Dinner Bites Man*, page 46, will kill you, volunteers these facts: I was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, and am 41, married, live in Chicago. I have been a newspaper man, syndicate writer, magazine editor, magazine writer, advertising man, salesman, forest ranger, etc., and am an artist by avocation. At present I am writing motion picture scripts. Naturally I'm working on a novel. I think it is two novels. As to *Dinner Bites Man*, I wrote it simply for the amusement of my son. I have been working on it for several years, and at present I have one copy of it entirely hand illuminated by myself. I love to write, which I do mostly for my own amusement and that of my son. When I was eight I wrote a piece on animal husbandry which still is considered source material. When I was four I wrote a short story and sold it to Novel Magazine, London, and later sold Danish rights for two guineas. My friends all tell me my work is better than that of George Harney, the great English essayist. My first work was published in America in 1902, and right after this I got the idea for *Dinner Bites Man*, and I think I could do it again. As to my personal habits, I drink and smoke to excess, either together or separately. I can drive a car with either hand, too. I am six feet tall, have three new suits, and am considered good looking by my friends, though not sickishly so as so many others are, but just clean-cut and neat in dress, manner and taste."

•

Another Discovery of the Month is OVIATT MCCONNELL whose first published story, *The Humorist*, is on page 74 of this issue. He says: "I'm 38 years old and rather undernourished. I could say this is the result of trying to keep five hungry and destructive children fed, shod, clothed and roofed, but as a matter of fact I think it's due to melancholy, or perhaps the cigarette habit. I've been a general assignment newspaper reporter for ten years, most of that time in Buffalo. For nearly a year though, I was on the staff of the *New York Telegram*, and then when the merger took place, the *World Telegram* as reporter and feature writer. I'm pretty proud of that. Before that I taught school for six years, and I'm not proud of anything in that connection except that I got out before corrupting the younger generation. I have a bachelor's degree from Harvard College. This is the first story I've sold. The inspiration for the piece is a man on our staff here, but of course the details are invented. He hasn't got himself shot yet."

•

G. CLIFFORD LARCOM, JR., (*Frog, Butterfly and Dolphin*, page 79) is on the editorial staff of *The Hartford Courant*. He became interested in swimming while he was at Harvard, and has been writing articles on swimming ever since his graduation in 1933. He has worked for other newspapers and for awhile, free-lanced, selling to the pulps

•

LEWIS B. FUNKE (*Parachutism in the U. S. S. R.*, page 82) has worked for the sports department of *The New York Times* since he was just under seventeen. While he was in school, at New York University, he published a sport magazine, the first in the squash field, which lasted five months. He says: "First recognition from my editor came when I spelled Mamaroneck wrong. Have covered forty-seven different sports from ping pong to horse shoe pitching. Girl friend decided that writers were bad risks so I got back the ring. That's how I came to go to Russia—simply proving the law of compensation. Devotee of chewing gum and a connoisseur of polly seeds."

•

Occasionally our little scribbled chits of rejection bounce back on us, and when they do the back-talk of the disgruntled author is seldom printable. But this, written on the reverse of one of our rejection slips by Jim Scott of Juneau, Alaska, is a pleasant exception to the rule:

"And now I hereby rise to state
Since I'm barred from the Fourth Estate
Your rejection slip is quite okay
I buried ambition's corpse today.

Or rather I didn't quite, by damn!
That deed was done by Uncle Sam.
The morgue of letters got my story
The child that should have brought my glory

Was buried by the clerk, one local
Simple-minded nit-wit yokel.
I gathered ten years writing with it
Prose and poems pyramided.

Then poured turpentine upon 'em
Consigned 'em all to hell, doggone 'em!
So went dreams and aspirations
To join their infinite relations.

Children of the mystic nations
Ceasing all my tribulations.
Shed a tear for vanished lore?
Croaks the Raven: "Nevermore!"

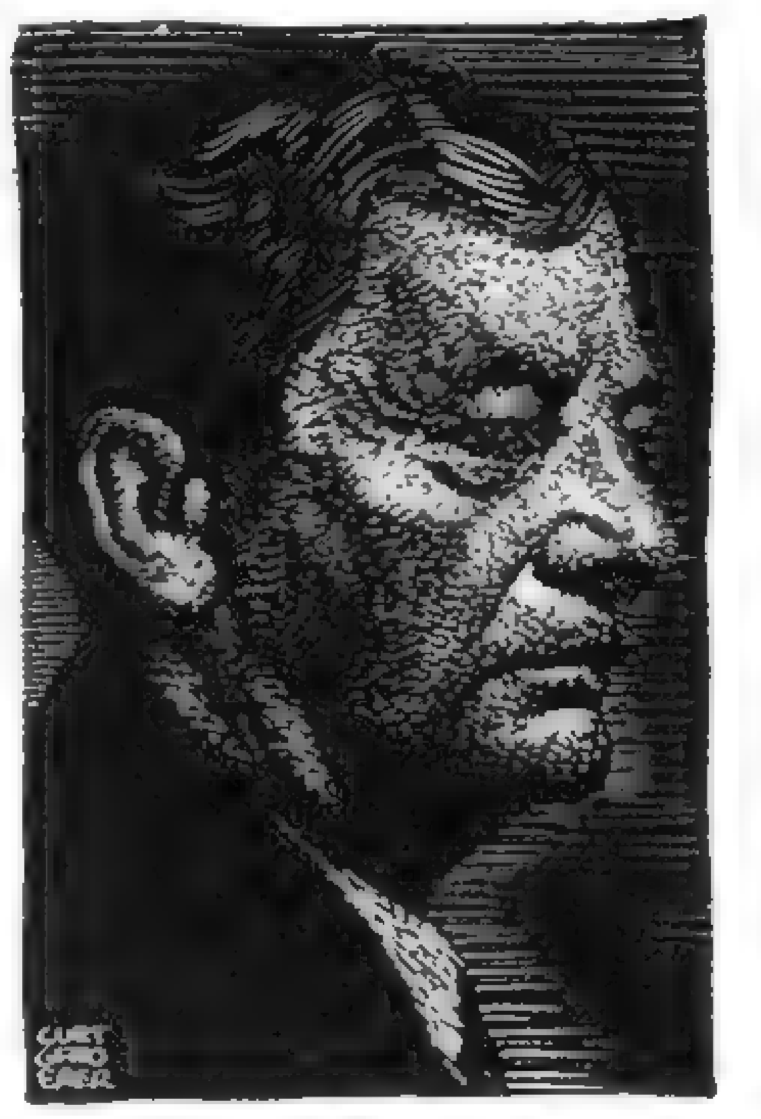
Just say a man cut out Fame's tumor
And died at least with a sense of humor.

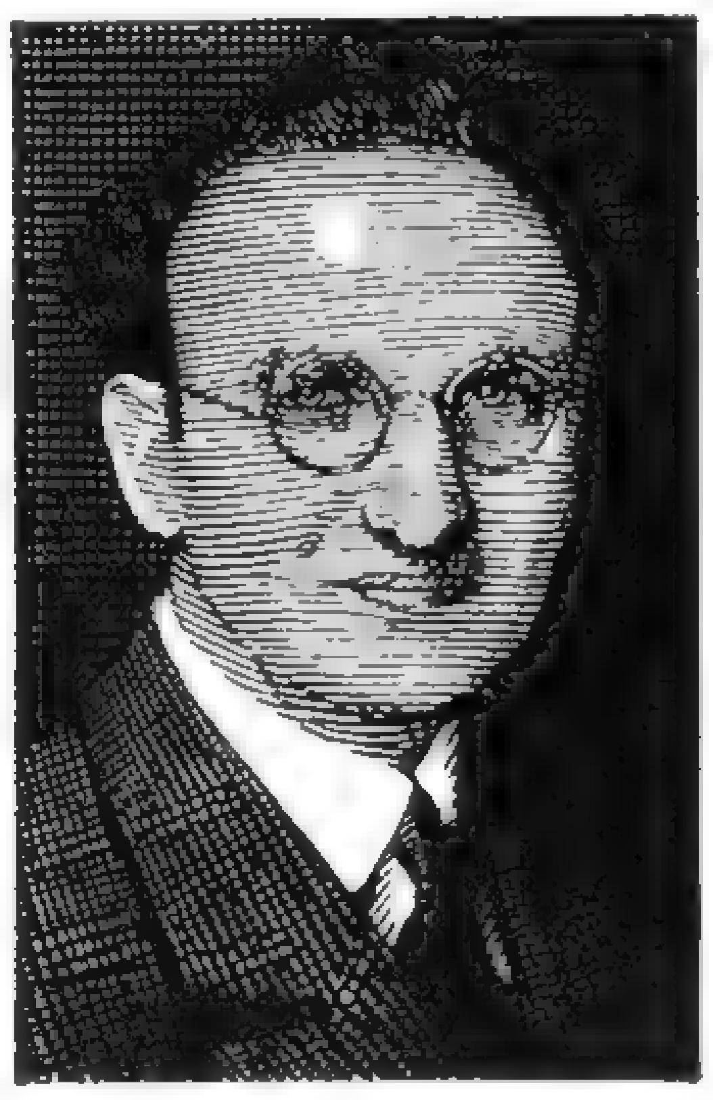
Let him be lost and long forgot.

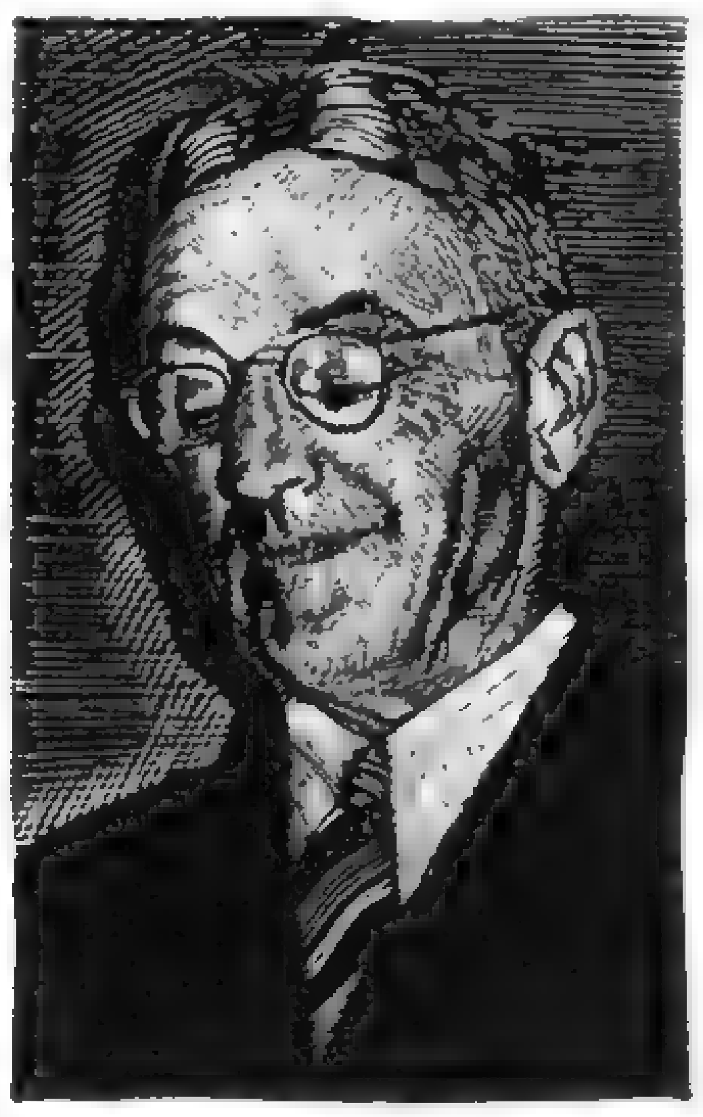
Yours sincerely,
JAMES C. SCOTT"

•

CAPTAIN EDWARD C. CROSSMAN (*The Humble .22*, page 54) has been writing about shooting for the last thirty years. He is the author of *Gun and Rifle Facts, Small Bore Rifle Shooting, Book of the Springfield, Military and Sporting Rifle Shooting* and several thousand magazine articles. He is Gun Editor of *National Sportsman, Hunting and Fishing* and *The Sporting Goods Journal*, and was formerly Gun Editor of *Forest and Stream*. As a pioneer in firearms identification and former member of the Bureau of Forensic Ballistics of New York he has testified in several hundred murder trials, and has made investigations for the United States Department of Justice. He served in the army for about three and a half years, and was placed on E. O. retired list in 1929. He is director of the National Rifle Association, president of the Los Angeles Skeet Club and a member of the National Skeet Advisory Council. He occasionally acts as consultant to the two largest arms companies. In giving us these staggering facts, he said: "Don't know how much of this tosh you want; dislike to talk about myself; one is so often interrupted by varlets who desire to talk about *themselves*." P. S.—"I may have forgotten to mention that I am somewhat interested in shooting."


Sherwood Anderson


Donald Hough


Capt. Edw. C. Crossman

Continued on page 180

AS SERVED IN THE HOME OF

Mr. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr.

Mr. Drexel is a member of one of Philadelphia's most famous banking families. He is a widely known sportsman, and a host of impeccable taste.

Men whose taste distinguishes between essential fineness and mere costliness recognize in Seagram's "V. O." a true aristocrat among whiskies. Its unique combination of delicate mildness and mellow authority sets it apart from all other fine whiskies. It is the masterpiece of Seagram skill and experience.

RARE OLD CANADIAN WHISKEY
AGED IN CHARRED OAK CASKS

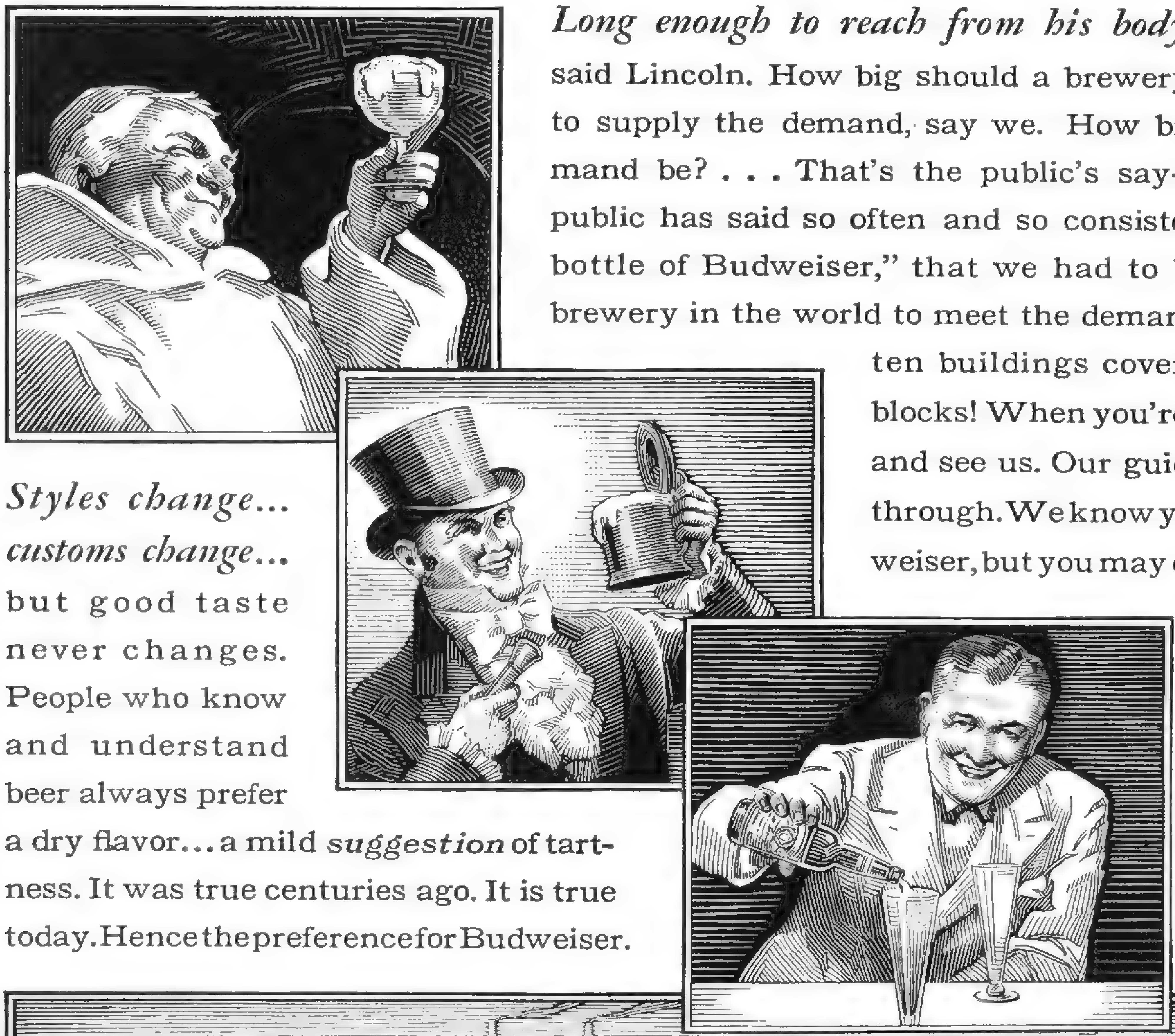
6 years old

90 Proof

Seagram-Distillers Corp.
Executive Offices: New York

DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA
Seagram's
90 PROOF
"V.O."
Rare Old Canadian Whiskey
UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
6 Years Old
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED WATERLOO ONTARIO-CANADA
"Time Works Wonders"
Seagram's "V.O."
MASTERPIECE OF SEAGRAM SKILL
A Fine Imported Whiskey

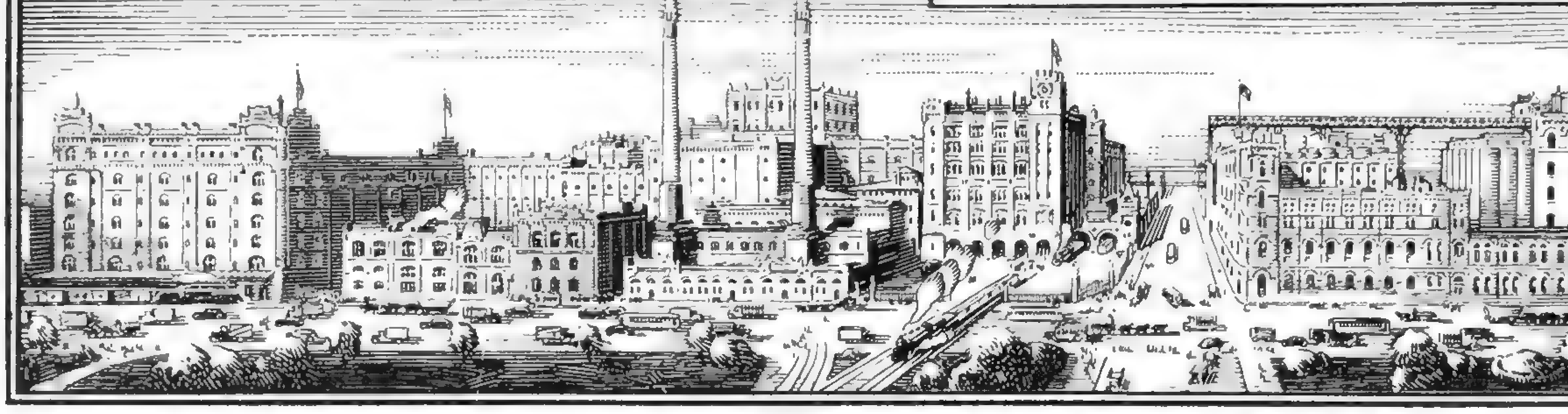
How long should a man's legs be?



Long enough to reach from his body to the ground, said Lincoln. How big should a brewery be? Big enough to supply the demand, say we. How big should the demand be? . . . That's the public's say-so. Anyway, the public has said so often and so consistently, "Give me a bottle of Budweiser," that we had to build the largest brewery in the world to meet the demand. A hundred and ten buildings covering seventy city blocks! When you're in St. Louis, come and see us. Our guides will show you through. We know you like to buy Budweiser, but you may drink it here, on us.

Styles change... customs change... but good taste never changes. People who know and understand beer always prefer a dry flavor... a mild *suggestion* of tartness. It was true centuries ago. It is true today. Hence the preference for Budweiser.

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



BUDWEISER
BEER
Budweiser
Budweiser Lager Beer
Anheuser-Busch Inc.

Come and see Budweiser brewed! Millions of people have visited this huge and efficient institution. Some of its individual departments are larger than most breweries. It can fill, seal and pasteurize 2,799,300 bottles a day.

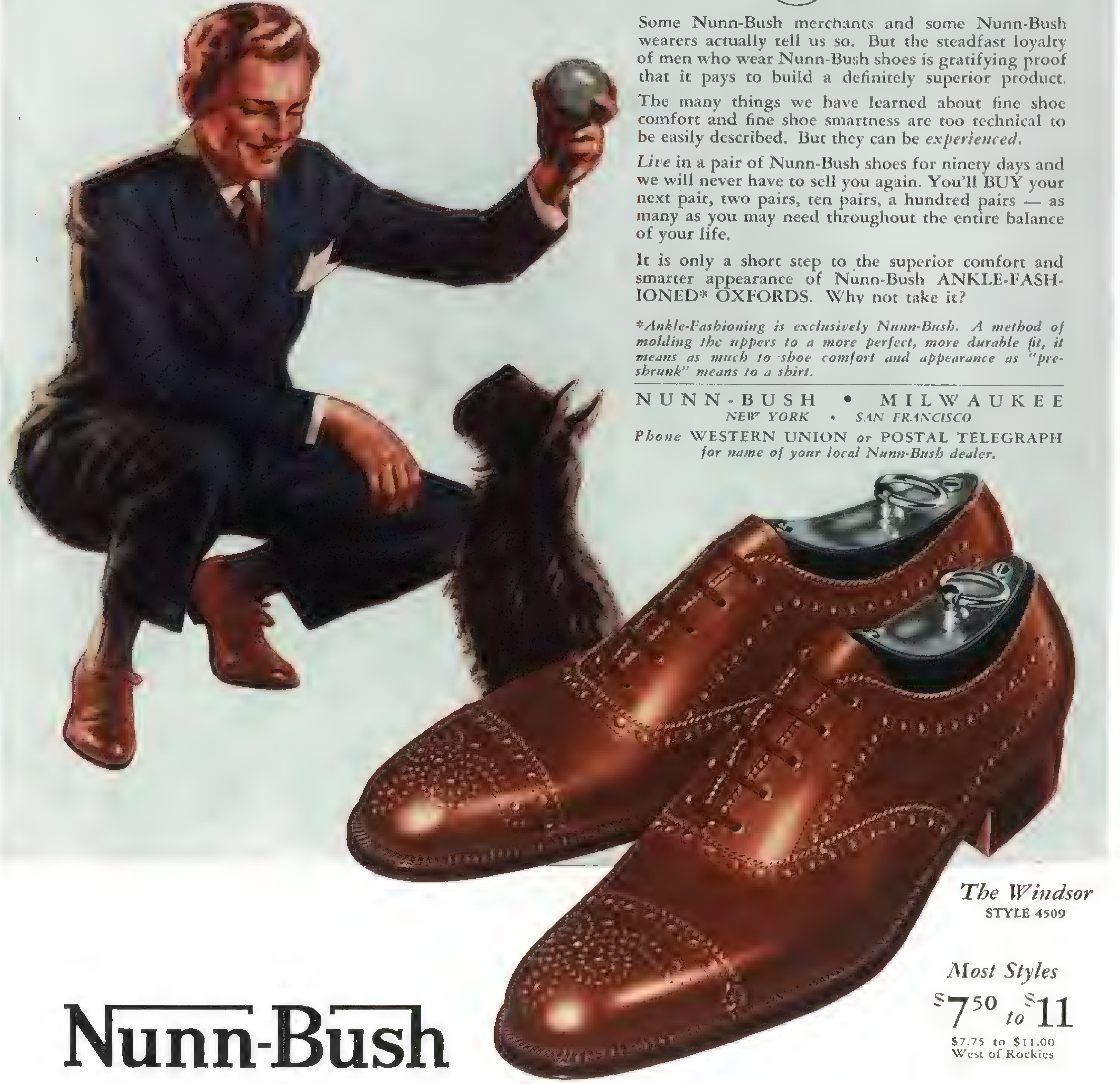
Only Budweiser

TASTES LIKE BUDWEISER

Order a carton for your home—NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED—Be prepared to entertain your guests.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • ST. LOUIS

Are NUNN-BUSH SHOES too Good?



Some Nunn-Bush merchants and some Nunn-Bush wearers actually tell us so. But the steadfast loyalty of men who wear Nunn-Bush shoes is gratifying proof that it pays to build a definitely superior product.

The many things we have learned about fine shoe comfort and fine shoe smartness are too technical to be easily described. But they can be *experienced.*

Live in a pair of Nunn-Bush shoes for ninety days and we will never have to sell you again. You'll BUY your next pair, two pairs, ten pairs, a hundred pairs — as many as you may need throughout the entire balance of your life.

It is only a short step to the superior comfort and smarter appearance of Nunn-Bush ANKLE-FASHIONED* OXFORDS. Why not take it?

**Ankle-Fashioning is exclusively Nunn-Bush. A method of molding the uppers to a more perfect, more durable fit, it means as much to shoe comfort and appearance as "pre-shrunk" means to a shirt.*

NUNN-BUSH • MILWAUKEE
NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO
Phone WESTERN UNION *or* POSTAL TELEGRAPH
for name of your local Nunn-Bush dealer.

The Windsor
STYLE 4509

Most Styles
\$7.50 *to* \$11
\$7.75 to \$11.00
West of Rockies

Nunn-Bush

Ankle fashioned Oxfords

MADE BY SALARIED CRAFTSMEN
...NOT HURRIED PIECEWORKERS

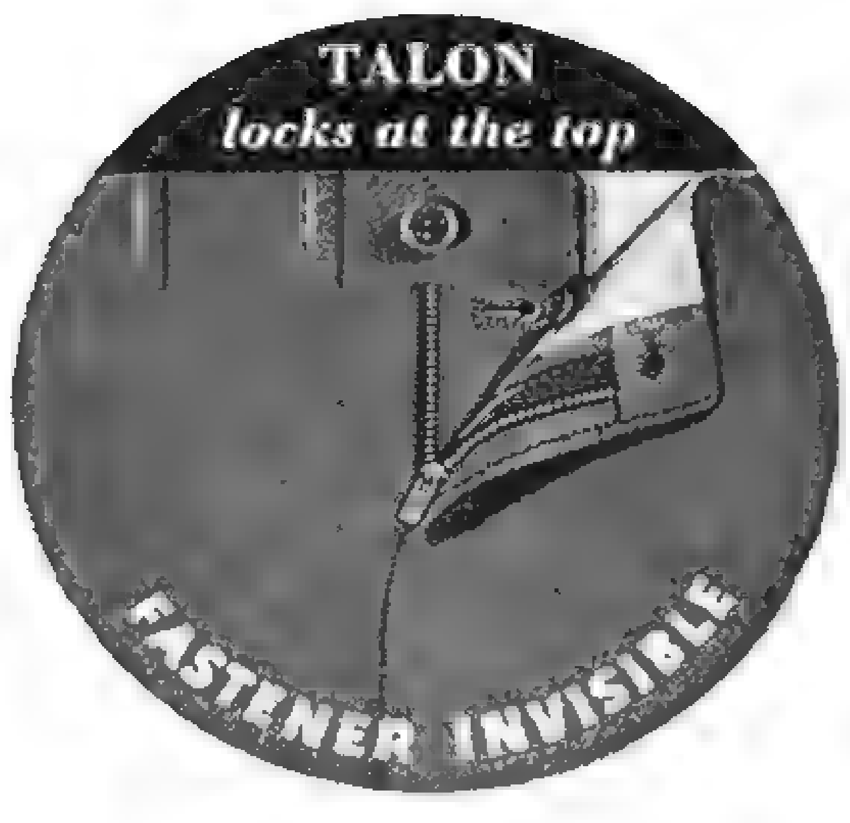
BEFORE YOUR NEW SUIT WEARS OUT

will its button-type trouser closing seem *Conspicuous*

. . . to yourself as well as to the rapidly increasing millions who are adopting TROUSERS Tailored with

TALON?

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



TODAY . . . WELL-TAILORED TROUSERS ARE CLOSED WITH THE TALON SLIDE FASTENER

The specially designed Talon Trouser Fastener must not be confused with any other slide fastener, even other Talon fasteners. It is small, flat-lying, and its special locking slider and special reinforcement are made expressly for use in trousers. It will not crush, jam or break in pressing, yet it is as flexible as the fabric of a suit and absolutely rust-proof. And it is tailored into the trousers with the usual protective underflap.

YES, you can still "get by" most places with trousers that have the old-time button closing. But how long before that closing will seem inexcusable to everybody—as it already seems to millions who have adopted trousers tailored with Talon?

For the day is swiftly coming, say clothing authorities everywhere, when *all* men's trousers will be closed with the Talon slide fastener . . . when any man of average sensibilities will feel conspicuous in trousers closed with buttons.

Already, in clothing stores from coast to coast, suits are available in all price classes with trousers closed with Talon instead of buttons.

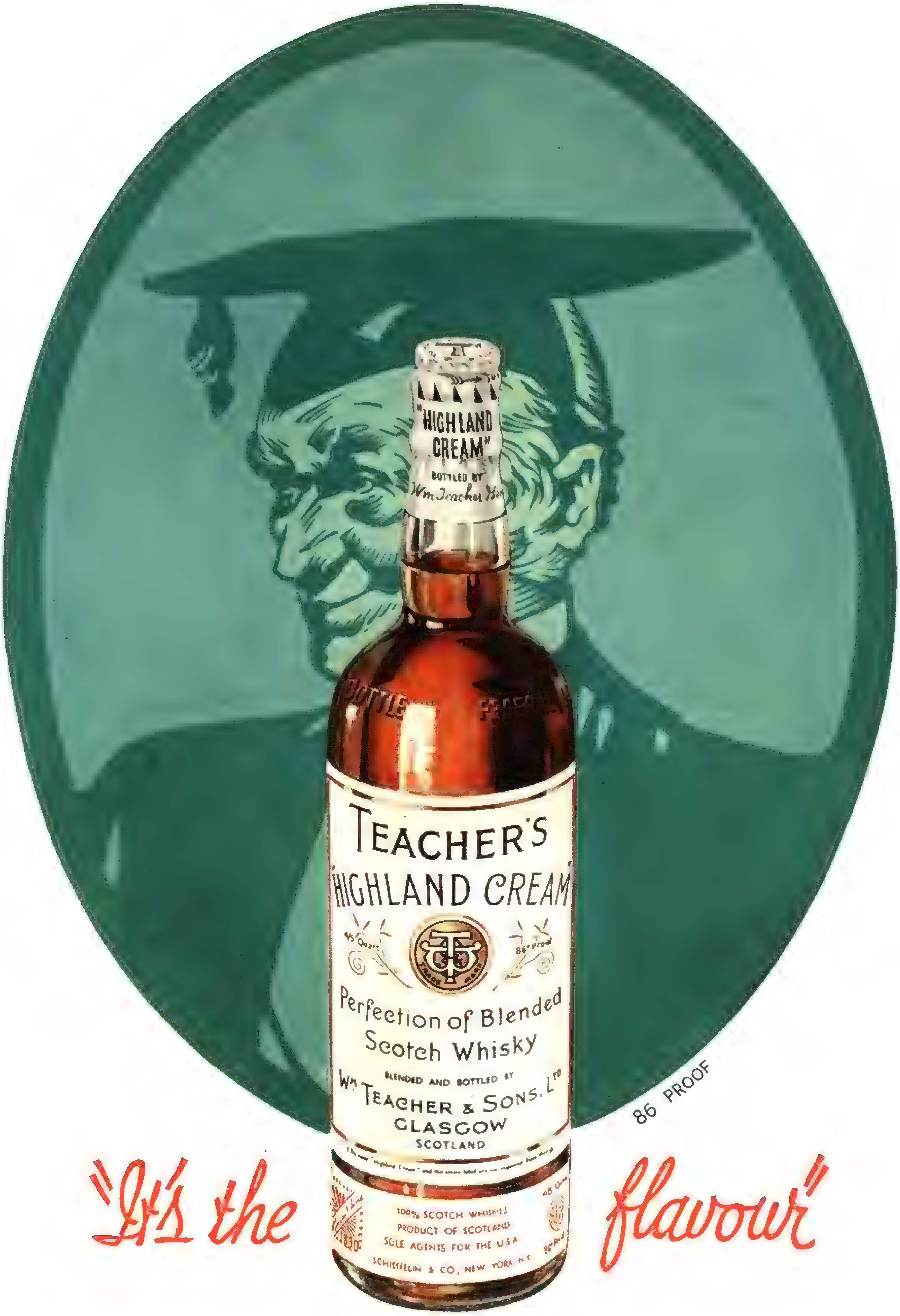
Already, there are stores where not a single pair of button trousers is being offered for sale . . . all have Talon!

All these are signs that everybody will soon cease to tolerate the unsightly gaps and bulges, the extra thickness of the old-time button closing . . . the danger of accidental disarray, as embarrassing to others as to the wearer himself.

Neater, trimmer, thin and continuous as a seam, the Talon closing gives its wearers new assurance, new convenience, infinitely better trouser appearance.

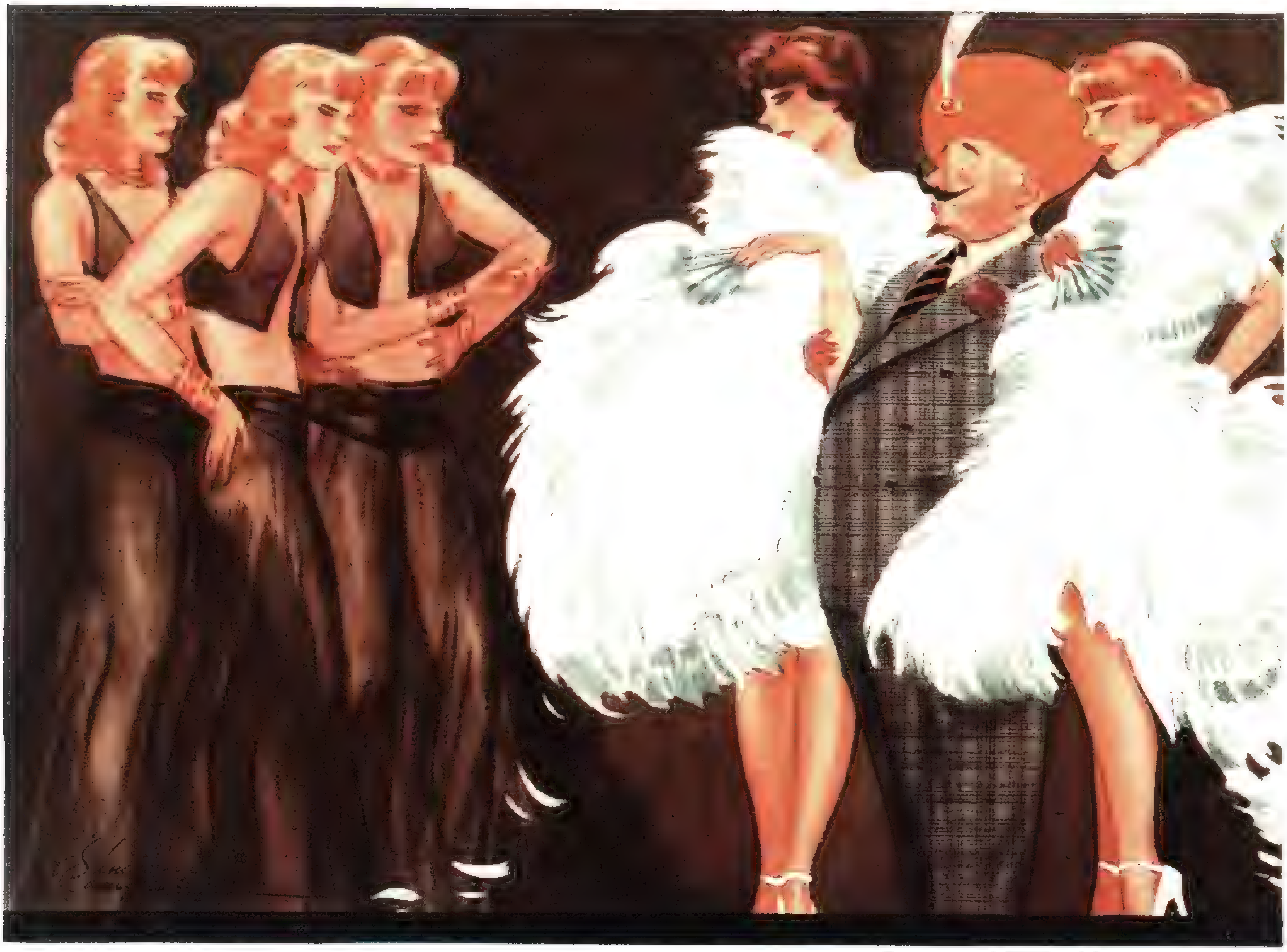
The button closing for trousers is doomed. "Inexcusably conspicuous," people will say of it tomorrow—a tomorrow that may come before your next new suit wears out. Insist on trousers tailored with Talon.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PA


"HIGHLAND CREAM"
BOTTLED BY
Wm Teacher & Sons
BOTTLE
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Wm. TEACHER & SONS. LTD
GLASGOW
SCOTLAND
86 PROOF
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.
SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK N.Y.
"It's the flavour"

Teacher's is a man's Scotch, with an honest, hearty taste. Its tang has a mellow mildness that instantly appeals. For friendly times . . . and any times . . . it is the connoisseur's choice. The men who demand good whisky are the best friends Teacher's has.

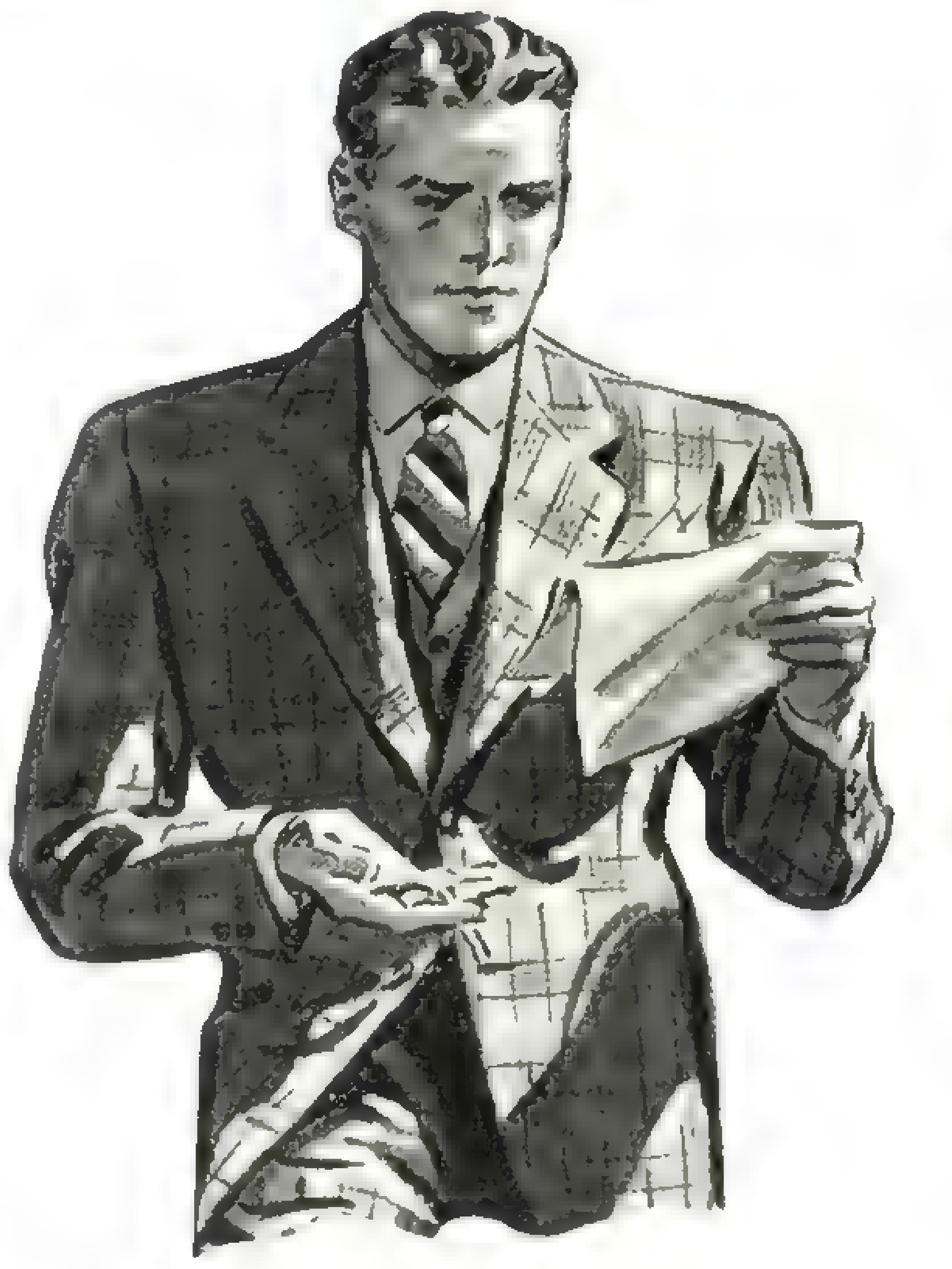
Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow and London. *Sole Agents for the United States:* Schieffelin & Co., New York City. Importers since 1794



"So!—Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes weren't the only thing you went to America for!"

THE Sultan seems to be on the spot! But after all, what could he expect when he strolled down Broadway in his new Hart Schaffner & Marx suit? And while we don't see how anyone could cast reflections on the little women he left behind him, it would appear that for the most advanced ideas in clothing and fan dancers the Sultan made a wise move in coming to America.

Unfortunately, not all the Sultan's subjects are in a position to make such a trip! But, while they must content themselves with purely local talent (clothing), the only thing the men in this country have to do to solve their apparel problem is to step into the local men's store that handles Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes. There, in two minutes, they can slip into a suit the Sultan had to travel half way around the world for.



District Checks!

—as developed by Hart Schaffner & Marx, vary according to your taste; you'll find them in everything from the bolder Glen Urquhart plaid that the Sultan's wearing, to the more conservative overplaids, similar to the one shown here in the new Continental model. Made of superbly fine fabrics (Front Row or Gordian Worsteds), which are famous for long wear, the selection of District Checks which your local dealer has waiting for you offers some of the smartest pattern ideas and best values in years.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND

The Lonesome Vigilante

After the community party in the park the little barkeep figured there'd be more than one customer

by JOHN STEINBECK

• FICTION •

The great surge of emotion, the milling and shouting of the people fell gradually to silence in the town park. A crowd of people still stood under the elm trees, vaguely lighted by a blue street light two blocks away. A tired quiet settled on the people; some members of the mob began to sneak away into the darkness. The park lawn was cut to pieces by the feet of the crowd.

Mike knew it was all over. He could feel the let-down in himself. He was as heavily weary as though he had gone without sleep for several nights, but it was a dream-like weariness, a grey comfortable weariness. He pulled his cap down over his eyes and moved away, but before leaving the park he turned for one last look.

In the center of the mob someone had lighted a twisted newspaper and was holding it up. Mike could see how the flame curled about the feet of the grey naked body hanging from the elm tree. It seemed curious to him that Negroes turn a bluish grey when they are dead. The burning newspaper lighted the heads of the up-looking men, silent men and fixed; they didn't move their eyes from the hanged man.

Mike felt a little irritation at whoever it was who was trying to burn the body. He turned to a man who stood beside him in the near-darkness. "That don't do no good," he said.

The man moved away without replying.

The newspaper torch went out, leaving the park almost black by contrast. But immediately another twisted paper was lighted and held up against the feet. Mike moved to another watching man. "That don't do no good," he repeated. "He's dead now. They can't hurt him none."

The second man grunted but did not look away from the flaming paper. "It's a good job," he said. "This'll save the county a lot of money and no sneaky lawyers getting in."

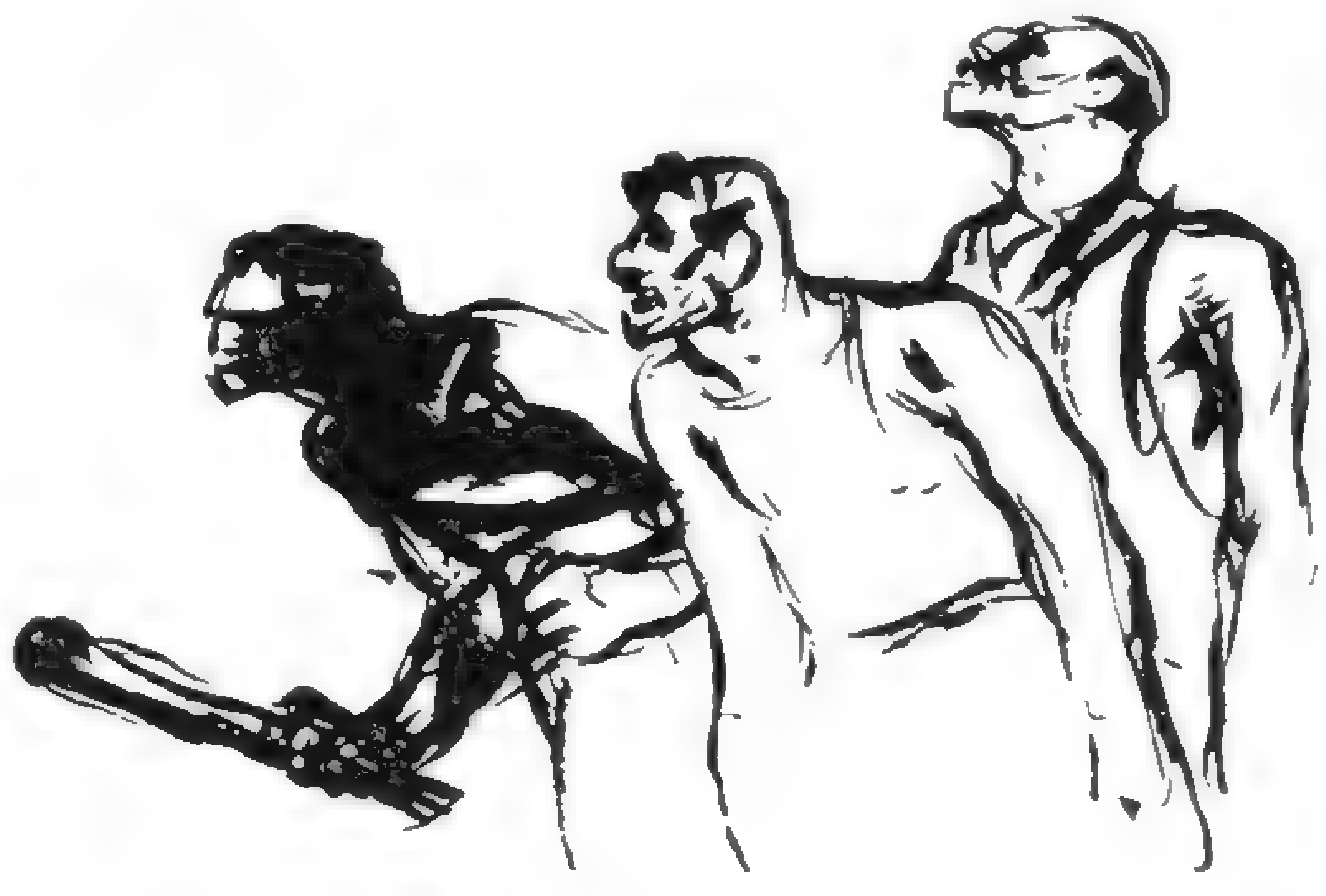
"That's what I say," Mike agreed. "No sneaky lawyers. But it don't do no good to try to burn him."

The man continued staring toward the flame. "Well, it can't do much harm, either."

Mike filled his eyes with the scene. He felt that he was dull. He wasn't seeing enough of it. Here was a thing he would want to remember later so he could tell about it, but the dull tiredness seemed to cut the sharpness off the picture. His brain told him this was a terrible and important affair, but his eyes and his feelings didn't agree. It was just ordinary. Half an hour before, when he had been howling with the mob and fighting for a chance to help pull on the rope, then his chest had been so full that he had found he was crying. But now everything was dead, everything unreal; the dark mob was made up of stiff lay-figures. In the flame-light the faces were as expressionless as wood. Mike felt the stiffness, the unreality in himself, too. He turned away at last and walked out of the park.

The moment he left the outskirts of the mob a cold loneliness fell upon him. He walked quickly along the street wishing that some other man might be walking beside him. The wide street was deserted, empty, as unreal as the park had been.

The two steel lines of the car tracks stretched glimmering away down the street under the electroliers, and the dark store windows reflected the midnight globes.



A gentle pain began to make itself felt in Mike's chest. He felt with his fingers; the muscles were sore. Then he remembered. He was in the front line of the mob when it rushed the closed jail door. A driving line forty men deep had crashed Mike against the door like the head of a ram. He had hardly felt it then, and even now the pain seemed to have the dull quality of loneliness.

Two blocks ahead the burning neon word BEER hung over the sidewalk. Mike hurried toward it. He hoped there would be people there, and talk to remove this silence; and he hoped the men wouldn't have been to the lynching.

The bartender was alone in his little bar, a small, middle-aged man with a melancholy moustache and an expression like an aged mouse, wise and unkempt and fearful.

He nodded quickly as Mike came in. "You look like you been walking in your sleep," he said.

Mike regarded him with wonder. "That's just how I feel, too, like I been walking in my sleep."

"Well, I can give you a shot if you want."

Mike hesitated. "No—I'm kind of thirsty. I'll take a beer. Was you there?"

The little man nodded his mouse-like head again. "Right at the last, after he was all up and it was all over. I figured a lot of the fellas would be thirsty, so I came back and opened up. Nobody but you so far. Maybe I was wrong."

"They might be along later," said Mike. "There's a lot of them still in the park. They cooled off, though. Some of them trying to burn him with newspapers. That don't do no good."

"Not a bit of good," said the little bartender. He twitched his thin moustache.

Mike knocked a few grains of celery salt into his beer and took a long drink. "That's good," he said. "I'm kind of dragged out."

The bartender leaned close to him over the bar, his eyes were bright. "Was you there all the time—to the jail and everything?"

Mike drank again and then looked through his beer and watched the beads of bubbles rising from the grains of salt in the bottom of the glass. "Everything," he said. "I was one of the first in the jail, and I helped pull on the rope. There's times when citizens got to take the law in their own hands. Sneaky lawyer comes along and gets some fiend out of it."

The mousy head jerked up and down. "You God-dam right," he said. "Lawyers can get them out of anything. I guess the nigger was guilty all right."

"Oh, sure! Somebody said he even confessed."

The head came close over the bar again. "How did it start, mister? I was only there after it was all over, and then I only stayed a minute and then came back to open up in case any of the fellas might want a glass of beer."

Mike drained his glass and pushed it out to be filled. "Well, of course everybody knew it was going to happen. I was in a bar across from the jail. Been there all afternoon. A guy came in and says, 'What are we waiting for?' So we went across the street, and a lot more guys was there and a lot more come. We all stood there and yelled. Then the sheriff come out and made a speech, but we yelled him down. A guy with a twenty-two rifle went along the street and shot out the street lights. Well, then we rushed the jail doors and bust them. The sheriff wasn't going to do nothing. It wouldn't do him no good to shoot a lot of honest men to save a nigger fiend."

"And election coming on, too," the bartender put in.

"Well the sheriff started yelling, 'Get the right man, boys, for Christ's sake get the right man. He's in the fourth cell down.'

"It was kind of pitiful," Mike said slowly.

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Latins Are Lousy Lovers

Patriotic American beauty dares all to prove that the composite Cuban is not so hot as he's cracked up to be

ANONYMOUS

• EDUCATION •

First of all, I want to make it clear that this is not the wail of a downhearted frail who was scorned and is therefore taking a cad's revenge. The following observations are not based on personal experience alone, but on the testimony of other disillusioned damsels, as well. I have listened to their plaints in ladies' rooms, night clubs, tearooms, boudoirs, on boats and on beaches; and I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to those unwept, unhonored and unsung American women who have trusted and Given All in Cuba and Mexico, Central and South America, Spain and Puerto Rico—not to mention various encounters with visiting Latins on their own hearthstones in Ohio, Maine, Mississippi and both Dakotas. I, myself, have just returned from five months in Cuba, where I did a little field work on my own; and I believe that it is high time someone exploded the mythical superiority of Latins as lovers and relegated it to its proper place, along with other half-baked, but quaint, traditions, such as the saying that ashes in your coffee make you drunk, that if you don't save all your baby teeth, your second set will be puppies' teeth, or that if you don't move, the bee won't sting you. (Ah, so you've been caught on that one, too!)

It is a common belief all over the world that Latin men are the best lovers and Americans the worst. With an American flag of washable bunting draped prominently—but with careless grace—around my chest, and balancing an American eagle on my head, I hereby rise to state that this is a hoax. I will not only state it; hell, I will prove it. In order to facilitate matters, let us divide the subject into three parts: The Latin at Large, The Latin at Home, and The Latin in Bed. All right, Miss America, take it away!

THE LATIN AT LARGE

From now on, I will say Cubans, because I have taken a special course in Cubans, but you can substitute Venezuelans or Andalusians or Argentines, because, from what the rest of the girls say, they are practically interchangeable as far as this subject is concerned.

In the first place, they are generally short in stature. When anyone asks you if you want to meet another Cuban, it's customary to say, "All right. Is he over five foot four?" (She Stoops to Conquer Cubans can be taken physically, therefore, as well as morally and spiritually.) They are not only short; they are thin, too, with narrow shoulders and wide hips: in other words, like the Flapper Age trousers—bell-bottomed. Their teeth—if any—are either frayed stumps or dazzling with gold. They wear straw Kellys too large or too small, badly fitting suits, and shoes that pinch their feet—and they have little feet. Of course, they do have nice eyes—that is, when they aren't cross-eyed. Their hair is oily and usually needs cutting. They spit a great deal. They are always scratching themselves.

That is the typical Cuban for you. That is, that is what they're like if they look like Cubans. Most Cubans don't look like Cubans. They look like Germans, Italians, Swedes, Polacks, and clerks from Yonkers. It makes my heart bleed to think of the boatloads of hopeful females who go down there every year on cruises, trusting to find a nation of Cesar Romeros. If they do find one, the odds are ten to one that he's another American tourist. As one more disappointed maiden put it, on her return to Manhattan, "The worst Americans are better than the best Cubans. I mean, the Americans you see here digging ditches or driving ice wagons or riding in the subways are all handsomer and better built than the most highly publicized Don Juans in Havana."

In the second place, although part of their claim to superiority in amorous dalliance is based on an assumption of gallantry, they are not gallant in a practical way. They meet you at a bar for cocktails at five-thirty, make violent love to you—and then go home for dinner. They will meet you afterward and renew their spirited attack, but for the space of a couple of hours, their mad love is abated. They appreciate their home cooking, and, of course, foreign young women cannot be invited—or, at any rate, they aren't—into the sanctity of the typical Cuban home. They pay you fantastic compliments that no half-wit would believe, but they never send you flowers or give you presents. I take that back. A South American gave a girl I know an old coin, and a New York blonde once got a clock and an Eversharp pencil from a Cuban who said he was enslaved by her eyes, that he was blinded by the golden sunshine of her hair, that he would cut off his right arm for her, in short, that he would die for her. (They are fond of fancying themselves as impetuous, violent folk, ready to draw their machetes at the drop of a sombrero.) They are, however, great on photographs and practically the moment they meet you, will pull out their pictures, inscribe them passionately, and present them to you, blissfully confident that forever afterward you sleep with their images under your pillow by night and plastered onto your mirror by day, where you can spend long hours in adoration.

They are convinced that all American women worship them; and they love American women because they're so free and easy. With their money, they forget to add. There are very few who object to acting as amiable escorts to American girls who foot the bills. In fact, some of them can be said really to live only during the tourist season, when they emerge like butterflies to meet all incoming ships. The rest of the year, they just languish around, recounting their exploits and saving their strength.

They are good dancers, as a rule, although the belief that every Cuban is a born hoofer is a fallacy. When they *are* good, they are superlatively so, but there are plenty of them who can step on your feet just as often and just as heavy as the boys back home. They are definitely not good drinkers. A couple of highballs and they are sitting on top of the world. One more, and they slip down in their chairs, practically parallel with the floor. All Latins have trouble with their livers and if they drink too much they get very sick. One Cuban says, "When I drink more than two drinks, my kidneys resent it, and my liver abets them." Their sense of humor expresses

itself for the most part in jokes which were thrown out of the Minsky circuit ten years ago. They adore American slang but are always five to ten years behind. (Last winter I met a Cuban who had just caught up with "It's the cat's pajamas!") Anything approaching subtlety will leave them blank-faced and untouched, but the simplest reference to the bathroom and the elimination processes of the digestive tract will plunge them into uncontrollable hysterics. They also appreciate any suggestion of sex, provided it is elementary enough. Judged by their standards, the greatest wits in the world have been the little boys who scribble on fences and the comfort station wall decorators. The national type of joke most prevalent is a charming little game known as the *pega*. It is couched in the form of question and answer and is the ultimate in obscene simplicity. Naturally, examples cannot be given at this time, but the question is frequently something like, "Have you got a few minutes to spare?" And when the victim answers "Yes, why?"—(and they always answer; even though they've been hearing this form of joke daily all their lives, they never seem to catch on)—the answer is, "Well then, do thus and so"—(fill in with any of the dirtier phrases you remember from your childhood.) This will render them incapacitated by laughter for ten minutes.

While the above may seem irrelevant, I believe it to have a bearing on the general subject, since it depicts sidelights on the qualities of the Latin at Large as a companion. And after all, a certain amount of companionship—sometimes known as the preliminaries—is customary before getting down to the brass tacks of *amor*.

The Latin at Home

In his own home, the Cuban man is absolute king, lord and master. He demands service and he gets it—hand and foot. Although he practically never takes his wife out—and seldom stays home with her—he is insanely jealous and keeps constant tab on her by bribing the servants, tapping the telephone wires, and a general spy system as elaborate as that of the Jesuits. He telephones his home every hour or so as part of the check-up. If his wife says she is going to the hairdresser's, the modiste's or the milliner's, he makes sure to telephone there, too. If she goes to a movie, he runs over and sees the same picture so that he can question her on it during dinner that night. When he stays out all night, he almost never notifies his wife, but if he telephones and says he won't be home, he makes a point of going home within an hour.

The Cuban husband is practically never at home, except for meals. He goes out night after night, to political meetings, the club, poker games, jai-alai games, cock fights, cabarets, dances, parties, dinners, sidewalk cafes—or to visit his mistress—and his wife stays home. Once a month, he may spend an evening at the movies with her; a couple of times a year he takes her to large charity fiestas; and on special occasions, like the Fourth of July or the President's Saint's Day, he may invite her out and buy her a glass of sherry. One man I know married his wife when she was sixteen and has never let her out at night since. She is now thirty-two. She has never even been permitted to go alone in the daytime to do her shopping or to a beauty parlor or to the movies. Although she is the mother of three children, the only person she can go to these places with is her older sister, and then she must travel in a closed automobile, never in a street car or bus, where other men might look at her. Her husband initiated her into this regime immediately after they returned from their honeymoon. Right then, he began leaving her in the house while he went out; and night after night, she used to sit at an upstairs window alone and watch him sitting in a gay party at the sidewalk café across the street. Nor is he an ignorant country yokel. He is a member of Congress; he has traveled in the United States and in Europe; he likes music, dancing and night life; and he is considered worldly and charming by the women he meets outside of his home.

This is by no means an isolated case, although not all Cubans carry the system to such extremes. However, they do not take their wives to night clubs, cabarets or public restaurants. When they go out for a good time—which is about six nights out of the week—their helpmates stay at home. As one man said, "Certainly my wife stays home where she belongs. Furthermore, I never allow her to have girl friends. When she starts to become friendly with another woman—go to the movies with her or to the hairdresser's.right away I forbid her to see her any more. Women together talk and breed trouble. My wife must live for me alone and for what time I can find to give her." Which might be said to be the definitive word on the subject.

The Latin in Bed

And now we come to the point of the piece. God knows, the Cuban man spends enough time on the subject of sex. He devotes his life to it. He talks it, dreams it, reads it, sings, dances it, eats it, sleeps it—does everything but do it. That last is of course not literally true, but it is a fact that they spend far more time in words than in action. Sitting in their offices, rocking on the sidewalk in front of their clubs, drinking at cafés, they talk hour after hour about sex. When the University of Habana had a football team, they used to drive their American coach crazy by sitting in the dressing-room before a game and describing their exploits—play by play—with the girls they took out the night before. A smart American who makes an appointment to discuss business with a Cuban at a café always makes the Cuban sit with his back to the street; because if he does not, the Cuban will eye every woman who passes, and, like as not, at a crucial point of the business transaction, will interrupt to make anatomical comments on some pretty who is just going by. They telephone each other at their offices during business hours to describe in minute detail a new conquest. According to them, they always had their first affair at the age of two. This may account for their being all worn out at twenty-three. Makers of aphrodisiacs do a thriving business: Spanish fly, yohimbim, marihuana cigarets, cocaine, Baum Bengue. (Even the horses at Oriental Park have ginger put under their tails.) You can pick up any Cuban newspaper and see, on the second or third page, right smack in the middle of the news, a big ad—"Men! Let Science help you! Merely a matter of the hormones. Etc., etc."

This lack of masculine energy does not prevent them from talking a great game. They boast of their prowess, their anatomical proportions, and their methods. (To hear them talk of what is known to Drs. Van der Velde, Stopes, *et al.* as the love-play, you'd think they invented it. Certain they are, at least, that it has been revealed to them alone out of all mankind in a sort of divine and mystic annunciation kept secret from the rest of the world.) But if you believe the testimony of their women-folk, when it actually comes to the test, they apparently suffer from tropical amnesia. In other words, they're talkers, not doers.

According to Cuban technique, love is a game of chess. Now it's your move; now it's mine—whoops, I caught you! If I do this, she will do that. If she says that, it means I should do this. They will spend hours figuring out unnecessary progressive steps in an amorous campaign, and when their objective is finally obtained, they are apparently too exhausted by strategy to do much about it. Through the years, they have managed to

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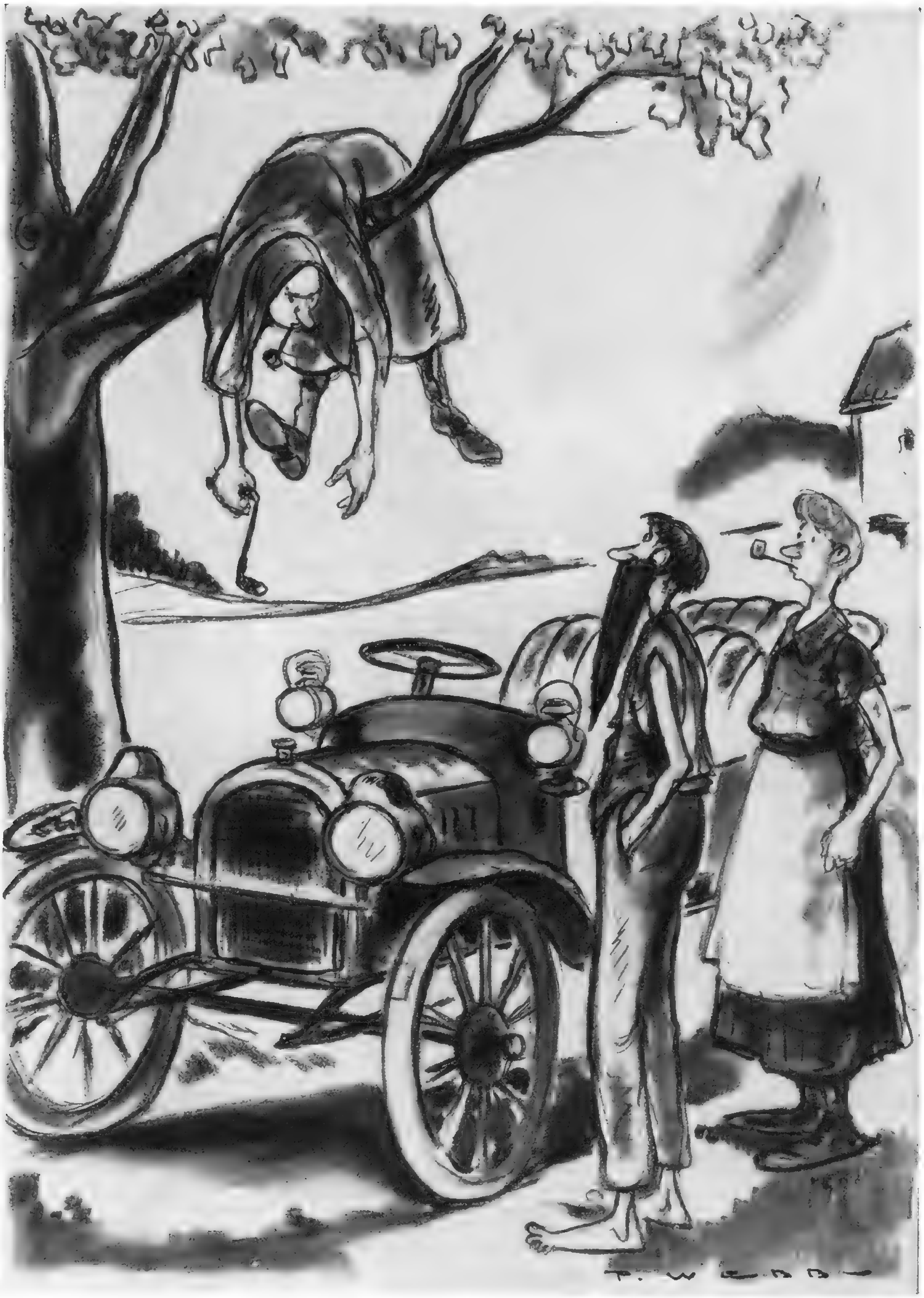


"C'mon down an' finish crankin' 'er, Gran'maw—Shucks—I'll be late fer school"

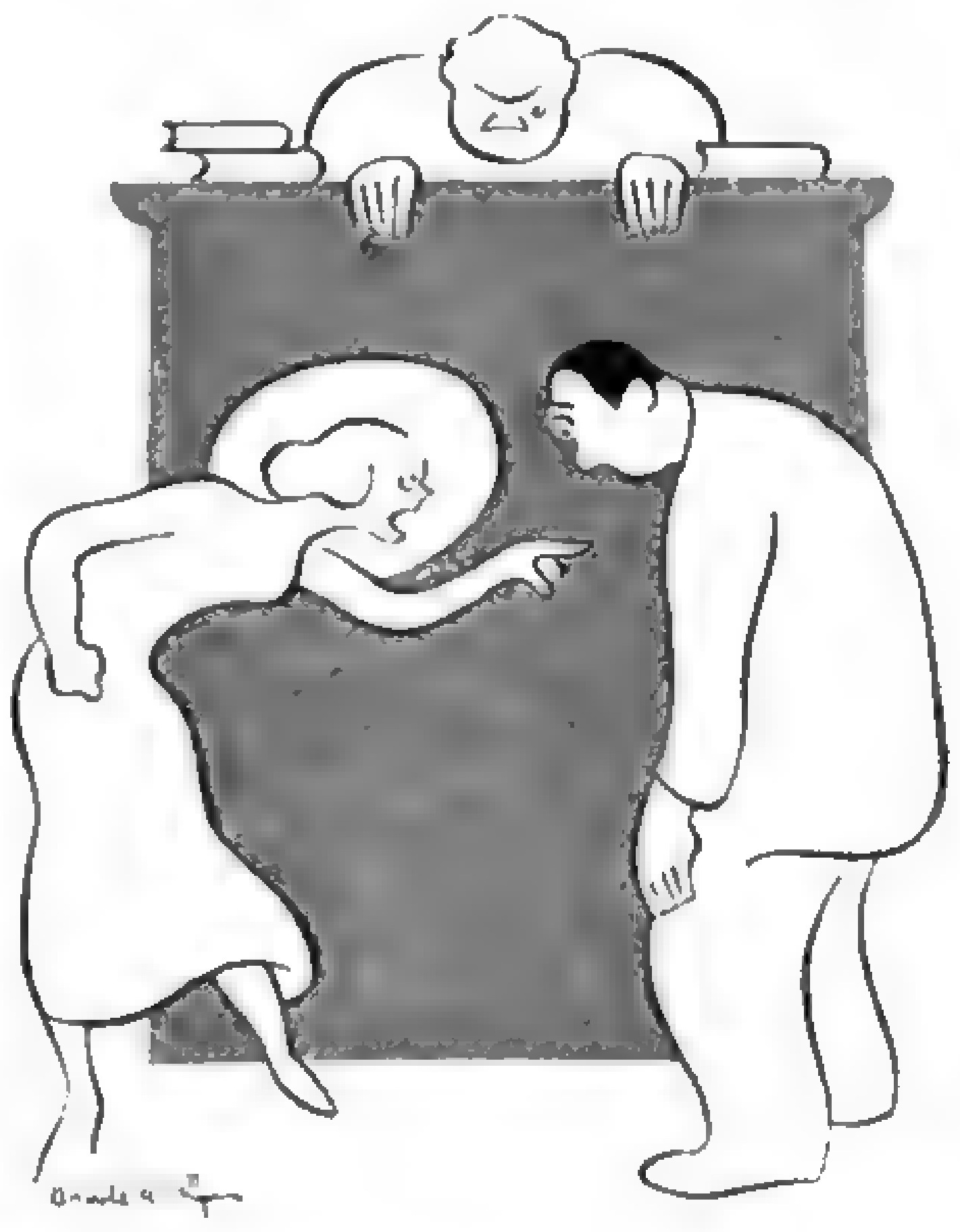
"A Home of Her Own"

Woman is the law's spoiled darling; it's heads-she-wins, tails-you-lose when you gamble with her in court

by HARRY HIBSCHMAN

• ARTICLE •

NOTWITHSTANDING the husband's reduced importance as a domestic factor, there is one prerogative that the law still concedes to him. That is the prerogative of choosing the matrimonial domicile—of deciding where the family is to live. In fact the courts have frequently held that the husband has the exclusive right to fix this domicile and to do so either with or without the wife's consent.



On the surface this looks like no less than a just acknowledgment of the husband's authority as *paterfamilias*. But let us not be too hasty about spreading our tail feathers over this apparent juristic recognition of our status as lords of the household. For there's a catch in it. Like so many other legal rules, this one is subject to sundry "buts" and "whereases." And one of them is that the wife need not accept a domicile in the home of the husband's parents but is entitled to "a home of her own."

To quote from a typical judicial decision: "There is no obligation on the part of the wife to live with the husband's parents. The husband is in duty bound to provide for his wife a separate home and to furnish it in a manner suitable to his station in life. He is morally bound 'to leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife.'"

While there are some cases to the contrary, that is the general rule, recognized and applied in innumerable decisions. Nor is the rule limited to cases in which the wife is mistreated. While the courts have a great deal to say about "too much mother-in-law" and are fond of quoting the old saying that "No home is large enough for two families," they apply the rule with equal readiness where the parents are people of means, where the home is large, comfortable and even luxurious, and where the son and the daughter-in-law are treated with consideration and affection, but where the wife professes to be unhappy because she herself is not the mistress of the house. True, there are instances in which the wife has been denied a divorce under such circumstances, but in most cases the decisions are unconditionally in her favor.

The rule applies, too, where the husband does furnish a separate home but brings his mother or other relative into it. This is so although he is not financially able to maintain two homes and has an aged mother or young children dependent upon him. Thus the highest court of West Virginia decided only two years ago that a wife was not guilty of desertion because she had left her home and refused to return to it unless her husband agreed to bar his son by a former marriage from the house. In a Kentucky case passed upon in 1920 it was held that it was the duty of the husband, if the wife could not live happily in the same house with his children by a former marriage, to set up a separate home for her. And a New England court went so far once as to hold that a wife was justified in refusing to join her husband in a home he was ready to establish for her *near* his parents.

But sauce for the goose is most decidedly not sauce for the gander in this instance. The law is not so solicitous over the tender feelings of the husband and his possible preference for a home free from the obnoxious presence of a mother-in-law and other relatives by marriage only. The courts often profess to sympathize with him, but they seldom come to his relief. His objections to superfluous uxorial relatives are generally of little avail or else are deftly turned against him by his wronged spouse as evidence of his cruel and inhuman disposition. The Supreme Court of Louisiana accordingly held some years ago that where the wife refused to leave her mother, claiming that her health would not permit it and that her husband was financially unable anyhow to maintain a home, she was not guilty of desertion. And a Missouri court decided in 1917 that where the wife insisted upon having her father and mother and two brothers live with her in the home provided by her husband, that fact did not constitute an excuse for his leaving home or entitle him to a divorce.

That same Missouri court had previously ruled that a husband had no just cause for complaint because his wife insisted that her brother, a man of maturity, should continue to live with them in the home which the husband provided and of which, in law, he was the alleged head. And it has frequently been held that the husband cannot object to his wife's keeping her children by a former marriage in the house and compelling him to support them. In an Arkansas case, for instance, the wife obtained a divorce on the ground of cruelty where her husband had refused to have her sixteen-year-old daughter by a former marriage live with her in his home and had forbidden an eighteen-year-old son of the wife's from coming there to visit his mother and sister.

It was even held some years ago in a Connecticut case that it was not cruelty for a wife to order her husband out of the house when he committed the grievous offense of objecting to the continued presence there of a male boarder towards whom the wife had a more than tender feeling. Nor, according to a decision handed down two years ago by the highest court of West Virginia, is it "just cause" for a husband to leave his wife that he has caught at night in a parked automobile "necking" with another man. In such matters the husband is presumed to be tolerant and long suffering.

On the other hand, it has been held in this connection that it is not cruelty for the wife to refuse to admit her husband's friends to the house, to object to his holding social intercourse with his relatives, or to exhibit intense jealousy towards the members of his family. For the husband these are burdens that he must bear as best he may. The law cannot help him.

But it may be both dire and costly for the husband to fail to provide his wife with that "home of her own" to which she is entitled under the decisions. In some of the states the wife may leave him in such a case without being chargeable with desertion, while he will be guilty of such "constructive desertion" as to entitle her to a decree for separate maintenance or an absolute divorce, making him liable, in either case, for the payment of alimony. In others, the husband's conduct will be construed as cruelty or as an element in a charge of non-support and will entitle the wife to like relief. And in many states, if the husband insists that the wife shall live in the domicile he has provided, or is ready to provide, with his parents, or with his mother or other relatives in it, and refuses to contribute to her support until she does, he may be prosecuted, stamped as a criminal, and sent to jail.

Now, it is not my purpose here to quarrel with the general proposition that it is the duty of the husband, to quote a standard legal work, "to furnish a home wherein the wife is free from abuse, ill treatment, and unwarranted interference from members of the household." What I do object to is the way in which the rule has been evolved

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The Golden Land

All the way he promised them they'd sure get a kick out of California and as it turned out they sure did

by BENEDICT THIELEN

FICTION

All through the night and on into this new day, the long freight train jogged ahead on the straight shining rails into the West. Above, there were no longer low skies, dim with rain or sombre with unfallen snow, but the high clear skies of the approching West and air that was dry and light and warm from its passage over a sun-filled land. In this new dawn there were no cold and bitter mists. The sun rose golden and unconcealed, flooding the earth with sudden light.

They had been lucky. In St. Louis they had some trouble with the yard cops, but even the cops could see that they weren't bums and had let them off after a while. Outside of Tulsa the old fellow had slipped as he grabbed for the handrail, because the train was going fast, and for a moment they thought he might have gotten under the wheels, but he had managed to roll free of the train and had waved to them from the foot of the embankment as the train went on.

Now the three of them had this empty flat car to themselves and the brakeman was a good sort who always let them know before they came to some place where they might get into trouble on account of their being vags. He could see that they weren't just bums, but you never could tell about cops. They were often dumb about things like that. And at one time there had been a couple of real old-timers riding with them, so that the cops might have thought they were all the same. But they had dropped off a few hundred miles back and now there were just these three, who weren't bums at all. It was better that way, and they all felt relieved to be alone together.

The man from California leaned back, his hands clasped over his knees, and yawned up into the sunlight.

"So you never been out to California either, Harry," he said, still half yawning. "Well, well . . ."

The boy in the blue shirt, who had been looking out at the land as it drifted slowly past, turned around.

"How long'll it be before we get there? You got any idea?"

The man pursed his lips and nodded slowly.

"More or less. Let's see now . . . Santa Fe, Albuquerque, we're in Arizona now, Williams . . . Why, yes, I guess in just about a couple of hours we ought to cross the line into California. Yes, sir, it oughtn't to be long now. Then we'll be in the Golden State."

The two boys looked at each other and then at the man and smiled.

"You boys'll sure get a kick out of California," he said.

Roy, the second boy, leaned forward and said, "What do you think the chances'll be of getting a job, once we're out there?"

"Yes," said Harry, "I heard there were a lot more jobs in California than anywheres else."

The man smiled at them goodnaturedly.

"Oh, I don't think you'll have any trouble." He looked up, blinking, at the warm sky above. "No sir, I think you can put your minds at ease about that, out in California."

"Well, I heard that," said Harry. "But I didn't know. You never can tell."

"Yeah," said Roy. "I heard that story before, too, and that's as far as it went."

The man shook his head, still smiling.

"Of course I can't guarantee anything," he said. "But the chances are good . . . the chances are very good. Why, have you boys got any idea of all the . . . the industries and things there are in California? Have you got any idea at all about all the variety of things there are out there?"

They both shook their heads.

The man laughed.

"I suppose you only know about movies and raising oranges, don't you? You think that's all there is, I suppose, don't you? Well, it isn't, by a long shot."

"They raise grapes, too," said one of the boys.

"Yes, grapes, sure," said the man. "But that's not all. Not by a long shot. Now, let's see. . . . There's first of all every kind of vegetable that's raised anywhere grows ten times as fast and as good in California: carrots, peas, potatoes, artichokes, tomatoes." He checked the items off on his fingers as he named them. "Every kind of fruit besides citrus fruits, lemons, oranges, grapefruit. There are pears and apples and apricots, and then nuts, too, walnuts and almonds and . . ."

Harry laughed and said, "Gee, I'm getting hungry."

"And then besides," said the man, "everything's cheap as dirt. There's so much of everything, see? Carrots four cents a bunch, oranges a quarter a basket, tomatoes . . ."

"Hey, cut it out," said Roy, and they both laughed.

"All right," said the man. "Oh, yes, and then out in Imperial Valley they raise figs and dates, just the same as they do over in Arabia, every bit as good as way over in Arabia."

They boys looked at him and shook their heads.

"Why, you never saw anything like it. You . . ." He paused. "Where'd you say you were from, Roy?"

"Jersey."

"Jersey!" He laughed and turned to the other. "And you? Where'd you say you were from?"

"Chicago. Near Chicago."

"Chicago! Well, you'll certainly have your eyes opened when you get out to California. Why, you never saw anything like that, back where you come from. Why, some of those ranches out there—they call them ranches in California, instead of farms—why, some of those ranches extend as far as the eye can see." He made a sweeping gesture with his arm. "Yes, sir, right to the horizon, and all the time it'll be just one man's ranch, and often just raising one thing, like say, beets, or carrots, or something like that."

"Goodnight!" said Harry.

The two boys looked at each other and smiled and shook their heads again.

"I guess they must need a lot of people to work a big place like that, don't they?" said Roy.

"Sure, naturally. Of course they have a lot of big machines, tractors and harvesters and things like that, but they need a lot of labor, too. That's why I say you oughtn't to have a hard time to find something to do out there, just to sort of tide you over, anyway."

The two boys looked at him curiously for a few moments, then Harry said, "How long since you been away? From California, I mean."

"Oh, five, six years." He shook his head. "I was a damn fool to ever leave. But believe me it's the last time. From now on I stay in little old Cali-for-ny-ay." He looked up at the sky and breathed deep of the light dry air. "How's this for weather? Eh?"

They all looked up and took deep breaths.

"Yes, sir," the man said, "I was a damn fool to ever leave, but I had this job offered to me out East and I took it and then it folded up on me and . . . well, here I am coming back again to God's footstool."

"Were you out here long?" Roy asked him. "I mean before you went East?"

"Was I out here long?" The man threw back his head and laughed. "Was I out here long? Why, I was *born* out here." He looked at them proudly. "I'm a native son, that's what I am."

They glanced at each other and then at him.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I'm a native son. My people came out during the gold rush and they been there ever since."

"Boy, those must of been the days," said Roy.

"I'll say they were, son."

"Is there any gold out there, still? I mean to amount to anything?"

The man shook his head.

"No, that's all over. Over in Nevada and Utah there's copper and silver and stuff like that, but there's no more gold. At least there may be some but not to amount to anything."

"But there's silver?" said Harry.

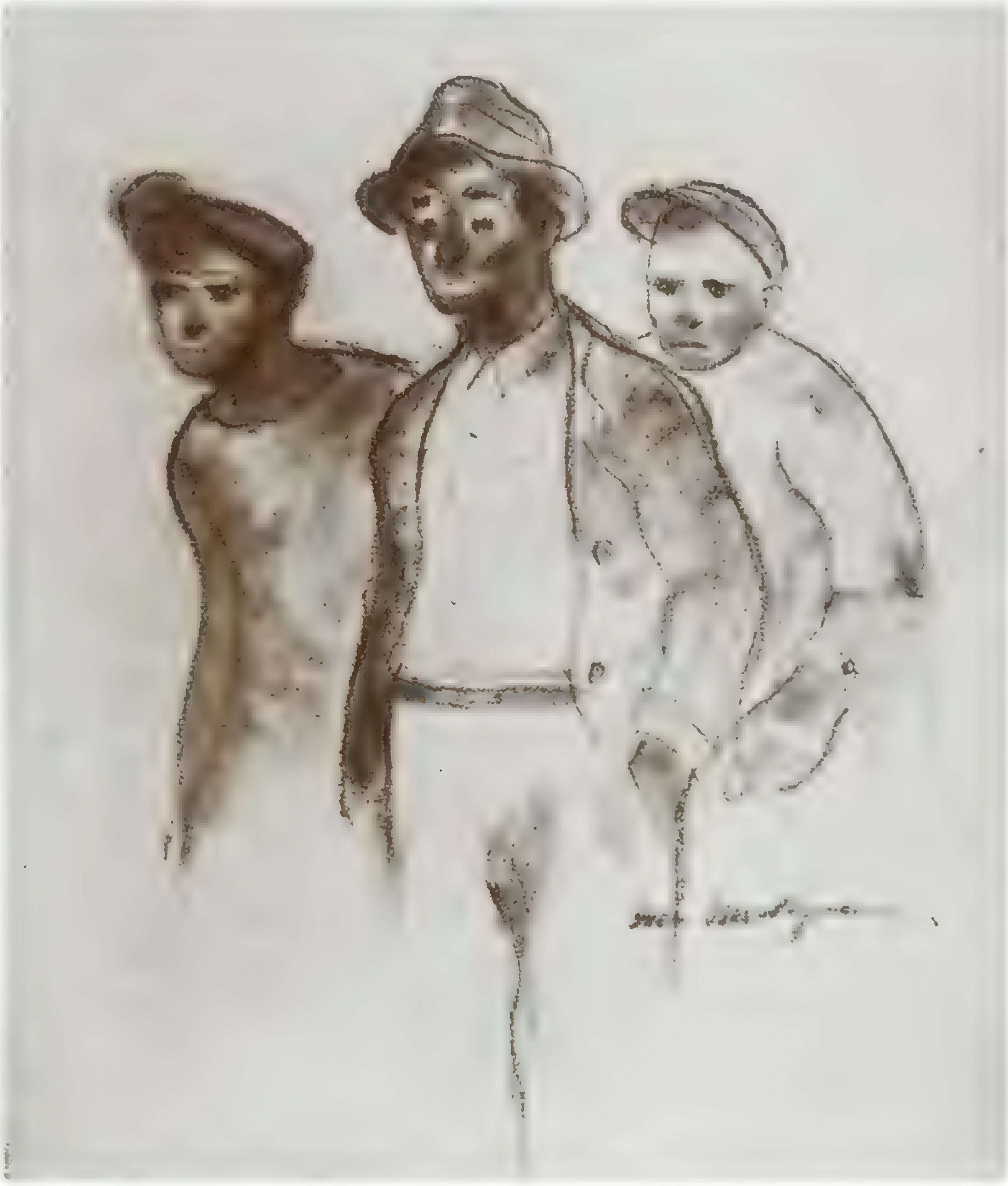
"Yes, but that wouldn't do you or me any good. You have to have a regular plant to get the silver out. You can't just pan it out yourself like they used to do with the gold."

"That must of been pretty nice," said Harry. "Just getting it out yourself like that."

"Yes, but there's plenty of other ways to get rich out in California. There's oil and ranching and real estate and . . ."

"You figure on getting a job right away? You know some people out there?"

"Once I get out there I oughtn't to have any trouble," the man said. "I know people around, here and there. I'll find something. It's just a matter of getting out there." He looked up at the sky again and smiled. "But it won't be long now, I guess."



For a time they said nothing more, looking at each other with pleased expressions and feeling the always increasing warmth of the sun as the train jogged on toward the open, golden West.

"What about these other places?" said Harry, presently. "I mean this place here, Arizona and Nevada and all those. What sort of a job do you think you could get there?"

The man gave a short contemptuous laugh.

"Nothing." He motioned with his thumb toward the barren hard-looking land through which they were passing. "That don't look so very promising, does it? No, there's nothing you can do here, unless you want to buy a few thousand head of sheep or cattle and a few thousand acres of land and start in and be a cowboy."

The boys both laughed and one of them jingled a few coins that were in his trouser pocket.

"No sir," the man said. "California's the place. Believe me, if you can't find work there you'll never find it anywhere."

"I guess that must be so," said Roy.

"Sure," said the man. "But don't be surprised if you see country just like this in California for a long time before we hit the real thing. We still have the Mojave to go over, you know."

"Oh, yeah?" said Harry. "How's that?"

"Desert. Real desert, too. But it ought to be pretty just about now: there'll be flowers all over it."

"Flowers in the desert?" said Harry.

"Sure, all over it. Oh, I tell you, California's some place."

The train jogged on, slowly sliding behind it the sun-cracked miles of hard and barren earth that lay between them and the rich abundance of the fertile and golden West. In the earth of the West there was no longer gold, but the ripe fields of grain were golden, and gold flushed the ripe roundness of apricots and pears and plums, and corn was the color of rich yellow gold. Miners no longer sift the yellow grains from the cold mountain streams, but over the blossoming bean fields the air is drowsy with the drone of bees, the hives are rich with dark honey-gold, and the whole earth is dusty with golden bloom.

A voice suddenly called down to them from the top of the freight car behind them. They all looked up. The brakeman climbed down the side of the car and stepped over on to the flat car on which they were riding.

"Listen, you guys," he said, "we're gonna slow down at the next crossing and you better hop off because just beyond that we'll be in California and I'd get in a jam if they found you on board here."

The man and the two boys looked surprised. Then the man said: "How about us getting in an empty till we get across?"

The brakeman shook his head.

"Nothing doing. It's me who stands to lose my job if they find you."

The two boys began to get their things together.

"Anyway," said the man, "who's going to stop us?"

The brakeman laughed.

"There'll be plenty of people to stop you, if that's all that's worrying you."

"What do you mean?" Harry asked him.

"Cops, son. State cops."

The two boys looked at the man from California.

He gave a short laugh and said, "Well, they aren't going to stop you from coming into the state, for God's sake."

The brakeman shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know. I ain't been here in some time now. But all I know is if you're on board I'll get in a jam. And so will you, probably."

"Well, I never heard of such a thing." The man from California laughed and winked at the two boys. "Don't worry, boys, we'll get across all right. Why . . . why, of course we will."

The brakeman swung himself to the car ahead. He paused on the side ladder and called back to them.

"We'll be taking on water the other side of town, so if you get through all right, you can get back on. I don't care once we get across the state line, see?"

He waved to them and climbed up to the top of the car and went on his way forward along the train.

"Maybe we better get off now," said Roy, looking out at the now more slowly moving land.

"Hell," said the man, "there's no hurry."

He looked up for a moment, then began to strap the dusty suitcase that was lying by his side.

"Gee, what if they wouldn't let us across?" said Harry. "That'd be swell all right, wouldn't it?"

The two boys both looked at the man.

"Oh, for God's sake," he said impatiently, looking up from his suitcase. "Don't be damn fools. This is a free country, isn't it? A guy can go anywhere he wants here, can't he, for God's sake?"

The boys didn't say anything.

"California isn't a foreign country, is it?" the man said. "We're all Americans, aren't we?"

The boys nodded their heads.

The train was hardly moving now.

"Come on," said Roy. "Let's get off."

"All right, all right," the man said. "Where's the fire?" He laughed as he picked up the suitcase. "Gee, it's easy to see you kids haven't been around."

They jumped off the train, one after another, and walked along by the side of the cars which moved slowly past them.

"And anyway," said the man, "it isn't as if we were bums or anything like that."

The boys walked along without saying anything. They looked worried.

"Besides," said the man, "I was born in California. I'm a native son . . . Hell!"

The train drew slowly past them until finally it was ahead of them and they saw the caboose slowly becoming smaller down the straight line of rails.

"She's stopped now," said Harry after a time. "I guess that must be the state line."

The man nodded his head.

"It won't be long now before we're there. Back in California!"

Roy stopped and shifted his bundle from one hand to the other. The man glanced back at him over his shoulder.

"We ought to be able to get back on board, just as soon as we cross the state line."

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Stalker & Co.

Hunting the stag in Scotland, like eating breakfast, must be done in dignified silence and dead earnest

by PAUL HYDE BONNER

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪

It was hard to believe that I was actually in the Scottish Highlands. There had been a few quick glimpses of heather and hill while motoring from the station to the house, but from the protected rear seat of a Rolls limousine all scenery has the detached quality of a travel short. Inside the castle one might have been in London, or Surrey, or Grammercy Park, or Lenox, Massachusetts. It was Victorian elegance of a kind described by V. Sackville-West and the late Clarence Day, Jr.—those writers whose antidote for a bewildered present has been recourse to a varnished past. It was very far from what I had expected; my mental vision having been based on the average stage director's idea of Macbeth's little place at Inverness. "Dank" had been the word which had haunted me ever since the receipt of the invitation to "come up for a week's stalking," and it had led me into the error of purchasing two pairs of heavy woolen pajamas. Quite obviously these halls of polished mahogany and turkey red carpets were not the abode of toads and damp draughts.

"Fraser will take you tomorrow," my host said, as we drank our night-cap, "He's my head stalker, and there's no better in all Scotland. He's a dour fellow—particularly with strangers. A man has to prove himself to Fraser. If you were the greatest peer, poet, or politician in the kingdom, but could not walk well or shoot straight, he'd have done with you. The following day one of the under lads would be your stalker."

"As this is my first time out," I said, "perhaps it would be better . . ."

"Oh, it isn't a novice he minds," broke in my host, "I think he rather fancies them. They satisfy his ego. He becomes the master and you must obey. Remember that—obedience is imperative!"

I nodded acquiescence. Guides, after all, were the same the world over. Whether you were shooting ducks in South Carolina or ruffed grouse in Northern Michigan, they knew their country and their prey. If you followed them without argument, the chances for pleasant sport and a full bag were always far better.

"Whatever you do, don't talk," said my host, brushing cigar ashes from his gaudy dress kilt. "He can't abide that!"

Breakfast was at seven. When I finally located the dining room in the vast intricacies of the ground floor, it was five minutes past the hour and the entire family were already present. My cheery "good-morning" was met by a scowl from my host and by complete silence from his lady and the guests. What had I done to offend them? Was it my slight tardiness? I caught my host as he paced grimly about the room, eating from a bowl of porridge which he held in his hand. I put the question to him quietly but squarely. He stopped in his tracks and looked at me with amazement. Of course I had not offended anyone. In fact, nothing was wrong or unusual. But, My God! I certainly did not expect civilized people to be cheery before breakfast, did I? Breakfast brightness, it seems, was known in Scotland as the Unforgivable Sin.

Why did everyone walk about while eating, I whispered to my neighbor as I sat down. Because that is the way Scots eat porridge, she answered. Any particular reason, I asked. Custom, she snapped, with a finality which curbed further curiosity.

After my host had consumed his porridge walking and two eggs, three pieces of bacon, a kippered herring, and three cups of tea sitting, he raised his head above the *Glasgow Herald* and fixed me with a steely gaze.

"You're not going to wear that new suit, I hope," he said.

"That was my intention," I replied, rather proud of my recent Saville Row purchase—a stunning golf suit of rich checked tweed.

"You'll ruin it," he said. "Better change to the oldest clothes you have."

"I don't mind what happens to this old thing," I lied.

It had been made especially for the occasion — the only knicker suit I owned.

"I tell you, man, it's too good. Clothes can't be too old for stalking."

The appearance of his own costume justified his advice. The elbows of his Harris tweed jacket were in rags. Even the leather patches were coming loose from the few ends of wool which remained on their circumference. His kilt was so faded that its original tartan was indistinguishable, and its hem was tattered into an uneven fringe. The striking white fur sporran of the night before had been replaced by a soiled and weather-beaten pouch of leather.

According to instructions I was at the entrance door at a quarter to eight, dressed to depart. The others, whose beats were far removed from the castle, had left earlier in an assortment of ancient motor vehicles. The aged butler eyed me as I donned my overcoat.

"Beg pardon, sir, but you won't be needin' that coat," he commented.

"Is it warm today?" I asked.

"It will be," he replied, "after the first half hour of walkin'."

I laid the overcoat aside.

"If I was you, sir," he went on, "I 'ud also leave off that jersey."

"Remember," I said, "I'm not as hardy as you Scots."

"Take my word, sir," he persisted, "You'll thank me for tellin' you afore the day's out."

Dutifully, I took off my coat and unpeeled the sweater.

"Here's your glass, sir," he said, handing me a cylindrical leather case with a long shoulder strap.

"My what?" I asked.

"Your glass," he answered, "for spyin'. And your stick," he added, giving me a shepherd's crook that was almost as tall as I was.

When I walked forth to meet Fraser, standing with two ponies and a boy in the driveway, I was gratified to see that he too carried a glass and a crook. It made me feel less self-conscious with these strange impedimenta. I greeted him cordially and started to explain that this was my initiation in the gentle

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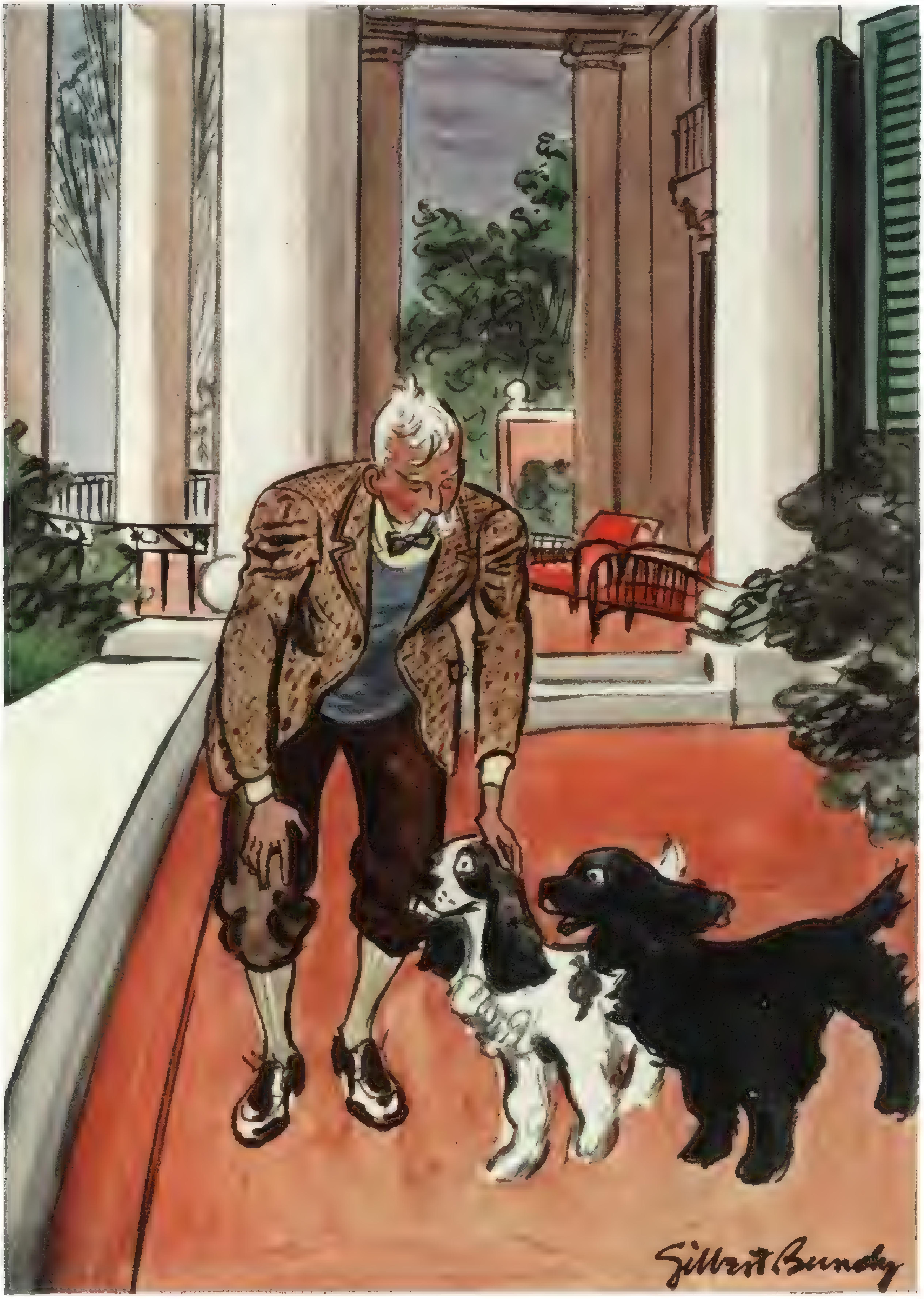
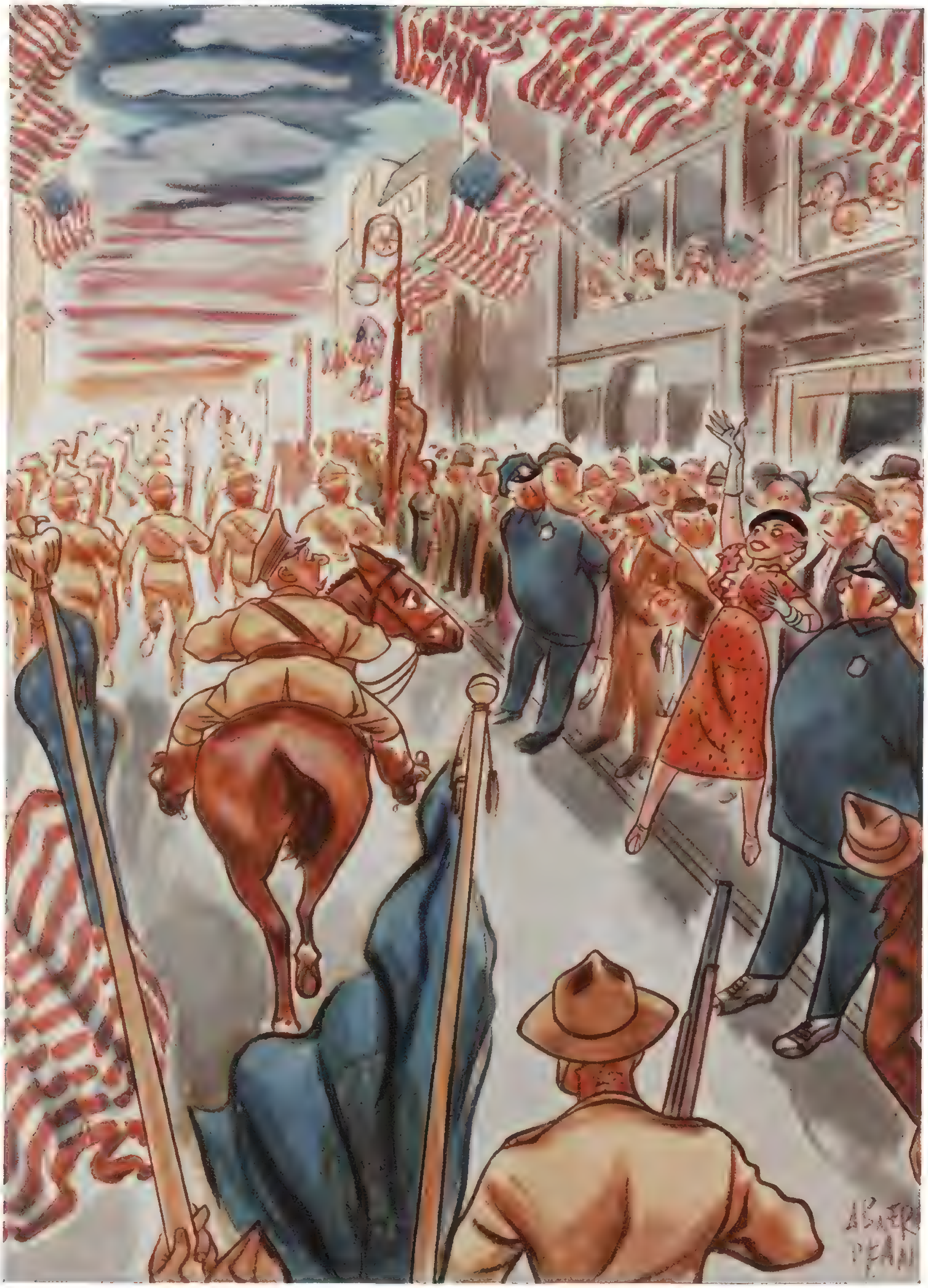


Gilbert Bundy

"Better wag our tails—he expects it"



"Helloooo Major!!—Did you get home all right last night?"

"I Didn't Get Over"

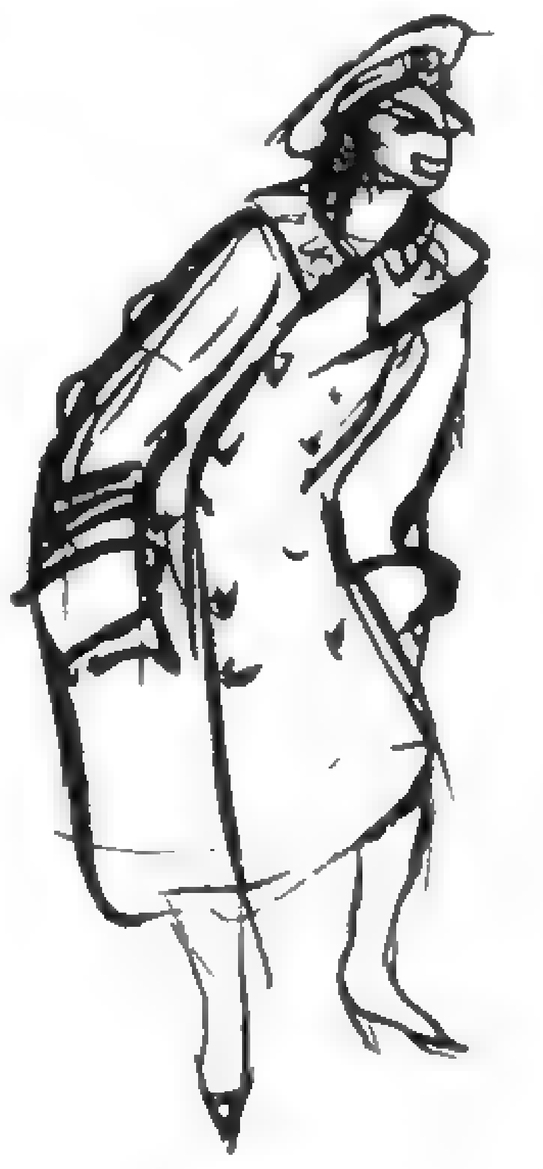
The one man who never got to France had the worst atrocity story of all to tell at their twentieth reunion

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

I WAS 'sixteen in college and it was our twentieth reunion this year. We always called ourselves the "War Babies"—anyhow we were all in the damn thing and this time there was more talk about the war than at any previous reunion; perhaps because war's in the air once more.

Three of us were being talkative on the subject in Pete's back room the night after commencement, when a classmate came in and sat down with us. We knew he was a classmate because we remembered his face and name vaguely, and he marched with us in the alumni parade, but he'd left college as a junior and had not been back these twenty years.



"Hello there—ah—Hib," I said after a moment's hesitation. The others took the cue and we ordered a round of beer and went on with what we were talking about.

"I tell you it was kind of moving when we laid that wreath this afternoon." He referred to a bronze plaque commemorating the 'sixteeners who died in the war, "—to read the names of Abe Danzer and Pop McGowan and those fellows and to think they've been dead for twenty years and we've only been getting old."

"To be that young again I'd take a chance on another war," I said, and to the new arrival, "Did you get over, Hib?"

"I was in the army but I didn't get over."

The war and the beer and the hours flowed along. Each of us shot off our mouths about something amusing, or unique, or terrible—all except Hib. Only when a pause came he said almost apologetically:

"I would have gotten over except that I was supposed to have slapped a little boy."

We looked at him inquiringly.

"Of course I didn't," he added, "But there was a row about it." His voice died away but we encouraged him—we had talked a lot and he seemed to rate a hearing.

"Nothing much to tell. The little boy, downtown with his father, said some officer with a blue M. P. band slapped him in the crowd and he picked me! A month afterwards they found he was always accusing soldiers of slapping him, so they let me go. What made me think of it was Abe Danzer's name on that plaque this afternoon. They put me in Leavenworth for a couple of weeks while they investigated me, and he was in the next cell to mine."

"Abe *Danzer!*"

He had been sort of a class hero and we all exclaimed aloud in the same breath. "Why he was recommended for the D. S. C.!"

"I know it."

"What on earth was Abe Danzer doing in Leavenworth?"

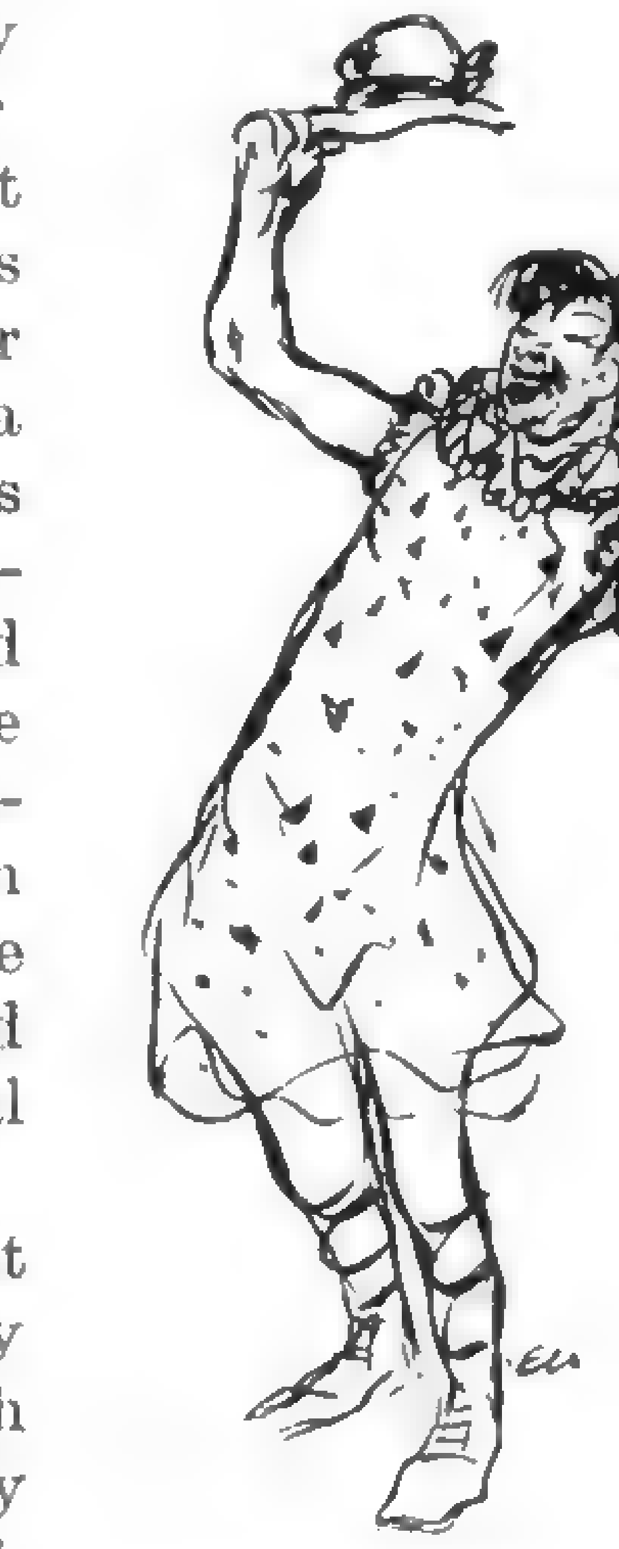
Again Hibbing became apologetic.

"Oddly enough I was the man who arrested him. But he didn't blame me because it was all in line of duty, and when I turned up in the next cell a few months later he even laughed about it."

We were all interested now.

"What did you have to arrest him for?"

"Well, I'd been put on Military Police in Kansas City and almost the first call I got was to take a detail of men with fixed bayonets to the big hotel there—I forget the name—and go to a certain room. When I tapped on the door I never saw so many shoulder stars and shoulder leaves in my life; there were at least a brace apiece of generals and colonels. And in the center stood Abe Danzer and a girl—a tart—both of them drunk as monkeys. But it took me a minute's blinking before I realized what else was the matter: the girl had on Abe's uniform overcoat and cap and Abe had on her dress and hat. They'd gone down in the lobby like that and run straight into the divisional commander."



We three looked at him, first incredulous, then shocked, finally believing. We started to laugh but couldn't quite laugh, only looked at Hibbing with silly half-smiles on our faces, imagining ourselves in Abe's position.

"Did he recognize you?" I asked finally.

"Vaguely."

"Then what happened?"

"It was short and sweet. We changed the clothes on them, put their heads in cold water, then I stood them between two files of bayonets and said, forward march."

"And marched old Abe off to prison!" we exclaimed. "It must have been a crazy feeling."

"It was. From the expression in that general's face I thought they'd probably shoot him. When they put me in Leavenworth a couple of months later I was relieved to find he was still alive."

"I can't understand it," Joe Boone said, "He never drank in college."

"That all goes back to his D. S. C.," said Hibbing.

"You know about that too?"

"Oh yes, we were in the same division—we were from the same state."

"I thought you didn't get overseas."

"I didn't. Neither did Abe. But things seemed to happen to him. Of course nothing like what you fellows must have seen—"

"How did he get recommended for the D. S. C.," I interrupted, "—and what did it have to do with his taking to drink?"

"Well, those drownings used to get on his nerves and he used to dream about it—"

"What drownings? For God's sake, man, you're driving us crazy. It's like that story about 'what killed the dog.'"

"A lot of people thought he had nothing to do with the drownings. They blamed the trench mortar."

We groaned—but there was nothing to do but let him tell it his own way.

"Just what trench mortar?" I asked patiently.

"Rather I mean a Stokes mortar. Remember those old stove-pipes, set at forty-five degrees? You dropped a shell down the mouth."

We remembered.

"Well, the day this happened Abe was in command of what they called the 'fourth battalion,' marching it out fifteen miles to the rifle range. It wasn't really a battalion—it was the machines gun company, supply company, medical detachment and Headquarters Company. The H. Q. Company had the trench mortars and the one-pounder and the signal corps, band and mounted orderlies—a whole menagerie in itself. Abe commanded that company but on this day most of the medical and supply officers had to go ahead with the advance, so as ranking first lieutenant he commanded the other companies besides. I tell you he must have been proud that day—twenty-one and commanding a battalion; he rode a horse at the head of it and probably pretended to himself that he was Stonewall Jackson. Say, all this must bore you—it happened on the safe side of the ocean."

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Dinner Bites Man

Hint and fair warning to all the compilers of household hints: man wants his dinner edible and ugly

by DONALD HOUGH

• SATIRE •

REVOLT has come to my home after eleven long years, and I have become the furious little man on the flying trapeze and have laid about me right and left, including grabbing my typewriter at the present moment and hammering the very hell out of it.

For the first three years of our married life my little wife remembered what her ma had told her about the inside of a man's stomach, and we got along. It was only when a Third Party entered that things went to pot. It took me eleven long years to find out who this Third Party, or I should say this Third Influence, was. All I knew was that our table, once decorated by steak, roast, fowl, and other items that you could smell while you still were coming up the stairs, had been turned into a shambles of rosebud radishes, carrot teensy-weensies, and odd strips of pimiento, and that our so-called dining room had taken on every aspect of a valentine store after an explosion.

COOKING
EDITOR

Well, I have found out. I found out on a rainy Sunday. As a result I have in the strongest possible terms cancelled our subscriptions to six magazines. I discovered, in thumbing through the piles of colored journals that decorate the tops of our radiators, that for years the eating end of our household has been under the domination of Odds-and-Ends Editors, Cleverness Editors, Cover-It-Up Editors, Table Decoration Editors, Twirly-Wirly Editors, and other Editors world without end.

I wish to make it clear that in taking this step I hold no animosity toward the magazines. They must get along (they seem to be) and if they must have many pages of food advertising, it's all right with me; if they must give unending directions for disposing of this food through the American body, it's all right with me too, just so long as they keep the hell out of my house and leave my wife and me to handle my own stomach.

The way I figure it out, there are just so many articles of food in the world. In the columns of these magazines there must be, month after month, year after long year, suggestions to readers in the matter of preparation thereof. The problem clearly is enormous. They must have used up directions for frying steaks and baking potatoes and pulling radishes along about 1889. They probably reached their peak, the preparation of artichokes, by 1908.

After that it was a problem of combinations and sub-combinations, until they reached—were forced into—the rare atmosphere of higher art, and in a fury of despair went in for sculpture, composition, painting, Batik, detective fiction and charades—Radish Descending a Staircase, Carrot on a White Horse, Promenade of the Egg, Design for Beets, Death for Eight, Dying Begins at 8:40.

I have wondered for years about salads. I have waded through my share; I have waded through more than my share. I now find that salads are the pet refuges of the Editors. There are millions of possible combinations; the only thing they are short on is names, so they now are called, in a lump, Fruit Salad. They use up odds and ends, add a striking note of color to the table, and are satisfying to everybody but the consumer. The happy result at our house has been an eleven-year procession of fruit salads from the kitchen to the table and back to the kitchen again, where the odds and ends are cleverly thrown away in the guise of fruit salad rather than in their own right, which I hope is satisfying to the Cleverness Editors.

Starting out on the assumption that by this time all women know how to cook grub (A conclusion reached by God knows what kind of investigation) the Food Disposition Editors work with their students along several distinct lines.

First and foremost, they proceed on the theory that the human body is the most convenient receptacle for unconsumed portions of yesterday's unconsumed portions of Monday's dinner.

Second, they are determined that, in the interest of diversification, no article of food shall resemble itself, but shall resemble some other kind of food (often worse than the original), or, better still, shall avoid looking like food but shall be served in the holy likeness of flowers, pastel scenery, sunsets, proposals of marriage, the Alps, and (most successful of all) Major Accidents.

The total, net, gross, and final result is a dining room table fashioned in the manner of a birthday greeting, school of 1895, complete with Realistic Snow and sunset in Natural Colors. Food in sight, none. Flavor present, none. Appetite, repulsed. Anger, heightened. Family happiness, strained. Guests, embarrassed. Refuse can, full.

Now let me be a Cleverness Editor. Come with me, class, and let us make life one grand esthetic excursion for the homeward bound citizen who has stirred up his lawful appetite. In these little cups made of pink paper, Cleverly resembling a rosebud, are three almonds. Almonds always are tasty. One almond is pretty tasty, and three of them are three times—

Now look at that! Do you know what it is? Pretty thing, isn't it? It looks like a mound of rice. It brings water to the mouths of those who like rice Do you like rice? If you do, there you are: some nice white rice. Now, Elizabeth, just dig into the rice with this spoon. Go ahead—don't be afraid. It isn't rice. Aha, I see your spoon has hit something hard! Well, well, well . . . Surprise! Beneath the layer of rice is—of all things—a gingerbread! A nice round gingerbread with a hole in the center and all. Now, my dear, cut into the gingerbread. Cut . . .

Meat loaf! A meat loaf made to look like a gingerbread! Now you see, class, why I am a Cleverness Editor. But you ain't saw much of anything yet. Keep on cutting, Elizabeth dear. Does your knife suddenly go slush through the meat loaf? Of course it does. You have hit the banana!

Now for those things over there. Darling, those are carrots—just plain garden carrots, arranged to show what the Promotion Department of our magazine can do for its readers with a plain God damned thing like a carrot. They have been cut in the shape of apricots, and glazed over with—well, with glaze. See how pretty they look, and what attractive, Clever shapes! True, they are lukewarm, they have absolutely no flavor to take a man's mind off his meal, but you want to remember that if they had any flavor it would be carrot flavor, and who the hell—

I see you looking at that other dish, Elizabeth. I know what you think: you think it's a dish of carrots. But it isn't. It's really apricots. Apricots made to look like carrots, with those green things tied to them. Clever?

That bowl of roses is, of course, a bowl of radishes: nice, dried out, leather-like radishes, cut to resemble roses and arranged so Cleverly. Over here are some sausages. Not thick, luscious sausages, big and ready to pop open in their own juices, but little, slightly warm, hard sausages, the modern kind, each one sticking on the end of a toothpick which protrudes from the body of a china pig. Each person gets two sausages to gnaw on.

Now you'll notice that there are three dishes at each place that look exactly alike.

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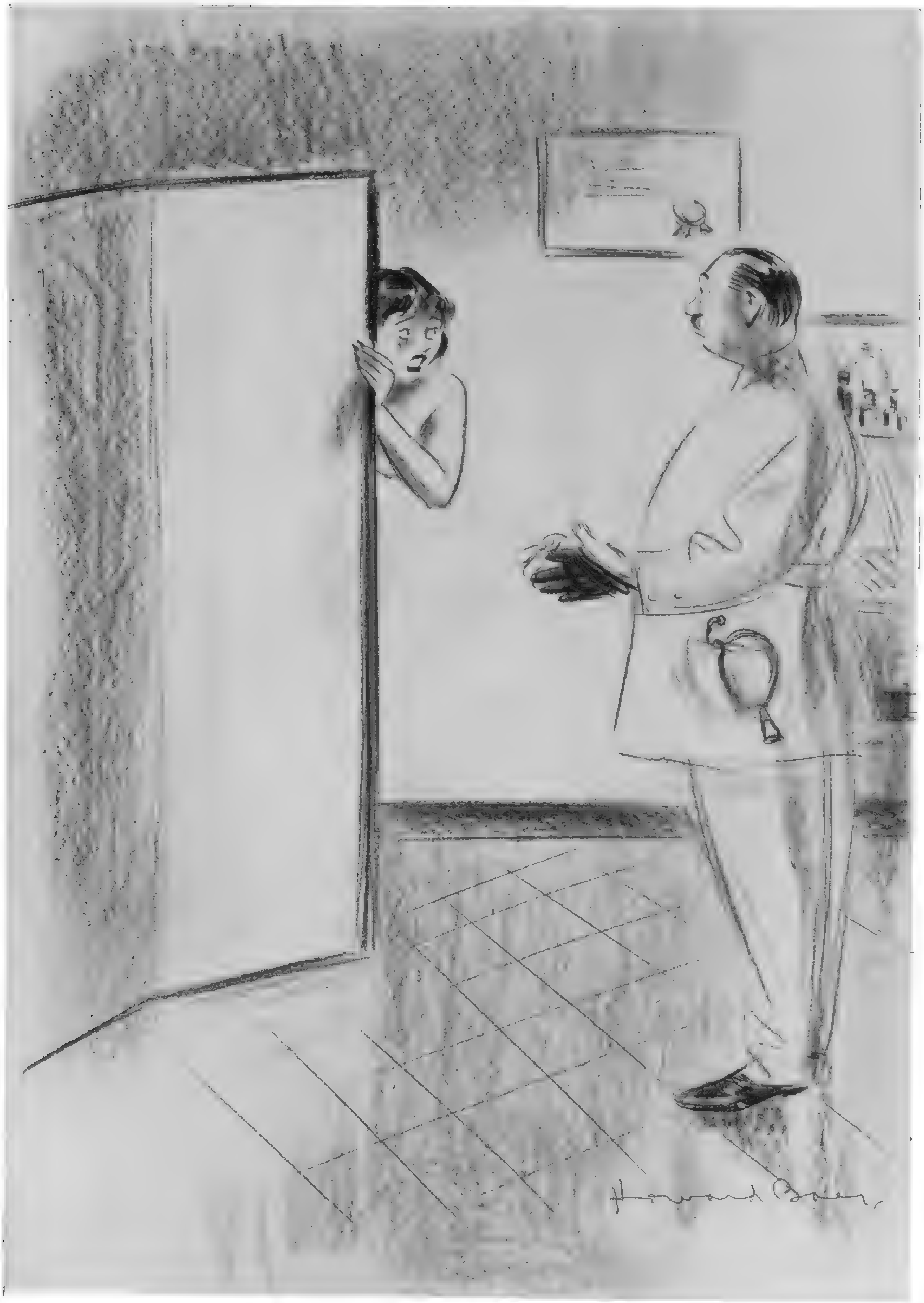

Howard Baer

"Close your eyes, Doctor, I'm coming out"

Only the Fools Get Caught

He went on playing a dangerous game with a system very nearly fool proof as he played it long enough to prove

by WALTER DURANTY

▪ FICTION ▪

"ONLY the fools get caught," said Vanderlyne; "this smuggling business is so easy, really, if you know how to handle it. Anything's easy when you know how, and I know smuggling. It's easy, I tell you, if you watch your step and aren't too greedy. It's only the fools who get caught."

He was a stocky little Flamand. Belgium is one of the smallest of world nations but in it there are two peoples and two languages, the Walloons and the Flamands, or Flemish. The former are aristocratic and dignified and rather French, but perhaps not quite so strong as their ancestors. The latter are as tough as their blood brothers in Holland and the Frisian Islands, thick sturdy people born in mud and fog, with a thick muddy language, but very strong and resistant, and impervious to the blows of Fate.

I first met Vanderlyne in Finland in 1919. Somehow or other he had had himself appointed official courier traveling to Helsingfors. It was occasionally risky in those days of Civil War and uncomfortable always, but what did he care for that? He had his courier's pass—that was what he cared for. His courier bag was sealed with leaden seals and inviolate according to diplomatic usage, but

—fifteen hundred dollars. My trip costs a hundred and fifty each way—I pay that myself—which leaves me a profit of more than a thousand on a journey that only lasts a week. At that I may be able to pick up here some platinum or objets d'art or some other piece of loot from Russia. That may double my profit. I tell you it's easy."

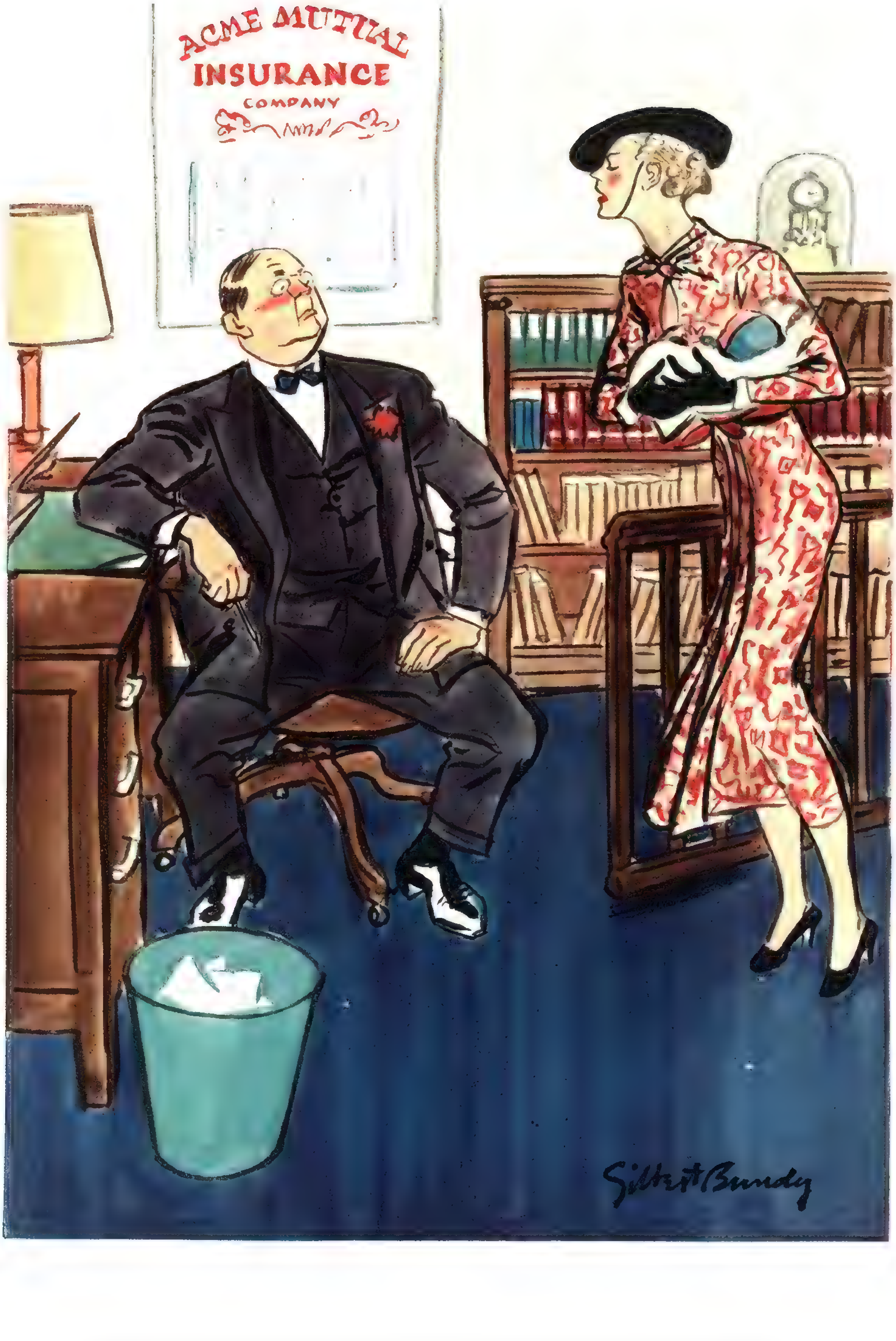
It was seven years before I met him again, in Paris this time, in 1926. He was a little heavier and much better dressed, but the instinctive sympathy which had played between us in Finland was strong as ever. Life's like that sometimes—you meet someone you've never seen before and you're friends with him quite quick and then you don't see him again for ages, but when you do meet it's just as before—you know you're still friends.

He took me to dinner at LaRue's and wouldn't let me pay a cent. "This is my evening," he said. "I'm hitting it hard these days, running stock certificates and bonds in and out of France. I made a killing six months ago with Royal Dutch certificates, bringing them in from London to the French Bourse. And now that the franc is dropping, I slide out international securities to London. They pay me five per cent on each consignm

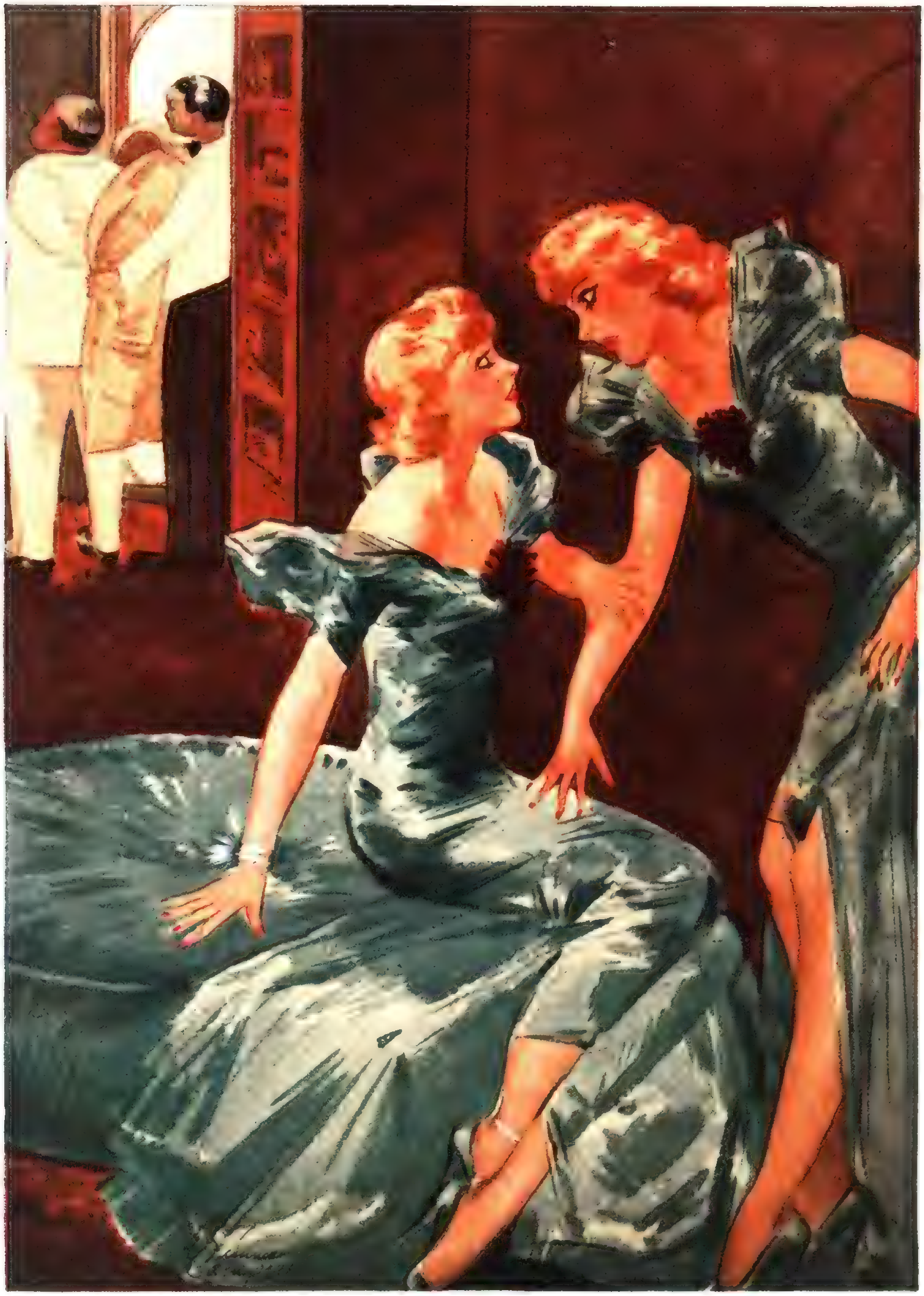
out a piece in the panel under the bed and popped my diamonds in behind it and left them there. Then I went ashore and had a good time in New York and saw my friends. One of them was a big jewel merchant of the kind who asks no questions as long as he gets the stones. I had dealt with him before and knew that I could trust him. A couple of days later I go back on the *Mauretania*—of course I've already arranged to have the same cabin—and this friend of mine, the jewel broker, comes down to see me off. It's the easiest thing in the world to open up the little panel and get the stones out. He puts them in his overcoat pocket and goes off with the rest of the crowd when the "all-ashore" sounds. No risk for anyone, but thirty thousand dollars for Julius B. Vanderlyne, that's me."

"Sounds good," I admitted, "but what went wrong?"

"This damned Depression," said Vanderlyne bitterly. "Would you believe it, the Market broke the very next day and went on breaking. It ain't done breaking yet, if I'm any judge. And me, I couldn't wait, I had to sell those stones, I needed the money. Got forty thousand for them finally, and that just covered my margins for one week. I tell you, man, in those days I thought I might be rich, but now I'm not so greedy—


ACME MUTUAL
INSURANCE
COMPANY
Gilbert Bundy

"Didn't you tell me my policy covered any kind of accident?"



"I may be your double Miss La Vere—but that's one thing you'll have to do!"

The Good Life at Hedgerow

Jasper Deeter has brought up four hundred young actors on a diet of play that's all work and vice versa

by SHERWOOD ANDERSON

• ARTICLE •

Although Jasper Deeter, known to his intimates as "Jap," is but forty-two, he has been pretty much right down the whole story of what has happened to the theatre since the coming of the pictures, was deep in the very significant Provincetown movement and saw the Little Theatre flare, grow and become what it has become. He was born over among the Pennsylvania Dutch, at Mechanicsburg in 1894. Having certain convictions regarding the theatre, Deeter has stuck.

He has stuck to the building and maintaining of an experimental repertory theatre, making it go, keeping it alive. He has done it under what would seem to most men impossible conditions, without rich patrons, the theatre tucked away on a side road some twenty miles out of the city of Philadelphia, hard to find, housed in an old stone mill, patrons put to the task of finding the theatre and knowing it is a theatre in a tangle of tree-lined country roads.

They come. They do find Jasper Deeter's Hedgerow Theatre, every year in increasing numbers. For some thirteen years the Hedgerow has been going on, actors in some way living, every year new plays, often by new writers, being given a hearing, old plays by old masters kept alive. There have been nearly a hundred and fifty plays produced at Hedgerow since the day when Jasper Deeter, with Ann Harding and some three or four other determined ones went theatre hunting. They must have taken the old mill because it was already half a theatre. There was a room that might seat two hundred people. There was a great cellar that could be used as store room for properties, a work room, a place for little holes that could be made into dressing rooms.

It is in the blood of some men and in many women, this desire, this hunger to act, to have a theatre. Jasper Deeter's mother, Sarah Deeter, must have had it. She was a singer, a soprano, married to a mill worker, a slender comely woman, intellectually alive, a music lover, book lover, life lover, living her life out among the Pennsylvania Dutch, in the Hex country. She is nearing seventy now but she could come pretty near running a theatre herself, keeping actors up to it, making it go. This son of hers, living as he does largely on cigarettes and black coffee, likely any night after the play to begin a rehearsal that will last until daylight, working often with thirty or forty actors for twenty hours at a stretch, never apparently weary of it, ready anytime day or night to work hour after hour with some actor, leading, pushing, explaining, caring apparently little for the fame and applause that is so much a part of the dreams of most men of the theatre, not in the least interested in going off to Hollywood and getting a stone mansion on Beverly Hills, has nevertheless managed to find in his theatre what must seem to him the good life.

Jasper Deeter came to his Hedgerow Theatre experiment already a more or less established theatre man. He had begun as so many such young men do begin, as a school boy, by joining a dramatic club. He went off from that, trying his hand for a short time as newspaper reporter and newspaper copyreader in Harrisburg and Philadelphia, but it didn't interest him. He threw that job up and went off to Chautauqua, New York where S. H. Clark, the father of Barret Clark of Samuel French, was running a school of expression. It runs in families, this theatre hunger. It may be that Jap's mother once sang at Chautauqua. He learned to be a short order cook and waiter. The knowledge came in handy later, when he got to New York, living in little rooms. He worked first with the Coburns, down in the Greenwich Village Theatre.

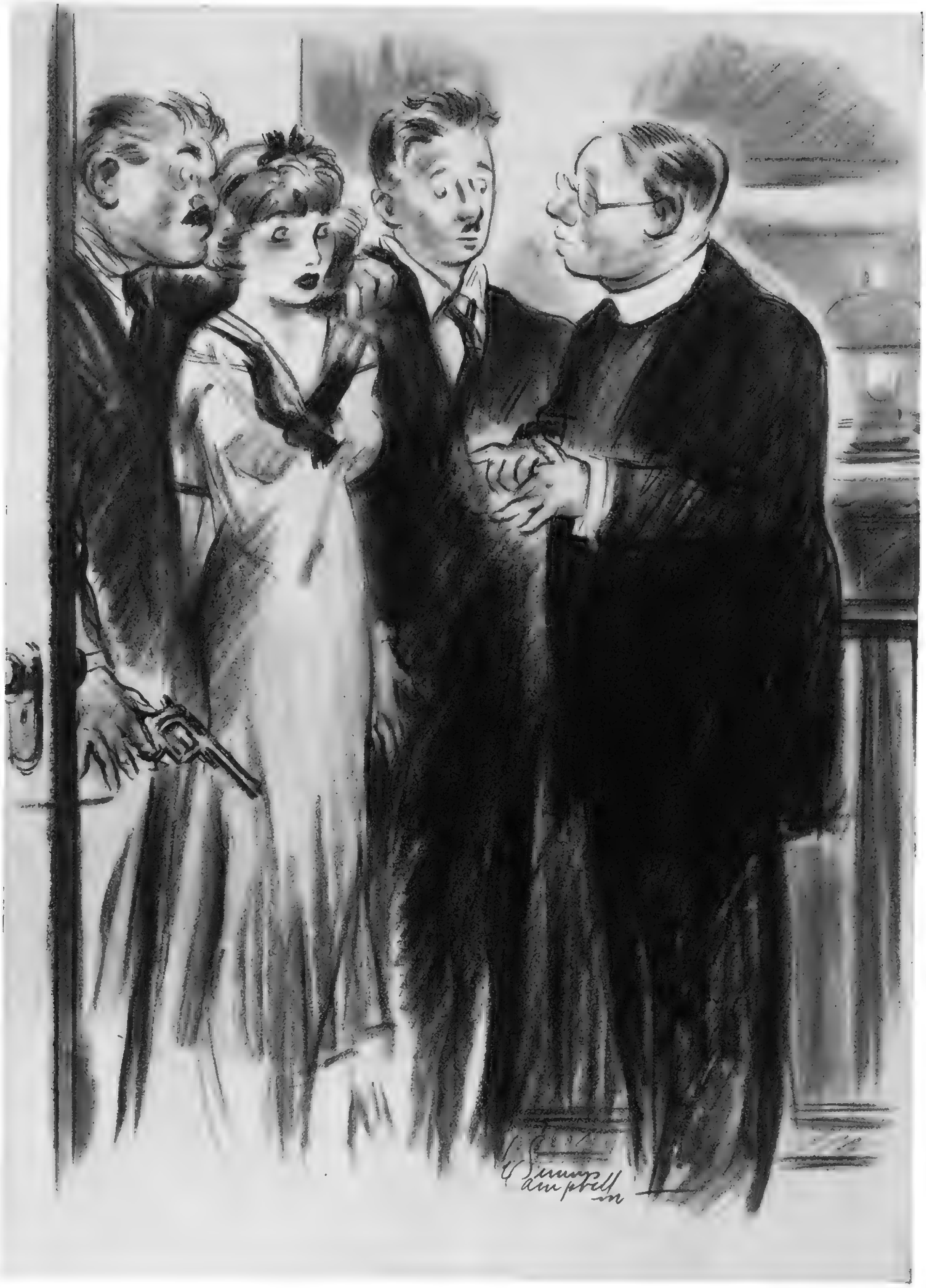
They were doing *The Better 'Ole* and his salary was $18.50 per. He got $15.00 per when he went over to the Provincetown, that is to say he got it when he worked and when there was $15.00. He was probably class-conscious, a proletarian among young actors. There is a story that when *The Better 'Ole* went up town and began to make money Jap, in some minor role, began to ad lib. He made cracks about underpaid actors. The man has always been more interested in actors and in acting than in audiences. Even today, and after the long struggle gone through to keep going, to feed and clothe his actors over at Hedgerow, he rarely knows whether there are twenty people in the audience or whether the house is full. This sounds like an impossible statement regarding a theatre man. It is a true one.

Someone handed Jap a copy of Susan Glaspell's play *Bernice* and told him about the Provincetown, of Glaspell and Cook and O'Neill and Robert Edmond Jones. It is believable that although at the time the Provincetown was already making a stir in the world of the theatre he had never heard of it. The man seldom looks at a newspaper. He has never learned to run a car. Once, after the Provincetown began to get uptown conscious, began to take its shows uptown, its directors, scene makers, actors beginning to get offers from uptown producers, O'Neill's later success already in sight, he did take a job at what must have seemed to him a tremendous salary. He was in Capek's *The World We Live In* and got $225 per. Oh Glory! He took a room at the Brevort. There is a fable that he bought himself a new suit but that is no doubt an apocryphal one. The idea of hiring taxis frightened him and he could never find subway entrances and so he bought himself a pair of roller skates. He skated to and from his job.

At the Provincetown Jasper Deeter got his chance as did many another, O'Neill, Jones, James Light, Charles Gilpin, Susan Glaspell, Cleon Throckmorton, Ann Harding, Mary Morris, Margaret Wycherly, Ida Rauh, Edna St. Vincent Millay. Clare Eames and Katherine Cornell came down and played. For a time writers, scene painters, directors and actors worked and, in a sense at least, lived together, their minds ran together. The actors, scene painters, directors and writers were as yet unknown. Most of them were poor. A day's work was done on a hamburger sandwich and a cup of coffee. Experimental plays by O'Neill, Glaspell, Floyd Dell, Jack Reed, Dreiser, E. E. Cummings, Alfred Kreymborg, Edmund Wilson, Mike Gold, David Pinski, Laurance Langner, Max Bodenheim, Wilber Daniel Steele and many others were produced.

It was a curiously alive time, not only in the theatre but in painting, writing and poetry. It was in some way connected with, come out of the same curious Robin's Egg Renaissance that started in painting with the famous Armory Show in New York, in poetry with Sandburg, Masters, Lindsay and

Continued on page 198A



"Who's giving the bride away?"

The Odd Dollar

Perhaps fate is a mechanism around us, whose levers we innocently set into motion

by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

• FICTION •

Fate? Blondel repeated. . . . No, I don't believe in fate. . . . Or, to be exact, I don't believe in the ancient conception of the word. I don't believe that a hostile deity, lurking behind a curtain of stars, watches over man and prepares his fall. Nor do I agree with your friend Cocteau that we are surrounded by an infernal machine constructed by the gods, and constantly confronted by the levers of cruel and complicated actions which we ourselves set into motion. No. On the contrary, I believe that the universe is indifferent to man's fate, and that each of us can, in a certain measure, forge his own destiny. . . . This is a comforting thought. Nevertheless—

He paused, and considered for a moment. —Nevertheless, there are combinations of circumstances so strange, coincidences so miraculous, times when the parts fit with such precision, when the gears seem so perfectly calculated to produce a catastrophe, that one asks himself whether chance alone is enough of an explanation. . . . Oh! you don't have to remind me that among the billions of incidents which each of us is bound to witness, there must, by the law of averages, be a few extraordinary sights. All the same, the diabolic malevolence of these extraordinary accidents sometimes astonishes even the least superstitious of us. Look. One day, in New York—but it's a long story.

He sighed, and slowly sipped his coffee. Then, as we remained silent, he resumed:

Perhaps you remember that I stayed a while in America, a few years after the war? It was during the time of prohibition and prosperity. Life in New York seemed to me to be fast, nervous, and sad. I had made a few friends there, some of them rather remarkable: young professors who later were to become powerful men around Roosevelt, young actresses now reigning over Broadway and who at that time were poor and charming, young newspapermen who startled the Babbitts of 1925 by the unconventionality of their ideas, and whom the sons of Babbitt today regard as old-fashioned conservatives. . . . We had our little group which got together every evening, sometimes in a speakeasy on 52nd street, to which we were attracted by the cooking and the vermouth of Battisto Morosini; and sometimes we met in the apartment of one of the group. We drank a great deal of bad alcohol, and when we were drunk we went through the motions of love without believing in love, we listened to jazz in Harlem, and we were not a very happy lot. . . .

One evening, the bunch had dinner at Miriam Jennings' place. She lived across the East river, on Long Island, in an odd little house painted red, and she was the only one in our group who was rich enough to entertain us all. . . . You know the Miriam Jennings of Hollywood fame. You admire her, and with reason. She's a great actress. But there are a few of us who know that the great actress was once a woman. Pretty? Yes, naturally. Still, that wasn't the most important thing about her, at least in my estimation. What pleased me most in Miriam was a rare honesty of feeling, and a true culture, that went with her beauty.

She was what the Americans call a college girl. The daughter of a clergyman, she had been bred, thanks to a scholarship, in one of those Eastern schools that produce such remarkable girls. On coming out of college, she had married an old millionaire named Jennings, who had already been divorced five times. He was so awful a man that he couldn't get a wife without settling a fortune on her at the wedding. And even at such a price, none of his wives had been able to endure him for more than two years. This marriage of Miriam's was a strange and unquestionably a blameful act. But she had played her game deliberately. At the cost of two years of dreariness, perhaps of disgust, she had wanted to assure herself of independence for the rest of her life. When we knew her, she had just gotten rid of Jennings, after the usual stay in Reno. In fact, they had parted without a quarrel, and that amazing old man had given her a farewell dinner to which he had invited all six of his wives. . . . But, as poor old Kipling used to say, that's another story. Well then, imagine a dinner at Miriam's . . . silver candlesticks, mauve and yellow candles, soft lights, a refined, almost European cuisine, oceans of champagne, blondes who were a little too blonde and a little too drunk. . . .

After dinner, poker. I'm not very good at the game, and that night I played worse than ever, being badly in love with Miriam, who was toying with me, finding it amusing to make me jealous. Around midnight, I didn't have a cent left, and when I saw Miriam curling around Ernest Franz, the music critic, making that oracle drink out of her glass, I suddenly announced that I was very tired, that I had to get to work early, and that I was going home to bed.

The whole bunch protested loudly. There was a battle over my hat and my umbrella, to prevent my leaving. Miriam sat on my lap and began to kiss me. But for once my mind was clear, I was sick of the whole show, and I remained firm. The argument, comical at first, became annoying; I ended by saying some pretty harsh things, and they gave up the struggle. I paid my gambling debts, which were absurdly high. When I was finally about to escape, I put my hand in my pocket and discovered that I didn't even have enough for a taxi. Well, it was raining, and Miriam's house was pretty far from my hotel, and what with all the cocktails and champagne, I was feeling rather rocky. I took a chance and asked those idiots if one of them would lend me a dollar. Naturally, that gave them a new excuse for keeping me there. They all refused, laughing, and offering to take me home in their cars if I would only have patience and wait until six in the morning. I was really beginning to get angry, when Miriam opened her purse, took out a dollar, and offered it to me.

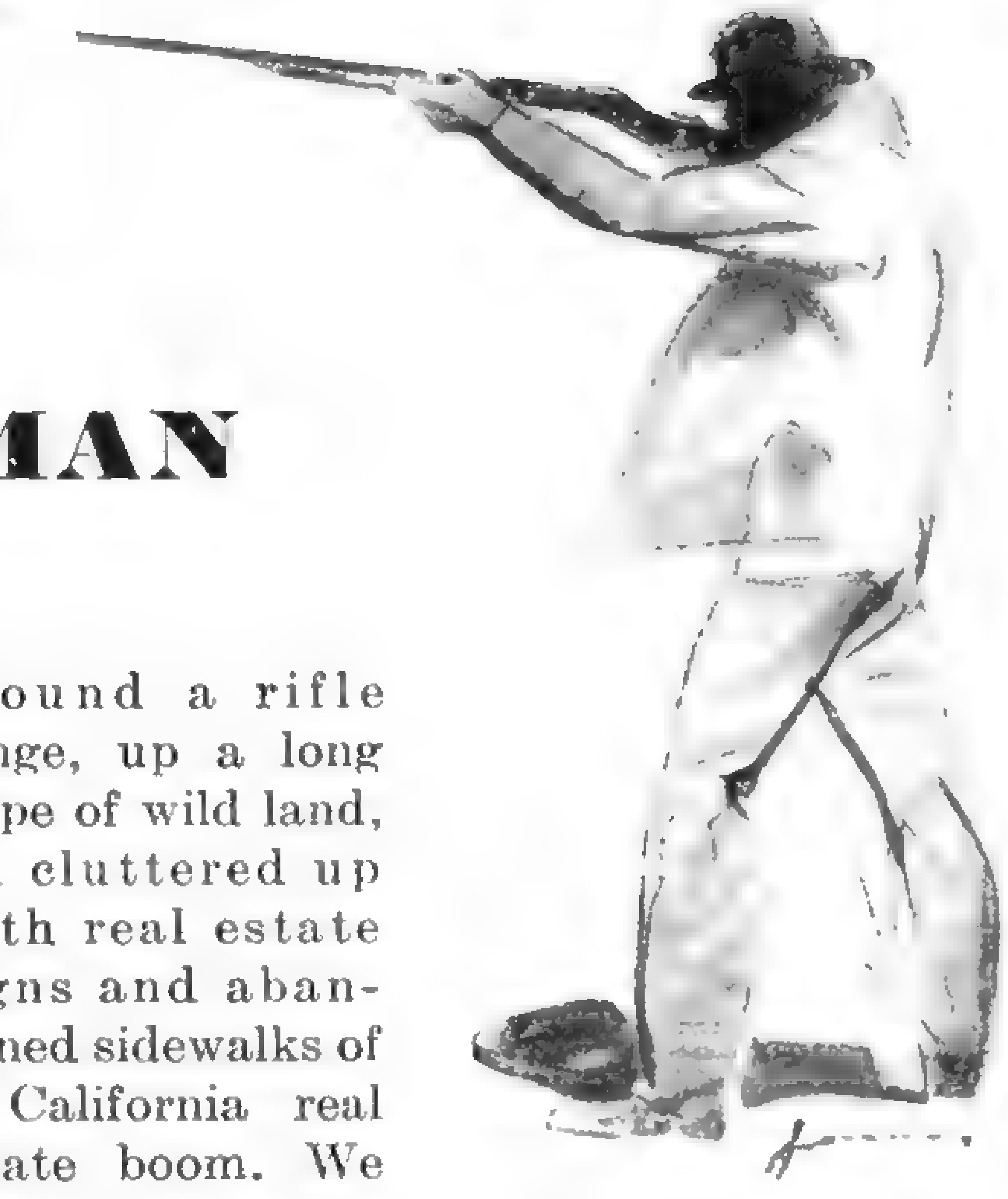
"See, darling," she said, "I am your only unselfish friend. I want to keep you here,

Continued in center of page 200B

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

The Humble .22

Antidote to a common ignorance of the range capacity of that astonishingly lethal cartridge



by CAPT. EDW. C. CROSSMAN

• SPORTS •

We had chased the splashes of the little bullets down the still waters of the Biscayne Bay lagoon on which the Army Ballistic Station was located. Before very long the splashes of the 40 gr. bullets became too faint for our observers to locate from their towers on the side of the lagoon. Then we put three soldiers into a boat to skirt along the edges and watch for the splashes and report them to the nearest tower to be reported, in turn, to us at the firing point.

Sort of a trifling pursuit for a serious ballistic station, engaged in the development of our boat-tail service bullet, getting out the angles for its long flight of 5,000 meters, and conducting erosion tests on machine gun barrels to see how long they could continue to drive bullets over the heads of our advancing infantry in some war to come.

But the C. O. Colonel Wilhelm was possessed of a thirst for knowledge, and few of the suggestions of the gun-crank officer writing this yarn, were turned down when time permitted.

Hence the careful bedding of my British .22 match rifle in the machine rest, and the start of the tests to see how far this trifling .22 would really shoot, with all the sixty men and the half-million dollars worth of ballistic equipment to aid in finding it out.

But after a time we had to give over our .22 research. The chaps in the boat seemed to feel that we were having trouble hitting the state of Florida, not to mention being sure of missing the boat, and they announced that the last one missed them about six inches. They probably meant six furlongs, but anyhow they were getting a bit jittery and the Army is cranky about shooting chaps—in peace time.

But when we called off the test until we moved up to the beach at Daytona, the bullets were dropping into the lagoon between 1100 and 1200 meters away from the rifle, with an angle of elevation of about 300 *mils*. All of which, translated from my old notebook, means a distance of around 1150 yards or two-thirds of a mile, with the rifle pointed some 17° above the horizontal. This with ordinary .22 Long Rifle ammunition, not the modern HiSpeed variation.

And this 17° is less than half of 45° as you may calculate if you are hot at mathematics and 45° is only half way between horizontal and vertical.

All of which comparatively small angle may give you a little pause for thought if you are addicted to carelessly shooting at things on the limb of a tree without worry as to what may lie a half mile or so beyond.

When we moved the Station and its costly and complicated ballistic equipment and its sixty men and officers to that dear Daytona and its clean sand-slate, twice daily washed clean so we could write new stories on it with our long range bullets, we set up the British rifle, and ran out the test to the finish.

The tiny scoops in the damp sand moved farther and farther from the gun, far down the misty, hazy beach, until we reached the limit at about 1400 yards, or eight-tenths of a mile. At that point the rifle was pointing at an elevation of about 30°, but changes as much as 5° above or below this figure altered the range but little. Little puffs of wind had more effect, with the high curve followed by the tiny bullets in their long flight, than changes in elevation. But any material rise in the elevation over 30°, shortened the range, which meant then, that we had reached the limit of the range of the .22 Long Rifle, ordinary loading or about 1050 feet per second, leaving the muzzle.

Likely the HiSpeed form, fancied by small game hunters and having 1400 feet per second, might add 100 to 150 yards to this extreme range.

Even the trifling "Short" bullet, 30 grains in weight, loafs over 1050 yards when you point the rifle at this mystic 25 to 30° angle from the horizontal.

While this .22 Long Rifle bullet is not likely to shoot through a mule at this 1400 yard range, nor do more than to give you an interesting bruise if it hit you, it has disquieting possibilities at ranges far longer than the layman imagines.

Some years ago the data was submitted to me concerning the instant death of a woman in her back-yard in an eastern community, cause, the impact of a .22 Long Rifle bullet. Effect was so marked and death so prompt that at first the authorities refused to believe the solution of the accident.

Two birds, 660 yards away, sat on a telephone wire. Two lads, one armed with a .22 repeater and .22 Long Rifle cartridges, decided to put the two birds in the bag. A bullet missed—and some seconds later and 660 yards, or more than a third of a mile, away, it killed the victim in the backyard.

Not so long ago some of us were sitting around a rifle range, up a long slope of wild land, all cluttered up with real estate signs and abandoned sidewalks of a California real estate boom. We were intrigued by a sharp "spang" from a nearby car. We investigated, and the owner became much out of sorts over a neat round hole in the rear panel of the body.

So we hastily put a telescope on some far-away figures down the slope and perceived that they were three, two men and a boy, armed with a rifle. We descended upon them, distant some 500 yards, and found them two reputable and full-grown citizens, with a target tacked to a tin sign, directly in line with us. They explained patiently, when we complained about the matter, that a durn .22 wouldn't shoot that far, that it quit in about a city block.

It would—if the block contained enough houses and they were in the line of fire.

The dangerous ignorance of the layman as to the ranging possibilities of that astonishing cartridge, the .22, is the only deplorable feature about the situation. It is so marked that at the urging of this writer, the ammunition companies print a "poison label" on the ammunition boxes—"Dangerous within one mile."

Farmer Corntossel, who finds a neat round hole in the pained Jersey heifer, ought to conduct his researches over more than the usual quarter-mile that is commonly supposed to be the range of the .22 rifle. High angle .22 fire is capable of producing some astonishing results at a half mile or more, and the innocent shooters may be on the yon side of the trees down in the woodlot.

The improvement in the .22 cartridge and rifle and the astonishing demand for this combination which continued to increase all through the depression, kept many thousand gunmakers at work instead of learning to loaf gracefully on the dole or mastering the fine art of boondoggling.

One factory turned out 160,000 low priced .22 rifles in a depression year, another sold just under one billion rounds of .22 ammunition the same year. And a billion, in case you happen to be British, is a thousand million in this country, which in turn means a hundred thousand of these standard ten-thousand cartridge boxes in which ammunition is shipped. Clerks pushed over the counter —aside from the quantity supplied to the Government for target practice—twenty million of those standard 50-shot boxes,

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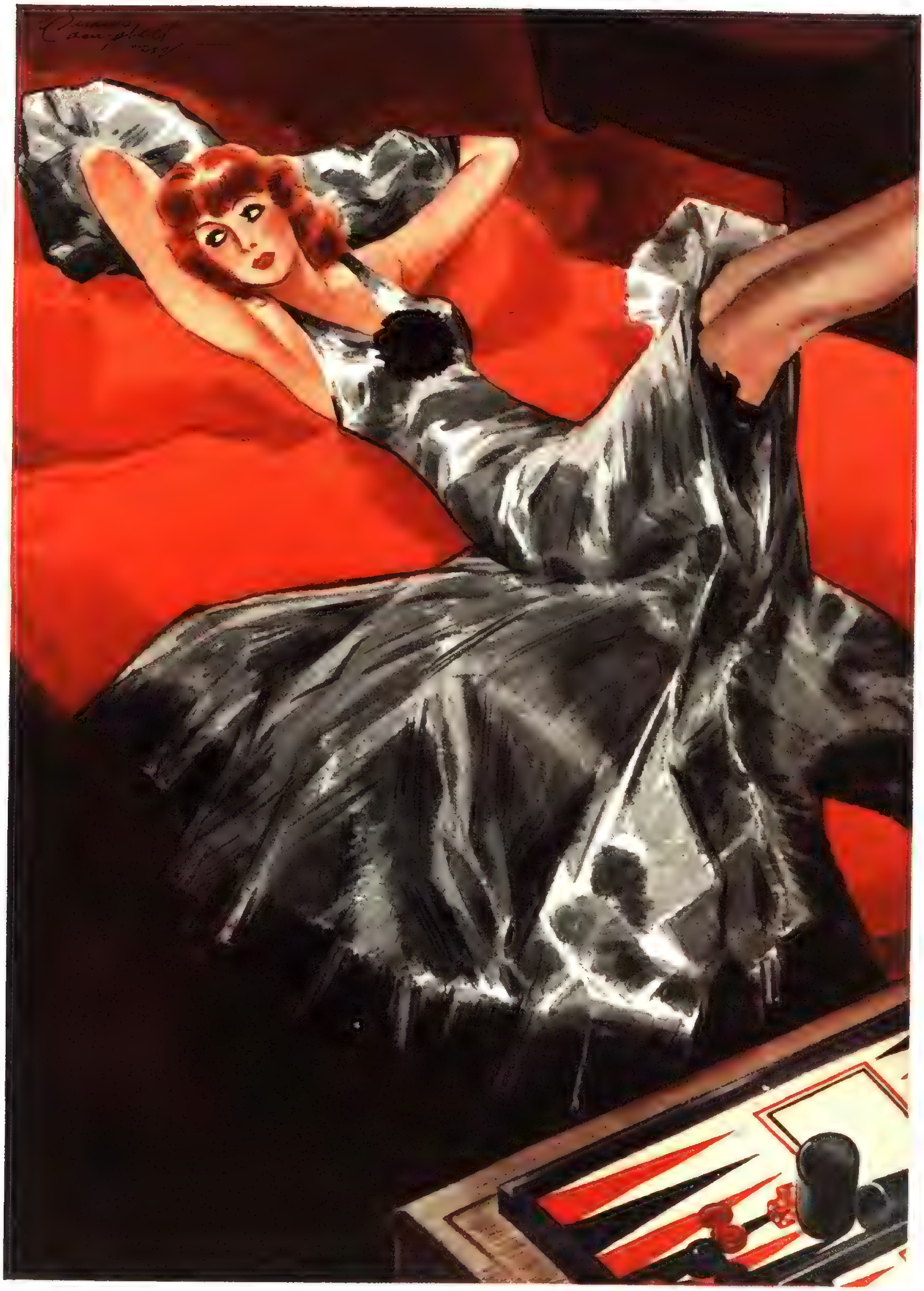
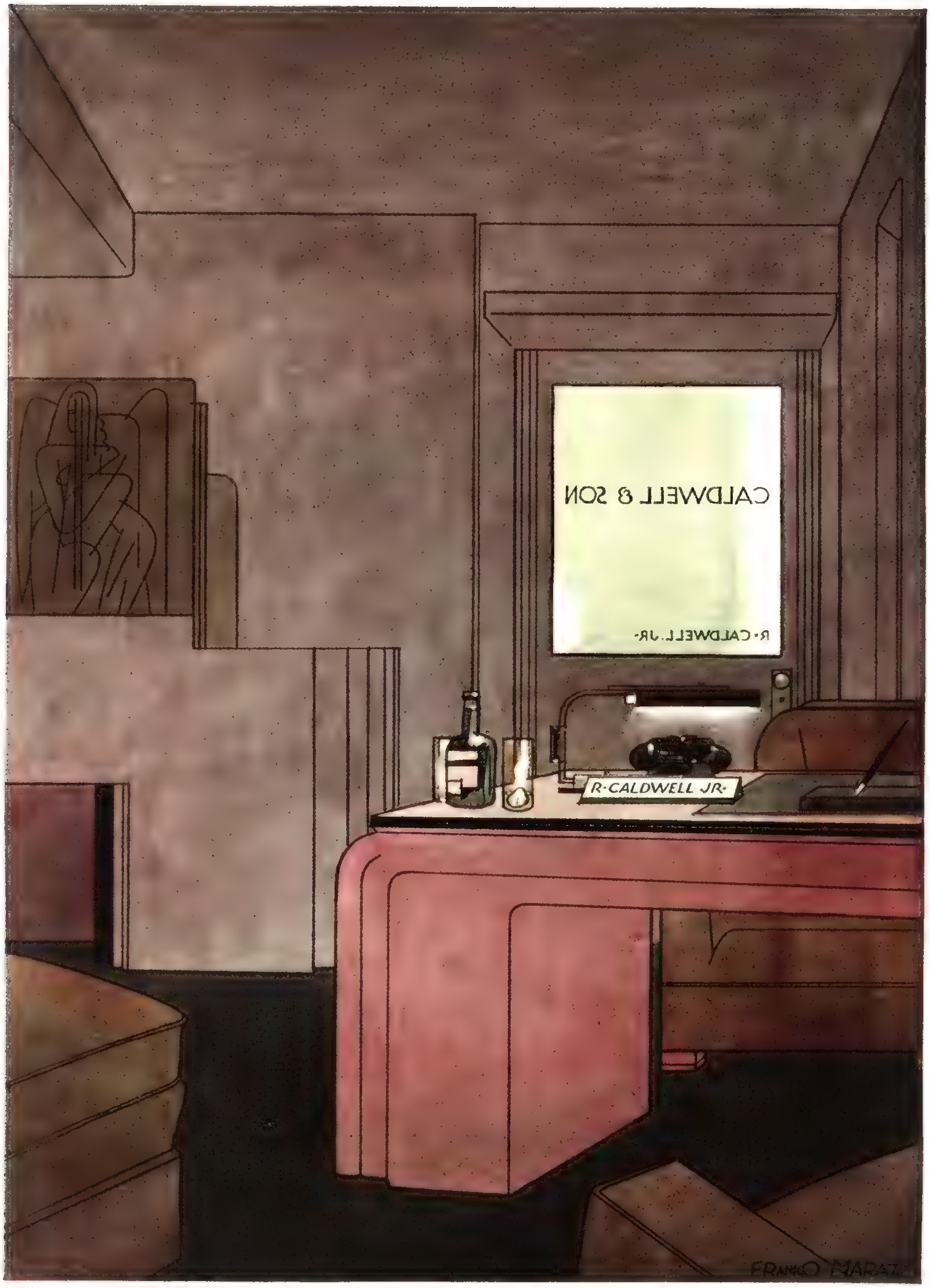


"Goodness Major! In 48 battles and only those two tiny scars?"


CALDWELL & SON
R·CALDWELL JR·
R·CALDWELL JR·
FRANCO MARAZ

"You're just a chip off the old block, Mr. Caldwell"

Summer's Lease

Portrait of the hero as a callow Pygmalion, proving to be unworthy of his June-to-September Galatea

by RUDOLF SHOOK

• FICTION •

It was twenty minutes till train time, Philip Coleman observed; they should have come a little later. The last twenty minutes before the train are always so difficult, so pettily irritating, and vaguely embarrassing. You keep glancing at the clock, you spend as much time as possible buying a magazine, you say, "Tell Joe good-by for me. I didn't get to see him yesterday." There is nothing to be said that does not come out stupid and strained, and yet there is something obscurely important about it all—standing there surrounded by luggage with college stickers and seals naming countries never seen and never, more than likely, to be seen, plastered all over it. There is an air of a decisive step about to be taken that makes any mention of Reginald Forsythe, or Ginger Rogers, or Billy's old-fashioneds—of any, indeed, of the usual conversational stimuli—seem inane and quite impossible. Probably it is the moment to murmur something about phoning every Sunday night at seven, and yet the hour is only ten-fifteen and, more important, the circumstances definitely rule it out.

Philip Coleman regarded the girl standing beside him in the stuffy, manifestly small-town, station. He tried and, for a moment, found himself able to look at her as a girl he did not know. Standing in a shaft of late September sunlight somewhat dimmed by dusty windows, she was good-looking, smart. A pleasant pride warmed in him. Everything about her—her brown felt hat, her deftly tailored gray suit, her sealskin cape of Safari brown, her shoes and gloves—had the stamp of quiet breeding. Her clothes looked simple and expensive, and as though she forgot about them when she had put them on. The girl, too, looked quiet and expensive, with a small neat head, and a look of assurance in her widely-spaced gray eyes. She was, Philip Coleman decided, well turned out. Then the shaft of sunlight broke into small, familiar pieces and she was Alva Scott, smiling at him, and saying:

"You won't forget to write, will you? I'm going to miss you terribly."

"Of course I'll write. Don't be kittenish."

"Not every day, though, I guess."

"As often as possible."

"Certainly," she agreed, hastily. "I don't want to be tiresome. I know you'll be frightfully busy your last year, your offices, your fraternity, all that stuff. I know you can't be a leading campus figure, and write every day."

No, Philip Coleman speculated, she doesn't want to be tiresome, and she is quite right in saying that you can't be a leading campus figure, and write every day. It was, of course, painfully important that he be called a leading campus figure. It was Obviously Indicated. Perhaps the earliness of the hour had something to do with it, or the realization that they had nothing to say that would make these last twenty minutes normal, but a leading campus figure sounded, to Philip Coleman, like a pretty awful thing to be. He could bet that Father Coughlin had once been a Leading Campus Figure. It was too bad that a girl who looked as well as Alva Scott, should, early in the morning, select so unfortunate a phrase. It jarred with the mental summary he was allowing himself. Philip Coleman hated a muddle, and felt that things should have a beginning and an end. He was now trying to attach, at what he considered a very suitable moment, a beginning and an end to the summer. Alva Scott, happily, looked smart, and gave him a place to start. Observing her, he realized that you would never guess that her street was, while not definitely wrong, still not definitely right: she appeared far more worldly and distinguished than any of the Junior League girls in town. Did she understand, he wondered, that it was to him she owed this? From the first week they met he had pointed out to her, subtly and always quite impersonally, what was done, and what was not done. One day he had stopped to see her unexpectedly, and found her chewing gum. He said nothing but when, several days later they saw another girl doing so, he had, very generally, made it clear that chewing gum was distinctly Out. They discussed their likes and dislikes, and Philip Coleman impressed upon her his conviction that simple tailored lines were infinitely preferable to the complicated, garden-party-looking things the girls in town liked to wear. Perhaps to please him, perhaps because she really was an intelligent girl, she had, consciously or unconsciously, adopted these suggestions. She had come out on the far side of the summer quite a different girl than she had been at its beginning. She was, as the boys who hung around the drugstores put it, smooth. It was hard for them to believe that she had once walked up and down the streets in the evening, giggling, with three or four other girls, all in bright cottons and anklets. She was no longer seen with the other girls, who had frizzy permanents, chewed gum, and went to the Roller Rink, the Palace Ballroom, and other places Philip Coleman would never go. Now she was seen by the girls with permanents and the boys around the "druggies," usually from a distance, driving by in Philip Coleman's yellow Packard or in her new Ford coupé which, it was rumored, her family regarded as an investment. Yes, the town said, and Philip Coleman, looking at her, had to admit, she was smooth. She was so smooth she irritated him at times, like too much advertising on the radio, and he couldn't help wondering if she knew that she owed it to him. He kept thinking about it, and it was with a small shock that he suddenly knew that either answer would be unsatisfactory.

"We've fifteen minutes left." The girl was half idly conversational, half urgent.

"Yeah. It's going awfully fast."

Saying this, his voice seemed so sarcastic, when he had merely intended to be polite, that he shot her a startled glance. She had, apparently, noticed nothing. He must be careful, he thought; he must hold up his mask or he would make his usual mistake, and his most natural: that of assuming that other people felt exactly as he did. Could it be possible that for her the minutes were going quickly, when for him their progress was so maddeningly deliberate? He tried to adjust his mind to this view; it was probably accurate—almost certainly for, it was clear, she still felt as she had felt the night of the Fourth of July. She had not, since then, put her feeling into words, but he knew it was there, recognized its presence, although still with a certain bewilderment. They had been sitting in his car, that night, watching the fireworks at Bailey's Park. Gaudy reds, blues and greens crashed upon the night sky, and were torn open like vulgar, impossibly exotic flowers. The car was parked some distance from the crowd, but they could hear the exclamations, the little shivers of synthetic pleasure, the catches in the breath. There was a false excitement as fire whizzed into the air and broke with a reverberating crash. "Fun, aren't they?" he had asked Alva Scott, only half looking at her. Then he saw her face. In the lurid light of a shower of green stars it was stark, open, withdrawn. "Don't leave me, baby," he had whispered, trying to be easy, and kissed her. She kissed him back, hard on the mouth, and he could barely distinguish her husky, "I love you. I'm mad about you." He had heard the words before; never,

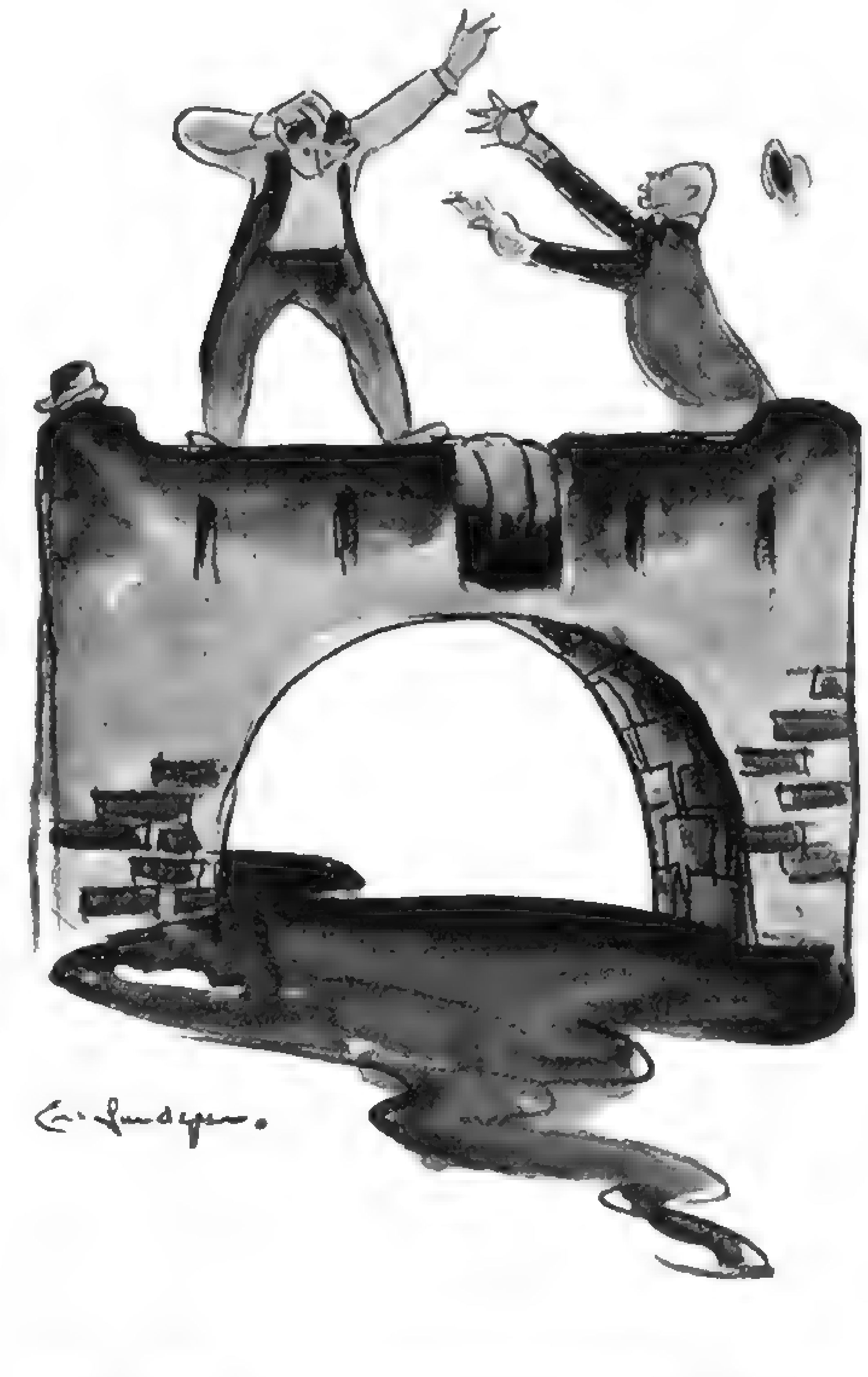
Continued in center of page 112

I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight

Her mother was a creampuff with a cannonball filling, so melting her down was a job for a bridgeworker

by WALTER BROOKS

• SATIRE •



UP IN New York State there is a second class city whose name I would prefer to keep secret partly because 1. its inhabitants believe it to be a first class city and 2. it isn't. And also Mr. Dilway Fenn still lives there. So let's just call it Middleport and go on to Mr. Fenn who was a young man with pleasant manners no job and only one talent viz. he could imitate a great many different insects. This combination is not one which seems likely to lead to fame and fortune but that was not Mr. Fenn's fault for he would have embraced fame and fortune with ardor had they come his way. In the meantime he saw no reason why he should not continue to entertain his friends with insect mimicry although it led him to be considered among the people of Middleport as a mere dilettante.

Well poverty was not the chief thorn in Mr. Fenn's flesh. That position was occupied by Mrs. Mordley Alcott a widow whose character can best be visualized by placing a cannonball inside a cream puff. Mrs. Alcott had a daughter who has been variously described as a lamb a maneater and as having what it takes plus ten. She had curly dark hair a pert face and a full set of accessories and she had a share of the maternal iron without the pastry and whipped cream. She had extracted a promise of marriage from Mr. Fenn at the age of twelve and both continued to consider the contract binding but Mrs. Alcott had handed down an adverse opinion. But when Mr. Fenn got a job they were going to elope.

Unfortunately the name of Fenn while not socially unacceptable in Middleport was not one to recommend its bearer highly to employers. Mr. Fenn's father had been a wastrel of some local prominence. And though there is no scientific evidence that wastrelism can be inherited those to whom Mr. Fenn's services were offered preferred to take no chances.

Well one day Mrs. Alcott said Phillida I have wonderful news for you. What is it said Phillida suspiciously and Mrs. Alcott said Fennimore Bleek has asked my permission to pay his respects to you so sweet and old fashioned of him to come to me first. So that's what the old buzzard has been coming down here from Buffalo for every week said Phillida. I wish you wouldn't speak like that of Mr. Bleek said her mother for he would make an excellent husband and indeed my dear she said I am afraid you will have to take him more seriously for as you know your poor dear father was not always wise in his investments and unless something can be done. And as it is she said I think we shall have to get rid of the car. How much will he give for me? said Phillida. O darling sighed Mrs. Alcott how can you say such horrid things? You are so young! You set no value on the mature devotion which such a man could give. Mature is right said Phillida and if you ask me it's a bit passé. Why can't he pick on someone his own age? Youth is of the heart said Mrs. Alcott and I am sure he will make you a most generous allowance. And in any case she said your mother knows what is best for you Phillida dear.

Well this Mr. Bleek was a lawyer whom time had wilted but not discouraged and he lived in Buffalo. He had known Phillida's father. So that evening Phillida sat on the porch and when she saw Mr. Fenn coming along chirping happily like a cricket she ran out to the gate. You can't come here any more she said Mother's pulling the poverty stuff and says she's cutting off my allowance and the car unless I marry old Bleek. O K said Mr. Fenn you can have my old bicycle I can't afford tires for it any more. I mean it Dil said Phillida this is serious. You haven't seen the old creature she said He's horrible. What! said Mr. Fenn and chirped several times perplexedly. O stop doing bugs! said Phillida. Go round to Sally's I'll meet you there in half an hour.

Well they spent the evening in Sally Bingham's back yard with their arms around each other but they didn't get anywhere. Mr. Fenn was finally down to his last three dollars and though his name was on file in every office in town it was either apply for relief or join the navy and see the world. And neither would save Phillida from Fennimore Bleek. So by and by he took her home.

Well Mr. Fenn was pretty miserable. He knew Mrs. Alcott well enough to realize that she would be merciless in forcing this marriage through. He wandered about town grinding his teeth every time he thought of Fennimore Bleek. Pretty soon he discovered that by grinding them slowly he made a noise like a certain kind of flying beetle but even this didn't cheer him up though a week ago when he had added the katydid to his repertoire he had danced for joy.

By and by he came to one of the bridges crossing the river that bisects Middleport and he leaned on the parapet and thought melancholy thoughts about how probably many persons in his situation would jump down into the black water and end it all. He leaned way over to see what it would feel like to be about to jump. And then somebody grabbed his arm and said Steady there young fellow! and he looked around and saw that it was a stout elderly man with the hiccups.

Leggo said Mr. Fenn morosely I wasn't going to jump. But the other waggled his forefinger at him and hiccuped softly and said Y'were too. O K said Mr. Fenn Have it your own way. That's better said the gentleman Wha' for? What for what? said Mr. Fenn and the gentleman said Jump. O said Mr. Fenn I don't know Just something to do I guess. Cynical said the gentleman reprovingly Broke? And before Mr. Fenn could reply he dug snorting heavily in an inner pocket and dragged out a wallet from which he took a ten dollar bill. This he stuffed in Mr. Fenn's pocket. Have another day of life he said. On me. Jump tomorrow night. Then he bowed hiccuped shrilly and rambled away.

Mr. Fenn started to follow him then said O well and leaned over the parapet again trying to imitate the large gentleman's hiccup which had stirred his professional envy. For it had the exact note of a young frog and while not of course an insect sound it would he felt give a pleasing variety if incorporated in his little tone poem *June Night*. And he was leaning there hiccuping with his face in his hands to muffle the sounds when someone else touched his shoulder and a woman's voice said My poor fellow! Is there anything we can do?

Well this time it was a large car which had

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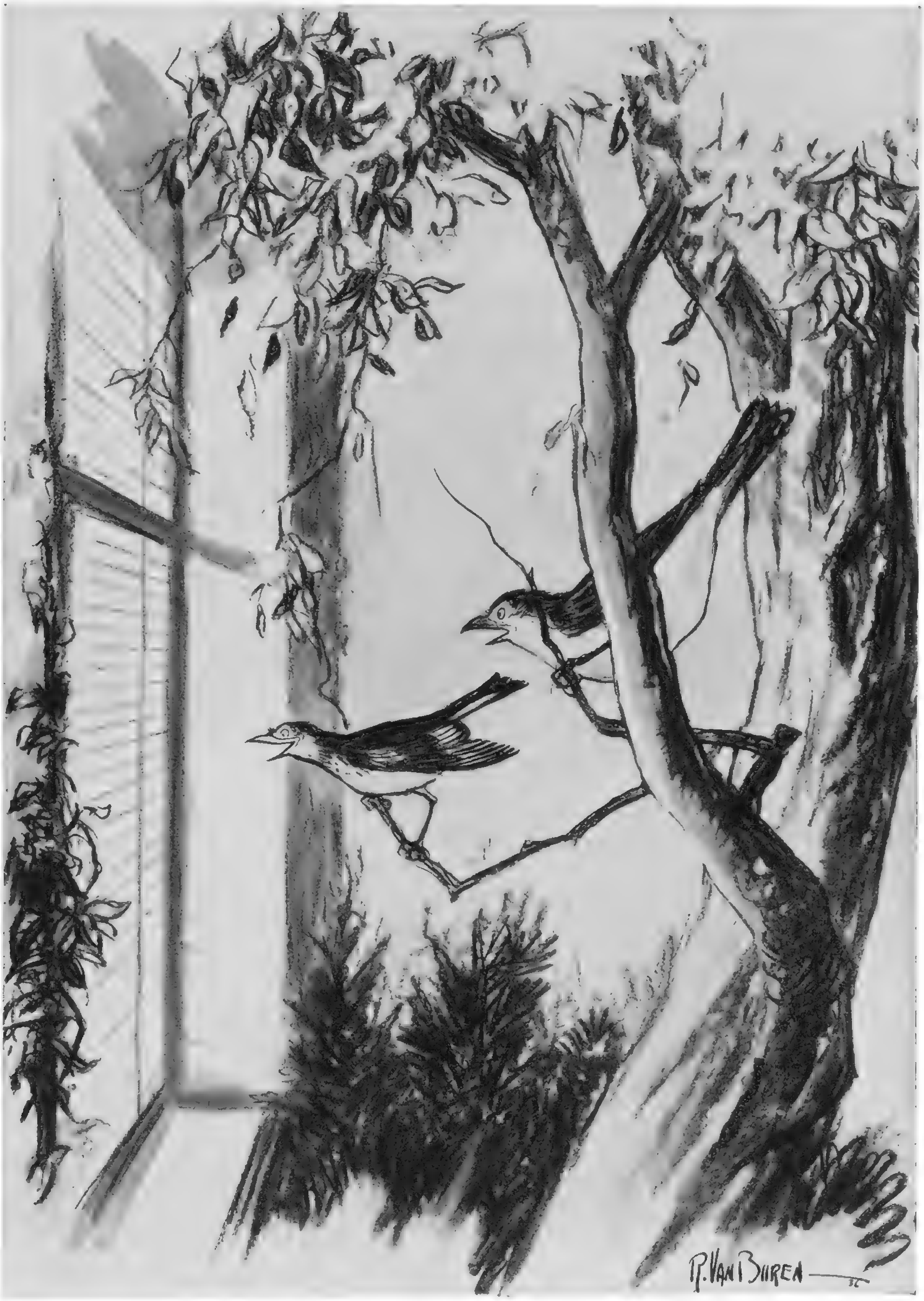

"Boy here comes her husband—let's stick around and see what happens—!"

Your Alcohol and Mine

Confession of a bar manager, in elucidation of the obvious fact that bars are not run for love

by PETER CARY

• ARTICLE •

It was December of 1933. The sale of hard liquor had just become legal in New York. The two women from Council Bluffs who ran the Antique Tearoom in Greenwich Village knew that they had to have liquor if their restaurant was to survive. They were scared. They knew about a tearoom, but a bar had them stopped. They offered me the job of running their bar.

Now, like a million other people, I had got drunk in just about every place I had ever been. That meant Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, Memphis, Baltimore, Paris, Cannes, London, and even Greenwich Village.

A bar didn't hold the terrors it should have. I thought I knew how one ought to be run. Besides, I hadn't had a job in six months; I couldn't refuse the offer. The result was that I spent two years learning about a bar from the other side, from the inside.

I agreed with my bosses that the bar ought to be pleasant and comfortable and that it ought to have first class liquor and still remain inexpensive.

We were fortunate. The bosses, for lack of money, had bought at second-hand, a pre-prohibition bar. And the tables and chairs were also second-hand. It made a shabby, attractive room. People liked that. In addition we let the customers alone. A man could come in and order a beer and sit for hours if he wanted to. They liked that too.

People were down on the ex-speakeasies. They said that the "speaks" served the same old bootleg liquor. They wanted none of it. During the first months they sniffed at anything except bonded whiskies and the most expensive gins. They had either forgotten, or had never known, that blended whiskies were used before prohibition and that bars made their own gin in the old days. There was much tasting and smelling of what was, often, quite ordinary liquor. Customers insisted on having drinks poured at the tables where they could see that they came out of the right bottles.

We catered to their whims. We found a bartender who, though he had worked in speakeasies, was, nevertheless, a genuine old timer. Oluf had been behind a bar for forty years. He knew everything about liquor and drinks. We bought the best liquor on the market. We sampled everything we could lay our hands on, and thought of the liquor first and the price afterwards. And our drinks were cheaper than anywhere else in the neighborhood.

In the first six months business jumped to ten thousand dollars a month. In response to the liquor sales the food business jumped too. But with every dollar came a headache.

As opposed to the "connoisseurs," some of our customers had learned about drinking during prohibition, when a drink was good if you couldn't taste what was in it. Others had taken to drink after repeal. Some of their views were nothing short of astounding.

I was called on one occasion to a table full of women. They were drinking Bacardis. "These drinks taste of paint," they said.

I apologized. "We'll fix that immediately," I said. "Paint," I thought. "What's happened now?" We used the best grade of Cuban rum. Its flavor was unmistakable. I tasted one of the drinks. It was a swell drink. It had plenty of rum and it wasn't too sweet. I didn't know what to do with it. Finally I told Oluf to make the drinks with lots of grenadine and lemon juice and not worry about the rum. The ladies reported that the second round was, "Simply divine."

On another occasion a customer insisted that his whisky sour was made with gin. I was tempted to make him a sour with gin instead of whisky to see if that met with his approval, but instead I had him watch the bartender make a second one, and though a little disconcerted, he accepted it.

But we had other troubles. In the first place business picked up so rapidly that we had to find Oluf an assistant. In the second place, Oluf was critical. He took it for granted that, whether we knew it or not, all our liquor was bootleg. The result was that he tossed our best brandy around as though it were water.

"Listen, Oluf," I said, "That brandy costs us eight dollars a bottle. We're supposed to get sixty cents a drink for brandy like that."

Oluf shook his head sadly. "I tasted it," he said, "and I vouldn't drink it straight. So I use it in mixed drinks."

I couldn't argue against Oluf's forty years experience, so I merely said again, "But, Oluf, it costs eight dollars a bottle."

The Oluf chuckled. "Well," he said, "you got gypped. I can buy what is better from a bootlegger for $3.00."

It took a month to get Oluf straight on the hard liquor, and another month to get him straight on the wines. He had decided privately that they were no good and what's more that the customers didn't know one wine from another. He was apt to send out an Haut-Sauterne in place of a Chablis. Sometimes it got by and often it didn't.

But I couldn't fire Oluf. I needed him. I had already discovered that the customer's idea of a good bartender is not usually that of the owner of the bar. The owner is interested in the profits and the customer isn't. But, not only the customers liked Oluf, we liked him. He was fast and neat. There was no waste motion. He didn't pour Scotch on the bar and he didn't break glassware. And his drinks were excellent. People like to see a bartender mix a drink so that the glass is filled to the brim and there is not a drop left in the shaker. It is no trick at all to mix one drink that way. Oluf would mix five drinks at a time and fill five glasses to the brim without a drop to spare.

However, just as Oluf was really broken in, it developed that he was too old an old time bartender. He had varicose veins from standing behind a bar for forty years. They caused him great pain and we had to put him on the day shift.

Luckily, by that time there were more bartenders available. However, once you find a bartender who knows his business there is only one way to find out how he will stand up and that is to try him out. There are people who will tell you that the only kind of bartender to have is one who never drinks. They are wrong. Who wants to have his drinks made by a teetotaler? Besides there is no such bartender. There are just three kinds of bartenders. Unfortunately I have run into them all. There is the plain souse who gets drunk as soon as he gets behind the bar and stays that way. There is the somewhat rarer type, the dypso, who drinks periodically. And there is the real barman who drinks every day, and, believe it or not, doesn't get drunk.

Winslow got the night job when Oluf

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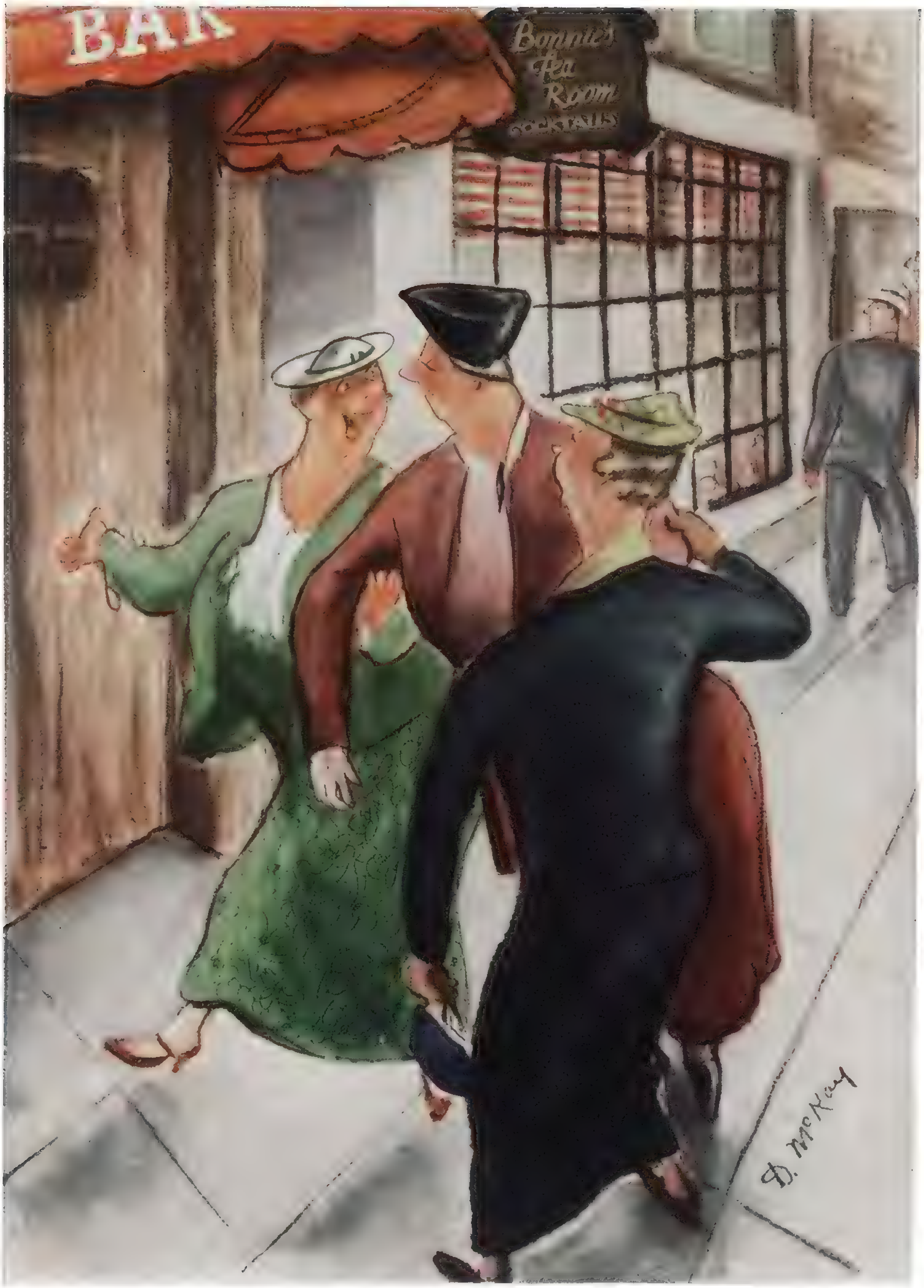
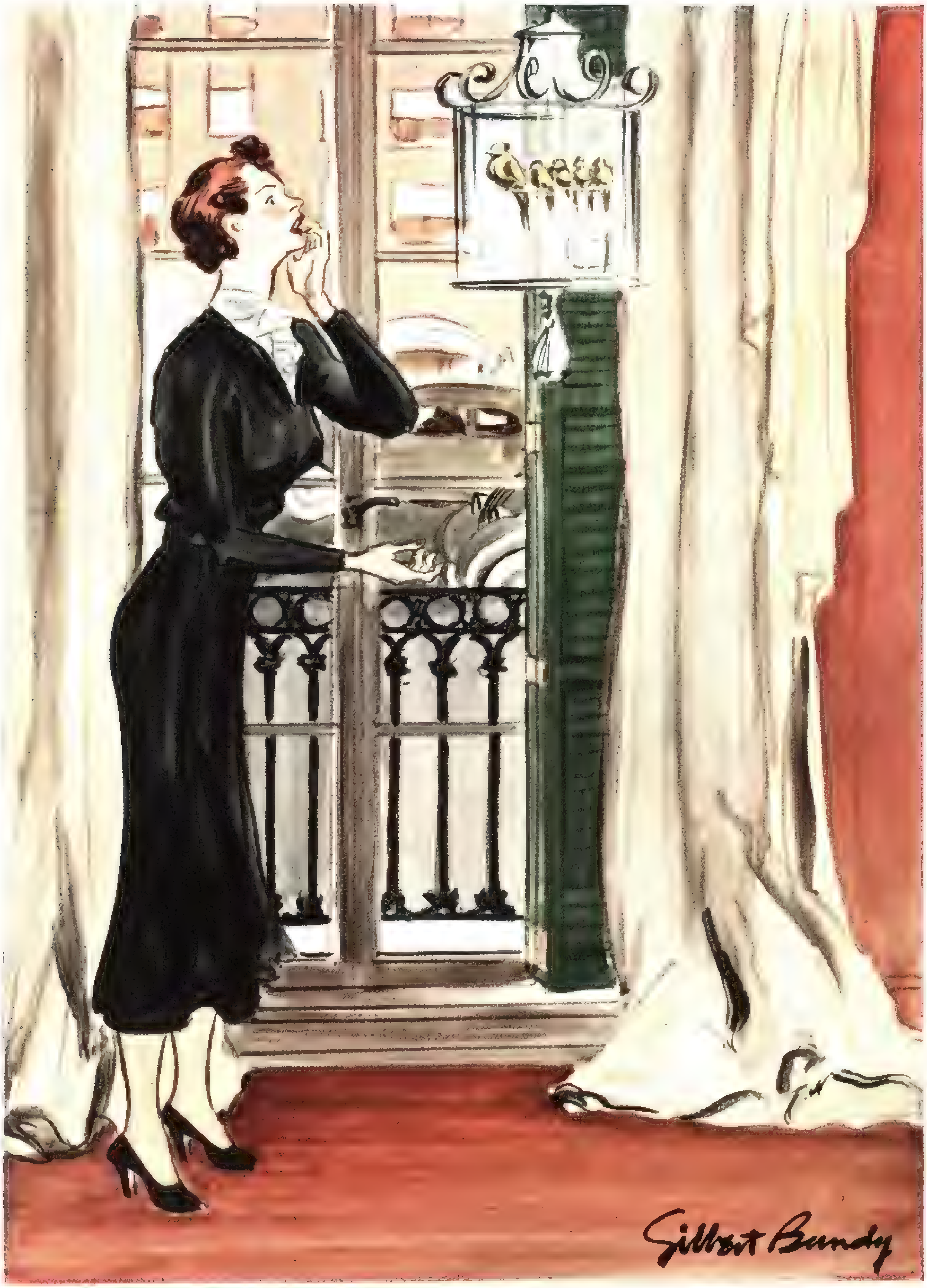

BAR
Bonnie's Tea Room
COCKTAILS
D. McKay

"Com' on, Matilda—one more—you can't go back on us now!"


Gilbert Bundy

"And how did this happen?"

The Girl Who Made the Lions Frown

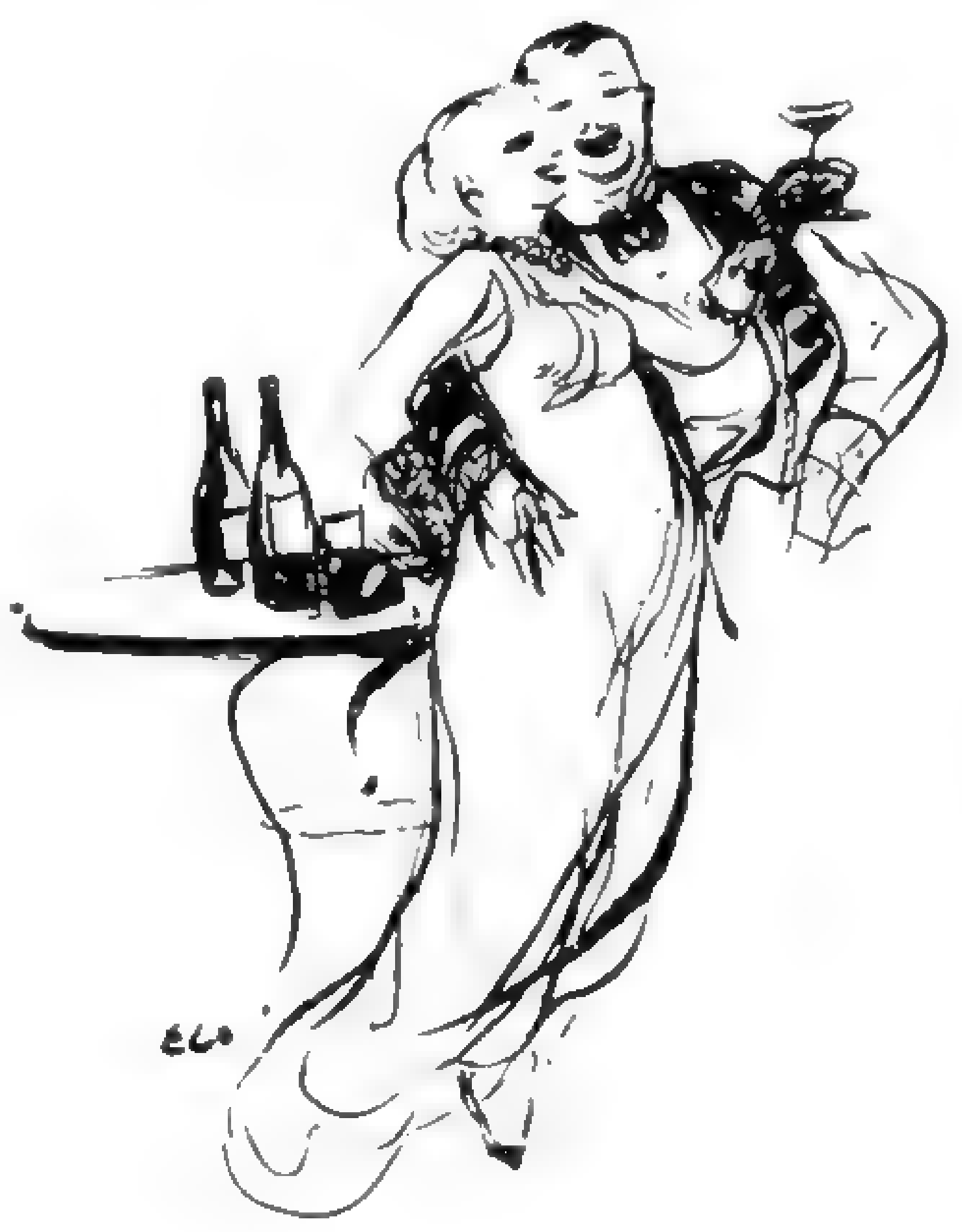
She was accustomed to the hungry eyes of many men, but this time her antics provoked a new stare

by ERNEST POOLE

FICTION

"LOOK at those chaps over there!" My companion quickly touched my arm. "Now watch and see what happens," he said. "They're starting something—small at first—but watch and you will see it grow into something damned ugly without a sound!"

My curiosity was stirred. We were in Venice, in St. Mark's Square, on a summer's night some years ago. The lovely old enclosure—walled in by the richly dark façades of palaces along the sides, with mellow softened glows of light coming through the arches of the long arcades below—had a quality of intimacy which made it like a place indoors. But the huge domed and gilded cathedral at the open end seemed still to dominate it all and to suffuse its gaiety with some deeper richer sense of stately grandeurs in the past. And so it was this evening. For although, as the place took on the glamorous mystery of the night, the hundreds of small tables out in front of the cafes were already filling fast with people come for coffee and liqueurs—while down the center slowly moved a throng of several thousand more, waiting for the band to play—the hubbub of voices and laughter all gave an effect of being subdued. There was nothing loud about this scene—except for one shrill piercing laugh which, in the last few minutes, had been coming from one of the tables nearby. My friend had turned his eyes that way, while my own were still upon five men out in the middle of the Square, the fellows he had asked me to watch. Motionless and without a word, they had all fixed a stony stare on the table whence that laughter rang so discordantly on the night. I followed their gaze to the girl who was there, and I recognized her with a start.



"It's Amy Howard!" I exclaimed. My friend leaned quickly forward.

"No!"

For the name I had just spoken was known to a hundred million or more men, women and children all over the world. Amy was a movie queen. But the five Venetians watching her, and a score of others who had silently joined them now, did not seem to know about that. And there was something more and more ominous in that frigid stare which they had all fixed on her and her friend.

"What are they going to do to her?"

"Just keep on looking at her," he said.

"But Amy won't mind that at all! She's used to it!"

"Not this kind of a look! Just you wait and watch it grow!" As he spoke, the little group of men had increased to fifty or more. "It's something pretty awful. I've seen it happen several times."

"But what's it all about?" I asked.

"Religion," was my friend's reply. "You see, though the Venetians are the most pleasure-loving people on earth, they have a deep religious streak, and a sentiment about this Square. You can sit here and drink and laugh with your friends, so long as you don't drink too much or laugh too loud or get too gay. But after all, their Church is here, with memories of a thousand years. To them this is a hallowed spot. They won't stand for a lady dressed like that, nor for one who is getting so noisy," he said.

He looked at Amy as he spoke. The gorgeous little creature was certainly not dressed for church. A cloak of crimson velvet thrown back revealed her gleaming little arms and shoulders, also most of her back. Her silk skirt came above the knees and revealed her lustrous shapely legs. A good many cocktails she had consumed, to judge by the shrillness of her laugh; and now her gay young spirits rose to such a degree that, leaning toward her companion, a dark shrewd-looking little man, she kissed him full upon the lips. Moreover, the kiss was rather long—about forty feet of film, so to speak.

As it finished, my glance went back to the men. There were over a hundred of them now! All rigid, silent, motionless, all watching with those stony eyes. And moment by moment their numbers grew.

"There'll be a thousand soon!" said my friend.

Abruptly I rose to my feet. I was not at all proud of Amy just then and fervently wished she had never been born. But she was an American—say what you please—and one who was known all over the world. A pity to have this get into print—the name of our country dragged in the mud. For so many newspapers abroad are always only too eager for that.

"Let's get her out of here," I said, "before there's any chance of a fuss! She doesn't belong here anyhow!"

"She sure doesn't!" said my friend.

Quickly we made our circuitous way in and out through the crowded tables to hers. When we reached them, another forty-foot kiss had come to an end, and her fox-faced little companion had at last become aware of that motionless crowd of staring men. There were nearly two hundred of them now, and all were looking at Amy still—and it took the bright little man but a glance to see that they did not like her at all. In his rising excitement, he saw us approaching.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Americans, ain't you? Meet Miss Howard! You know her, of course!" We said that we did, and we bowed low. "I'm her manager!" he explained. "Now look!" he continued rapidly. "Look at that bunch of Wops over there and tell us what you think of it! Insulting her, ain't they?"

"Yes," said my friend.

"All right!" The jaws of her manager snapped. "Now the next point to settle is this! How many red-blooded American men are sitting in this Square tonight, and how are we going to get 'em together to help defend an American girl against these low-down foreigners?"

The publicity gleam was in his black eyes. They roved about instinctively for a moving picture camera. And meanwhile the crowd of staring Venetians amazingly had doubled again! The hubbub of voices and laughter all about us was dying down, and an ominous stillness fell. But as the producer leaped to his feet to call upon all Americans, quickly but firmly I gripped his arm.

"Wait a minute," I said, "and let's think about this. Those fellows aren't staring because they're low-down. It's just because they're foreign and queer, and because this is the Square of St. Mark. They think it is a holy spot. So they don't like a girl to dress like this—they don't like her to laugh as loud as this—and they don't approve of kisses here. Now suppose there is a fuss? You're perfectly right in your idea that you can start one if you like. Nobody has recognized her yet, but when they do, there'll be a rush—and you can stage quite a riot here. But the papers will feature it big, back at home"—

"I'll say they will!" the manager breathed. He could almost see that story now!

"And," I continued, low but clear, "of Miss Howard's twenty million admirers in America, probably several million go to the same Church as that one there." I looked at the Cathedral. "And if they should read in the papers that she was thrown out

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Football's Forgotten Men

"Head Men" get the credit, but it's the assistants who get the grid squads right

by RALPH CANNON

• SPORTS •

In the old days of small football squads of fifteen or twenty men, the head coach did most of the actual tutoring of the players. But today with squads of from sixty to a hundred men turning out at all of the big schools, no head coach can do a very big proportion of the technical teaching. Consequently, whereas the head coach of the past stood on his own feet, the prominent "head men" of today must of necessity lean heavily upon a staff of competent assistants.

In every complex and over-grown enterprise, it is organizations, not individuals, that get things done. As a result of the changed and enlarged conditions in football, there is a distinct difference between coaching methods of today and of yesterday. Stagg at Chicago won the Big Ten with a squad of only thirteen men back in 1913, while Rockne at Notre Dame popularized the squad of a hundred men and an eleven with a supplementary "shock troops" lineup in the boom days of the 1920's.

The old time coaches, grooved by their days with small volunteer squads and unrestricted practice time, employed informal, disorganized practice periods, with their assistants in a minor and subsidiary role in which they were responsible only for organizing their own work independently as a contributory side pressure in bringing the squad around in shape at game time on Saturday.

Less individualistic, the younger head coaches of today are more like business executives directing the co-operative work of a corps of specialists. Because of the modern restricted practice periods, they are stop-watch coaches squeezing the last drop of benefit out of every second of their allotted time. Modern coaching is a race against time, a balancing act to "cover up" the squad in every phase of the game.

In the old days the players would drift onto the field one or two at a time all afternoon long from two o'clock until they probably signed off amid snow, sleet and arc-lights around 8 o'clock at night while some veteran wizard was still trying to figure out some new fooler for his famous bag of tricks. Sophomores under this system received little attention and learned very little while standing around looking on with nobody paying much attention to them. Seniors knew how to come out and work out enough to get into condition, and then go in of their own accord.

In those days when the head coach actually did nearly all of the coaching, it was unquestionably fair enough to give them the credit for the results, but today where sixty or more men are taught by a group of organized assistants, the exorbitant emphasis of the importance of the head coach is becoming passé. It is hardly beyond the limits of sportsmanship to give some small share of the credit for success to these drill sergeants.

In the early days it was considered superfluous for a head coach to have even one "assistant," who helped around the varsity and also kept tab on the freshmen. Then came a vogue of line coaches, and today the big staffs include head coach, line coach, backfield coach, end coach, and two or three men for the freshmen who also help out on scouting and scrimmage preparations.

The emphasis on the magic of the head coach in other days was the outgrowth of their own salesmanship. They found it advantageous to their salaries to preserve the old miracle man illusion. No one ever knew who were the assistants under Rockne at Notre Dame, although Tom Lieb, who had helped Glenn Thistlethwaite get Wisconsin ready to upset Notre Dame, 22 to 6 in 1928, the next year practically handled Notre Dame while Rockne was laid up with thrombosis.

"Rock" was of the old school of the type of Stagg, Zuppke, Warner and Yost. He was overseer of the practice field; he kept tab on what his assistants were doing all around. Half a dozen teams would be in scrimmage all over the field when suddenly Rockne would yell across the gridiron to one gang over in the corner: "Why did you call that play, Vejar?" Some quarter had used the wrong play sequence, and Rockne was informing him and his coach that he was keeping his eye on everything that was going on.

Zuppke is the same style. He pops around the practice field, his eyes snapping here and there. Somebody makes a fine catch of a forward pass. "Who is that guy?" Zup rushes up to the assistant in charge. "What's wrong with him? Can he tackle? Why isn't he in there?"

"All he can do is catch passes, Zup," the assistant explains. "He can't run. And he's dumb."

"I see," replies Zup, turning away for new quests.

The trend away from the tight rein of the head coach toward a spread of the responsibility among a trained staff is shown by the decline of the captain. Once he was the brawny hero of the campus, the coach's representative on the field. Today he is a small figurehead, entirely surrounded by master minds.

The assistant coaches, however, are not always the docile technicians of the "head man." Too many of the appointments for head coach come out of the staff for human nature long to overlook the opportunities for betterment at a superior's expense. As a matter of fact, the modern usage of the word "chiseller" was coined by Knute Rockne in application to one of his own ambitious assistants at Notre Dame. One year Rockne, who was a master at placing coaches, actually got an appointment elsewhere for this climber, but his maneuver was countermanded by higher-ups at Notre Dame, with the result that this assistant stayed on until shortly after Rockne's untimely death.

And it is not entirely off the records where alumni assistants at a school have crossed-up the imported head coach in their scouting reports just to make him look bad in competition, and so in time perhaps be removed as an obstacle to their own advancement.

Assistant coaches also have their opportunity to undermine the head coach in a losing season by "playing ball" themselves with the director of athletics and influential alumni. So it is far from the usual thing for an entire coaching staff to be the one big happy family subordinating themselves to the "head man's" welfare, as they may

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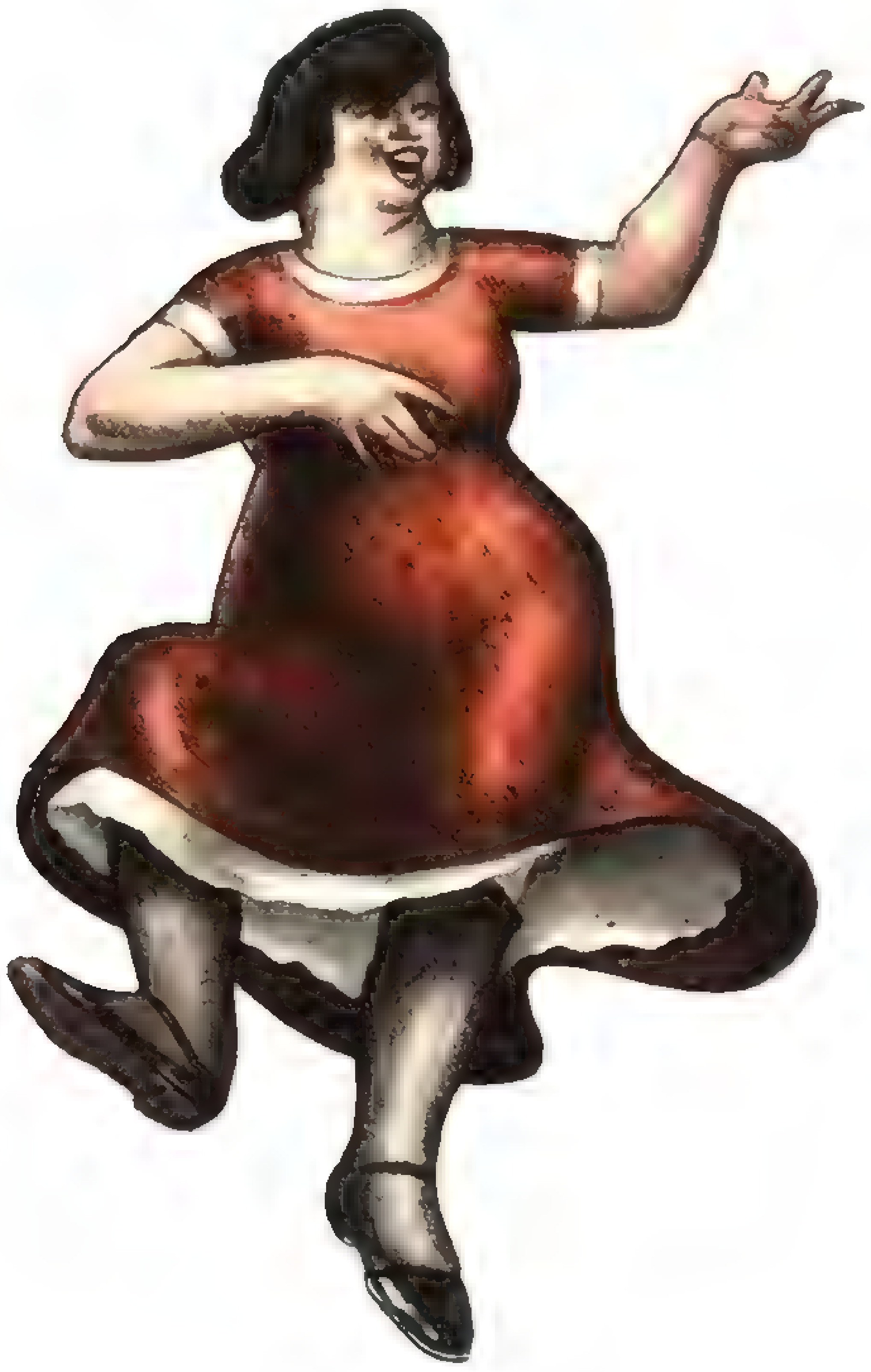


Dance on Pushback Mountain

by JAMES STILL

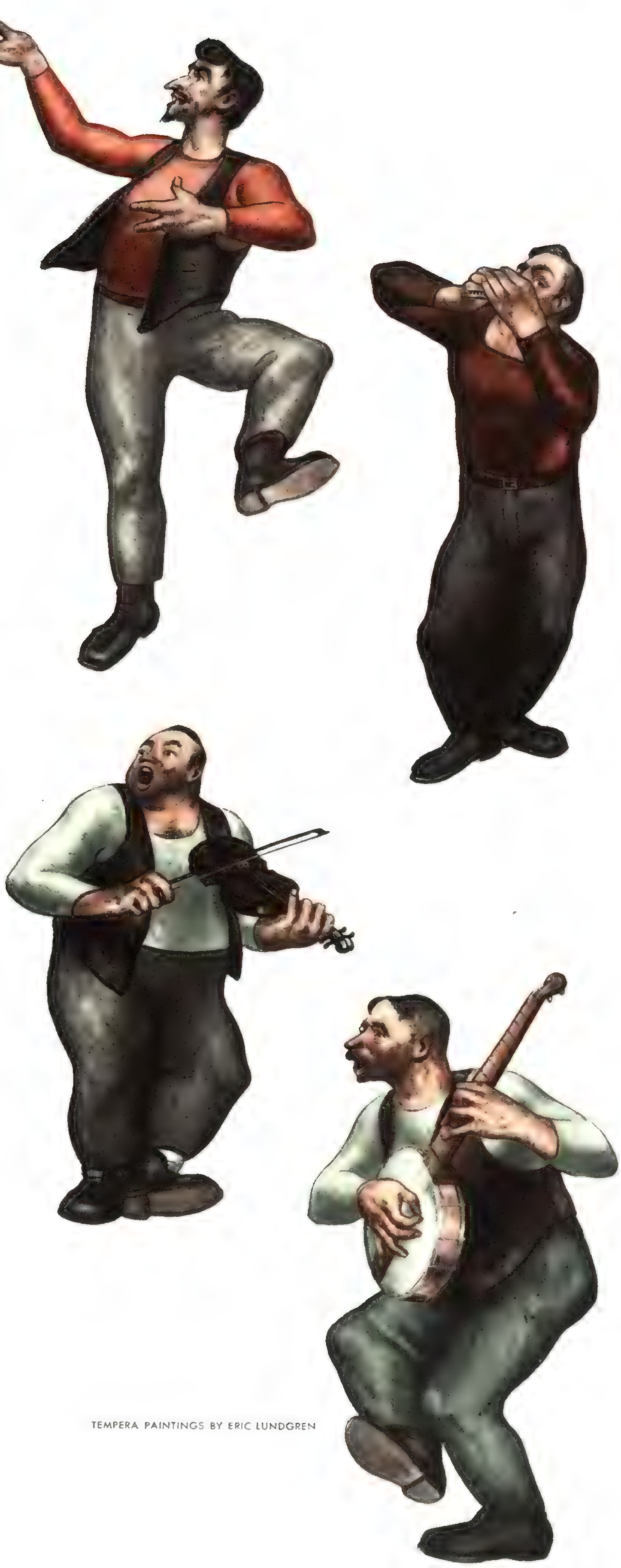
Rein your sorry nags boys, buckle the polished saddle
And set black hats aslant the wind down Troublesome,
There are doings on Pushback at Gabe Waye's homeplace
And the door hangs wide, the thumping keg bubbles
With gonesome plumping in the elderberry patch;
The cider brew strains against red cob stoppers
And the puncheon floor is mealed for the skip and shuffle,
Ready for the stamping, waiting for the hopping,
The Grape-vine swing, the ole Virginie reeling
In the grease lamp's fuming and unsteady gleaming.
There are jolly fellows heading toward Pushback
In the valley's brisk breathing, the moon's white bathing,
In the whip-poor-will's lonesome never answered calling.

Gabe Waye has six fair young daughters
Who dance like foxfire in dark thickets,
Whose feet are nimble, whose bodies are willowy,
As smooth as yellow poplars in early bud,
And their cheeks are like maple leaves in early autumn,
And their breath as sweet as fresh mountain tea.
Gabe Waye has six full-blooming daughters
With dresses starched as stiff as galax leaves,
Awaiting the dancing, awaiting and hoping.

Rein-up the filly boys, hitch-up the stallion
And heigh-o yonder toward Pushback Mountain,
The katydids a-calling, the hoot-owl a-hooting,
Thick hoofs are striking fire on the crookedy trail,
For feet are yearning for the heart-leaf weaving
And a sight of Waye's daughters doing the Fare-you-well.

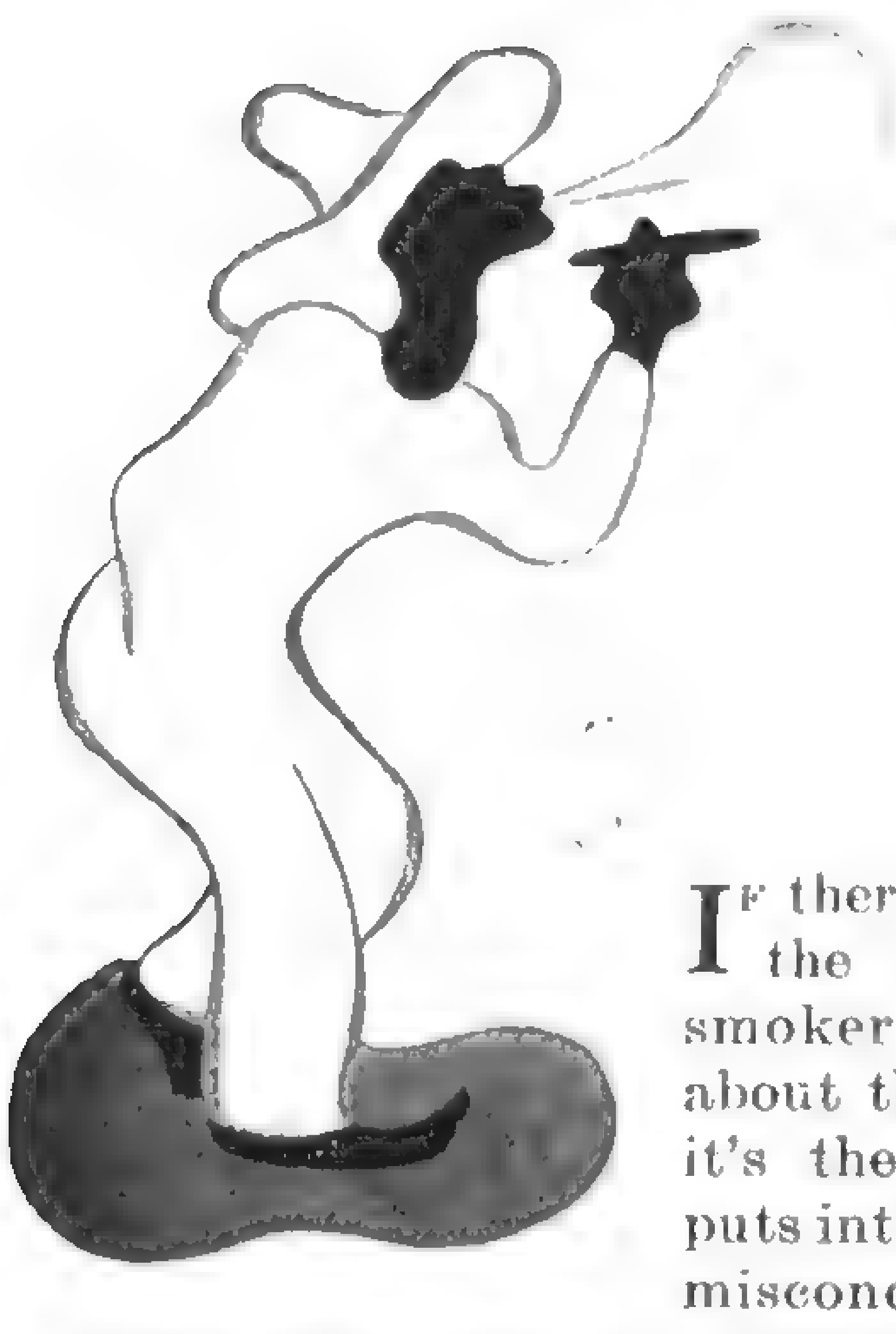
Gabe Waye has three tall strapping sons
Standing six feet five in wide bare feet,
And with handsome faces where laughter's never fading,
And with swift limber fingers for silver strings twanging.
The tallest picks the banjo, the thickest saws the fiddle,
The broadest plays the dulcimer with the readiest grace,
And the three together set the darkling hollow ringing
While the harmony goes tripping over moon-dappled hill.

Spur-up the nags boys, the dance won't be lasting,
Tighten up the reins and set the pebbles flying,
Heigh-o to Pushback with a quick lick-a-spittle,
Night will be fading and moonlight dying.



TEMPERA PAINTINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Brands in the Burning



A short guide to the intricacies of tobacco leaves, together with a few tips to the amateur mixer

by LESTER HUTTER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

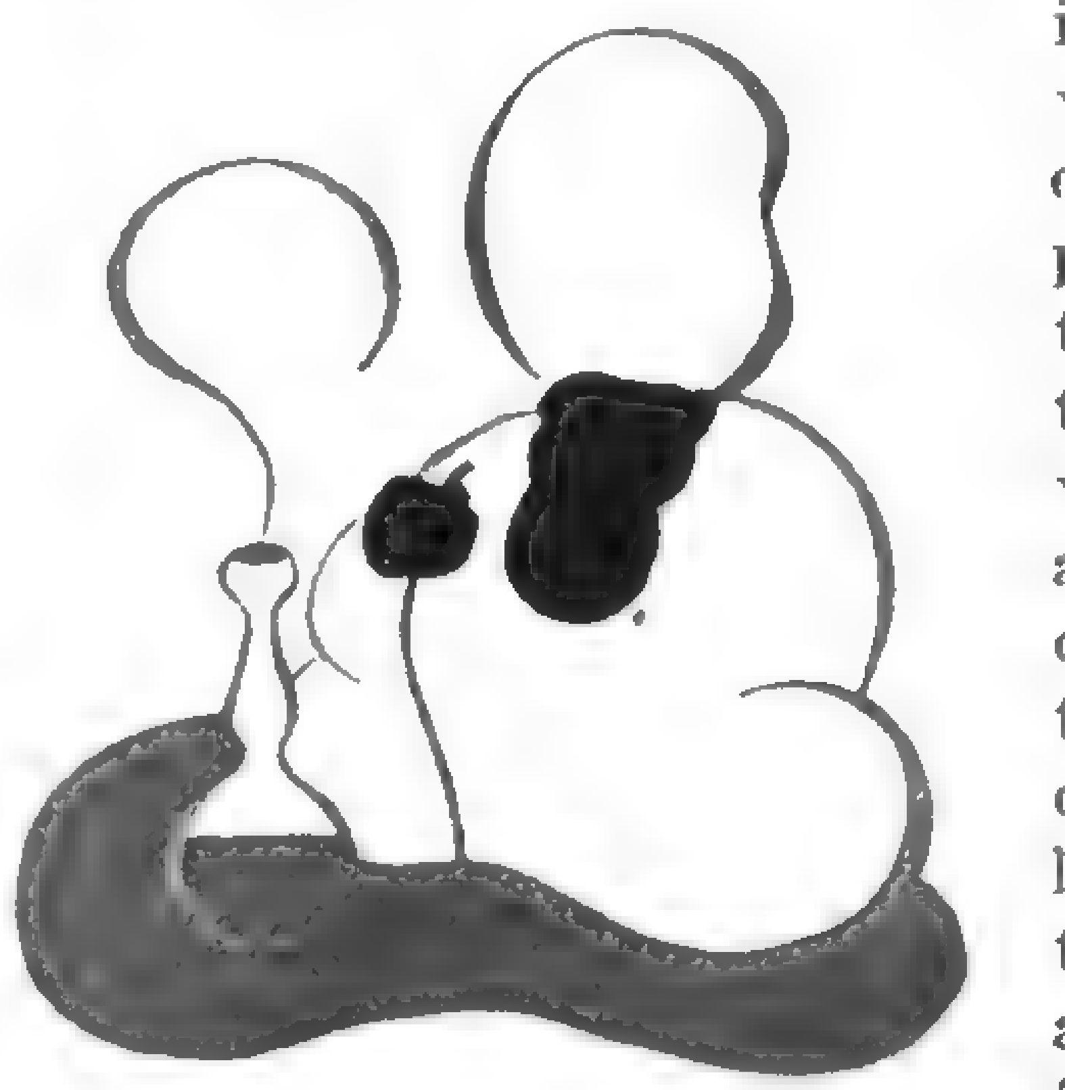
If there is anything the typical pipe smoker knows less about than his pipe, it's the tobacco he puts into it. Popular misconception notwithstanding, there is much more to the manufacture of pipe tobacco than chopping the leaves into small flakes and filling them into attractively decorated tins. So important is the manufacturer's role, that natural leaf as it comes in the back door of the plant may be so strong that it will all but kill you, unless you're blessed with a cast iron constitution. And yet, it goes out the front factory door a mild, cool, slow-burning, fragrant tobacco—probably your favorite brand.

Tobacco is a peculiar plant. Indigenous to the Americas, it will grow after a fashion on a great variety of soils in all latitudes from the tropics to southern Canada. However, the quality of the leaf and its smoking characteristics vary greatly, depending not only upon the particular soil, but upon climatic conditions as well. Odd and strange is the fact that choice Turkish seeds planted in a "Burley-belt" soil, will yield burley tobacco and not Turkish. The result has been that certain well defined areas produce definite tobacco types.

To consider every type and its smoking characteristics is practically impossible for there are hundreds of varieties grown the world over. In the United States alone, the chaos and confusion of more than a hundred kinds of leaf led to the government's grading and standardizing of tobacco. Today, under the new *simplified* system, there are twenty-six types, each having several subdivisions as to group, quality, and color. In other words, only long years of study and experience can make a tobacco expert. Nevertheless, from the standpoint of a pipe-lover's interests, it is possible to list the principal varieties that make up most blends. Thus the reader, knowing the smoking characteristics of each type, can become an amateur blender, himself. Don't be at all surprised if after a little practice you develop into quite a "tobacco chef."

Burley, the most widely used pipe variety of tobacco in America, reaches its highest state of development in the famous bluegrass section of Kentucky, in eastern Tennessee, and in southern Ohio. It is light in body and in color, but the principal reason for its popularity is its great absorptive quality, a feature greatly esteemed by American manufacturers who use artificial flavoring matter—a consideration for later detailed discussion. Burley is used as a base making up the bulk of the majority of blended American brands. Several of the more popular low-priced packaged tobaccos contain straight Burley flavored in accordance with their private formula, which you may be certain is closely guarded.

Virginia is grown in the Carolinas, as well as in the Old Dominion. The natural leaf is sweeter and more aromatic than Burley, but since it is not artificially flavored as is Burley it may very well be that you would enjoy a pipeful of processed Burley better than Virginia. Like Burley, it is used as a base in a smoking mixture to which may be blended one or several other tobaccos to attain a desired flavor, or to improve its burning quality.



Maryland, coming from that state, excels all other American types in its burn, or capacity to hold fire. Of a neutral aroma, it is generally added to a mixture when the flavor and aroma are satisfactory and it is desired to improve the burn without upsetting the taste equilibrium. A mixture may seem just about perfect for a particular smoker's taste, except that it bites a little. This means the tobacco is burning a bit too fast, in which event a little Maryland is added to decrease the combustion rate and result in the desired mixture.

Bright tobaccos owe their light appearance not only to the character of the soil in southern Virginia and the eastern counties of the Carolinas, where they grow extensively, but to the manner in which they are cured. Whereas Burley and Virginia are air-cured, the bright tobaccos, of which a popular type is *North Carolina*, are cured in barns by artificial heat conducted, by means of flues, from outhouses where fires burn. Hence the name: *flue-cured.*

Although America is the birth-place of tobacco, we occasionally turn to Europe and Asia for flavoring tobaccos. From an ancient Syrian seaport town, opposite the Island of Cyprus, some seventy miles north of Tripoli, comes the celebrated Latakia. Seldom is this tobacco smoked straight, but usually used in small percentages as one would a spice, for Latakia is a rather strong tobacco with a distinctive captivating aroma and taste. Its taste and aroma are not so much the result of the soil and climate as they are the result of the curing method where the leaves are suspended over open fires of camel-dung, a common fuel in Arabia.

As for Turkish tobacco, that is a story in itself. Hundreds of varieties grow, and only a handful of experts have learned how to grade and blend these delicate varieties, which many contend are the world's best for cigarettes. For pipes, though, Turkish tobacco, because it is very low in natural oil content, burns too quickly, and bites. It is, therefore, generally added in small proportions to some mixtures to accelerate the combustion and to impart a mild aromatic fragrance.

Xanthi, where the highly prized Yacca comes from, is considered the finest tobacco country in Turkey, though not all leaf from Xanthi is the finest. Kavalla, Samsoun, Baffra, Yenidje, and Mahallah, are the types most generally imported to this country.

As for Havana tobacco, though all Cuban tobacco is Havana, it is the Vuelto Abajo section that produces the finest variety, although some choice leaf is produced in the section of Partidos. Remedios is a more heavily bodied variety, coming from the section of that name. Havana tobacco, so well known to the cigar world, is not contained generally in pipe mixtures, though some old-timers may include from ten to twenty per cent in their blend.

Back in America, on the more elevated and drier portions of the rich Mississippi alluvial soil, in the heart of the sugar cane and rice country we find the descendants of the Arcadians, who have lent much romance to Louisiana's colorful history, working away cultivating and curing a unique tobacco in Saint James Parish. In honor of Pierre Chenet, they call this tobacco *Perique* to perpetuate the name of their compatriot who introduced them to the cultivation and manner of curing this tobacco. Perique is the only tobacco cultivated, cured and processed by the farmer.

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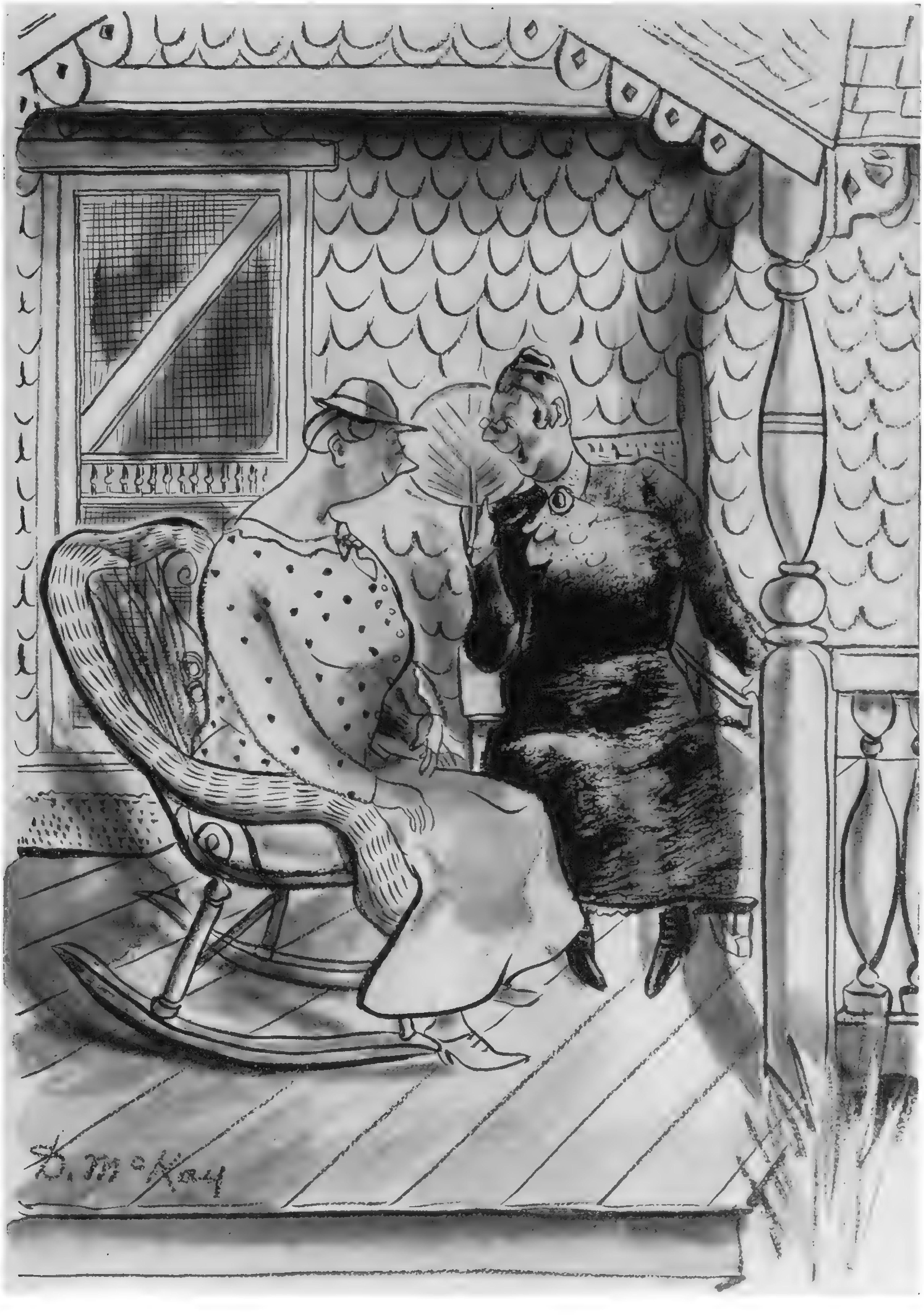


"It happened 30 years ago, but I still like to talk about it!"

The First Client

It's one thing to put a boy through law school, another to get him his first case

by LOUIS ZARA

FICTION

He wished his father had not come to the office, for not even the telephone tinkled to disturb the hollow idleness of his days. Still he was glad to see him and he could understand how lonesome the other must have become sitting alone in his room when the shop was closed and there was no work to do.

"It is the way to live," Jonas muttered and picked at his hands. "There is no other," he gestured at the rows of wheat-yellow law-books with the vivid red spine labels stamped in gold. "Respected profession . . . clean, decent; white hands, white collar. Your own master. And people looking up to you: Attorney-at-law William C. Day. It makes me happy."

Will listened unresponsively. He felt sad and helpless as he watched his father gouging at the welted callouses on his palms. How could he say how little his services seemed to be needed in the world, how few people were willing to turn to a young man for counsel? Yes, he was his own master with his own white hands and his own white collar.

The old man's fingers were thick and blunted and the discolored nails were rimmed with bile green. The cuticles were outlined with a grimy piping of machine oil and grease that no soap and scrubbing would remove. He searched for a bit of wood buried in his palm, he chafed his wrists, he cracked his knuckles.

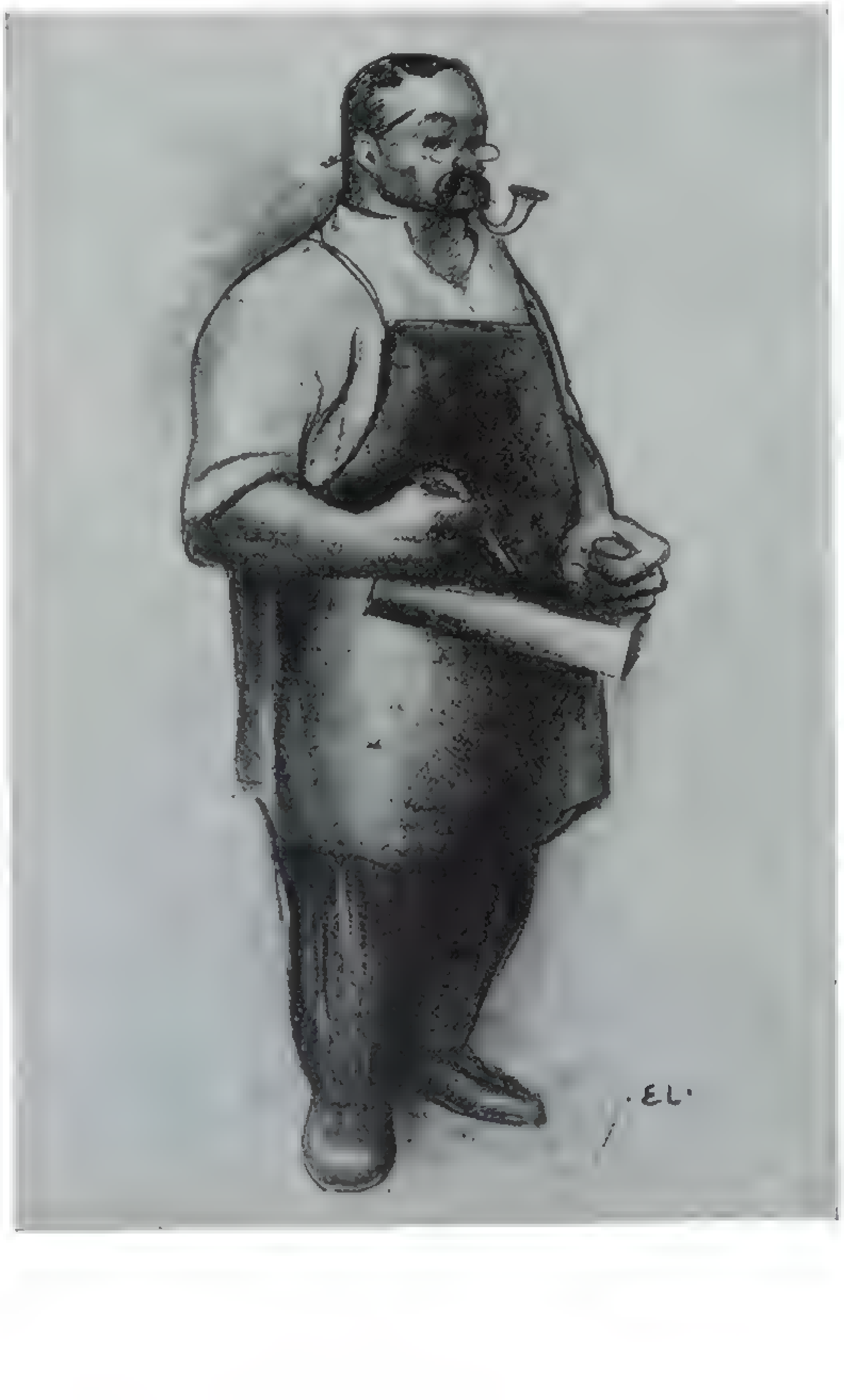
"I knew what I was doing, eh, Will?" he went on and pride velveted his voice. "Be a carpenter? There is no beginning and no end to it. Once it was a great craft and to your grandfather people raised their hats—same as the minister. And once I, too, wore a smooth face and estimated prices and set others to work: Carpenter Jonas Day. I built cabinets. I made benches, tables, chairs. I hewed small figures out of wood. No one dared utter a word unless I spoke first. Now I lean on a machine. I don't drive a nail, Will, I don't square a board, I don't set a joint—I push planks against a saw and the saw screams. All day long the saw screams and the floor beneath us trembles from the motor that drives it, drives it and drives me."

Will shut his eyes. His father had spared him the life of the lower middle-class craftsman—But he had dropped lower in the scale and become a machine-hand himself. Will could see his father in blue overall coat and black shop-cap bending over the saw table. He could see him pushing planks at the lean gray fury spinning edgewise with its teeth bared, gnawing at the wood, eating deep gashes in it—and screaming, screaming like a maniac awakening in terror. While he, the son, sat in his office and waited for cases that never came.

"There may only be a few after you now," Jonas said, "but one day there will be many—with divorces and murders and big contracts." He patted his gray mustache. "You will see." From a chronic eye fault clear tears oozed involuntarily over the brim of his lids and from time to time he had to wipe at his face with the side of his thumb. A short stocky man, Jonas, with a yellowish bald head and staring gray eyes. On his naked crown ink-red capillaries were etched and at his temples hardened veins pulsed visibly. Again he picked at his hands. "If you have any more cards, Will boy—"

Will counted out a dozen of his business cards.

"Everywhere I go, Will, if they look likely I tell them my son is a great lawyer." He glanced at the framed photograph of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes looking down from the wall, the eyes wisely tolerant. "'Take a card,' I say, 'Remember the name!' They will remember and they will show the card to their friends to prove they know people who matter. One day they will all come at once and you will be idle no longer, you'll see."



Will blinked. He made his wishes to himself, the other made them aloud. He thought how earnestly his father used to urge him that labor was ignoble. "What do you get out of it but rheumatism and arthritis, sawdust in your lungs, horns on your palms and an ache in your back?" Jonas used to repeat. And he would not let his son take a tool into his hands. Will remembered how in his father's fists the jack-plane became live nerve and sinew when he was trueing a board, how in his fingers a spoke-shave became cunning and graceful. How accurately his father could drive a nail with brisk, sturdy blows! How neatly his chisel could mow a mortise or shape a tenon! And his saw rode swiftly, a reddish spray of sawdust pluming back from the blade with every thrust through the wood.

He wondered how the old man spent his evenings alone in his room. Probably dreaming of his son's achievements. For some perverse pride would not allow Jonas Day to share his son's quarters. "Other lawyers may come in to see you, judges perhaps, people of the world," he insisted. "We've had three generations of the blue shirt, toil and sweat—enough. Yours is the white collar, Will. . . . Besides it is not so lonely in the room. Sometimes I think I can see you standing before a judge, gesturing at a jury."

Will smiled to himself. The only court in which he had appeared lately was the Renters' Court and there to help a poor family about to be evicted. He had watched the worried tenants come forward as their cases were called. He had listened to the small pleas. When he went down the street that day a beggar had halted him and put out a worn, calloused palm. Will had stared at it: he could see his father picking at his hands; he found a coin for the man. How ardently he wished he could some day get his father away from the shop with its screaming machines and the callous-making boards.

"A doctor, a lawyer, and a priest—these are the ones who have the good professions," Jonas expanded and rapped his knuckles against the fat volume of statutes that sat black and bulky on the desk. The gray eyes stared. "It must be a good feeling to have people bare their hearts to you," he sighed. "The best joiner or cabinet-maker in the world couldn't get that."

Will thought of his father working in the little carpenter-shop he had once owned. He used to wear a dark visored shop-cap over his bald head

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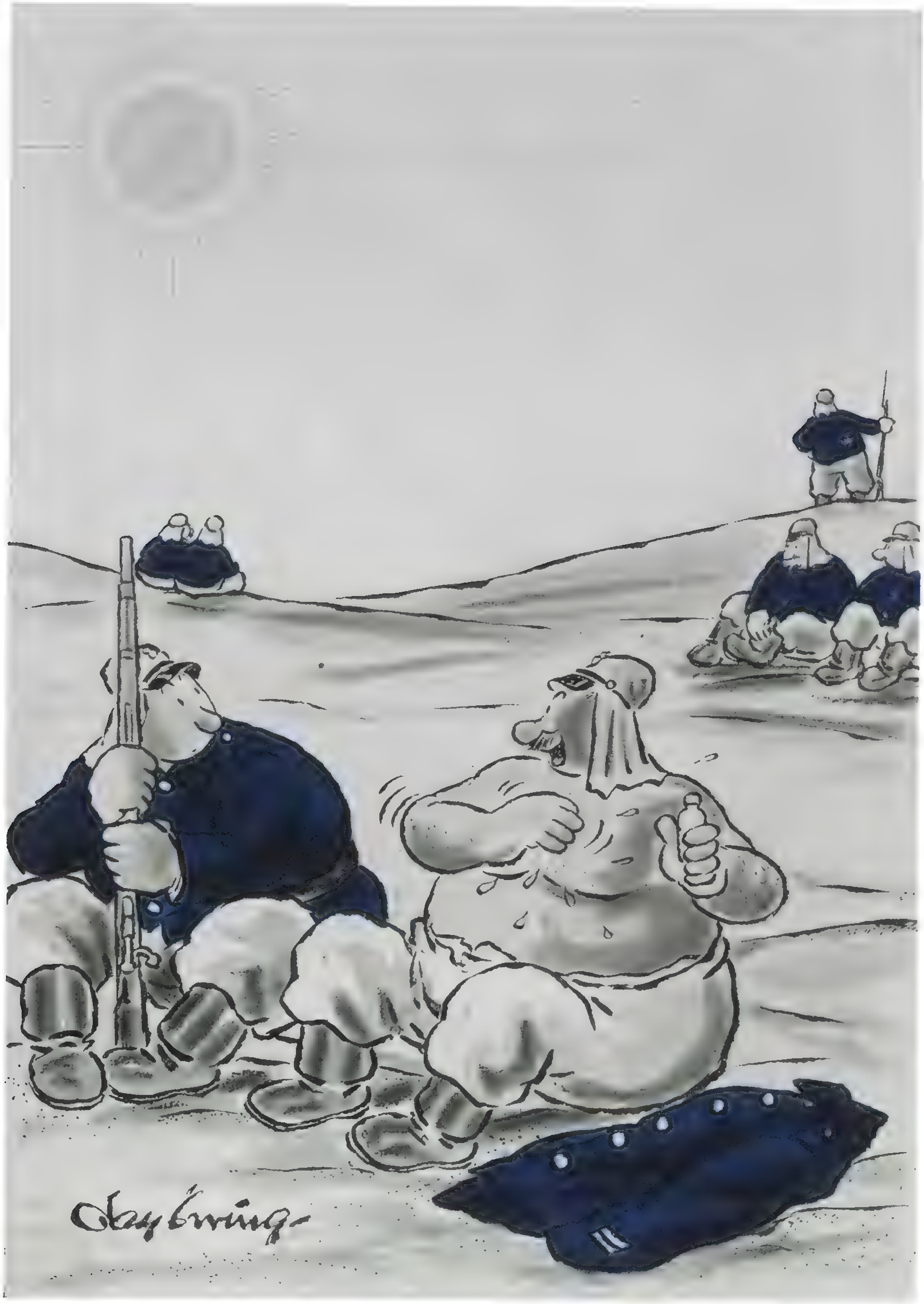

Clay Irving

"Sun-tan oil. My girl sent it to me. . ."

The Red Menace

The little bolshevik resisted big business, martyr to regimentation, until the cossack missed his cue

by HAROLD V. POPPE

• SATIRE •

THE little unkempt looking man stared about at the assortment of foodstuffs on the counter. He couldn't seem to make up his mind. The people behind him began to rattle their trays impatiently. The girl behind the counter frowned at him.

"Keep the line moving!" she shrilled mechanically. "Keep the line moving!"

The man glared up at her fiercely and said nothing. He continued to look with ferrety little eyes at the collection of meats, salads and sandwiches which were displayed in such puzzling profusion. He scowled behind his thick-lensed glasses.

"Keep the line MOVING!" the girl bleated again, a bit louder this time.

He glared again.

"WHY?" he barked suddenly.

She hesitated. No one had ever said THAT before; "Why?" They usually moved.

"Why?" he insistently demanded as he continued to glare at her. He stuck his chin out pugnaciously. "WHY?"

The girl looked around nervously for the boss. He wasn't in sight.

"You gotta keep the line moving is all the reason why!" she faltered somewhat inadequately. Stern logicians are rare behind the counters of cafeterias. Any intelligent listener could have told her that her reply was a ghastly mistake. She had led with her chin as far as her untidy adversary was concerned. He took a deep breath.

"Who's got to keep WHAT line moving?" he demanded angrily. "Am I part of a machine maybe? Is this Henry Ford's factory so I got to keep lines moving yet? Listen, you ain't talking to a schlemiel. I came in here on account of I want a little food, not so I'll keep lines moving! When I'll see something I want I'll MOVE. Not before. Am I a cog or a man? Move, she tells me!"

He muttered something about "regimentation they got here," then abruptly shifted the headlight-like glare of his eyes from her to the food again. He was beginning to look like a fixture by this time. People behind him were muttering. A few squeezed past with difficulty between him and the railing.

"Listen, you GOTTA move, mister," the girl said, thoroughly upset now.

"You hold already what I told you, you ain't deef," he replied imperturbably and went on looking at the counter.

The girl called a passing bus boy. "Get Mr. Schneider, Joe," she said anxiously. "This guy won't move."

The boy stared at the little man curiously, nodded and departed.

"Get TWO Mr. Schneiders. Who cares?" the unkempt one called after him. "Get the whole Schneider family and Commissioner Walentine and maybe Mayor La Guardia. I'm supposed to drop dead from fright or something? When I make up my mind I'll move. Am I a citizen or a sheep yet—I should move?"

He looked about self righteously, stirring not one inch. To the frightened girl behind the counter he began to look like the Rock of Gibraltar. As far as he was concerned this was going to be a battle to a finish.

His expression suggested that he was a lone and stalwart defender of some vague but sacred principle.

Mr. Schneider came bustling up officiously, followed by the bus boy.

"What's all this about a man holding up the line?" he demanded importantly, as he sized up the tense situation. "Move along there buddy, move along! You're holding up the line!" His tone, as he made this accusation, suggested that this was one of the most heinous crimes known to the civilized world. He put his hand on the small man's shoulder and gently pushed. The other shook it off angrily and grabbed the railing with both hands. He steadied himself.

"I'm holding up the line—so WHAT?" he barked. "Are you running here a restaurant where people eat or is this maybe a parade ground? Mister you ain't talking to a dope! I know my rights. I'm a customer here see? I came to buy! Should I buy somet'ing I wouldn't like? Should I push somet'ing I couldn't even eat in my stomach to please you so I'll keep lines moving? So you'll sell more customers a minute and make a big turnover with big profits? Mass production you got here nu? So a poor proletarian has to be a sheep so the Schneider family can eat caviar for dinner maybe? Such talk you can give dumb bells. Not me. I'm an intelligent man. Please, you'll go back in your office now and count up profits or how to save on wages from de woikers or somet'ing. Don't bother ME! When my mind gets made up I'll move!"

Mr. Schneider wilted under this verbal barrage. He looked like a prizefighter who has advanced upon a supposed set-up and has been met with three straight lefts to the chin and a shattering right hook to the midriff. He looked around, his eyes a bit glassy.

"Charlie, Gus, Ernest!" he called. "Give a hand here!"

The featherweight held on the railing and looked through his plate glass lenses at Schneider with a steely glint in his eye. His next words were familiar classics. Trite, but well delivered.

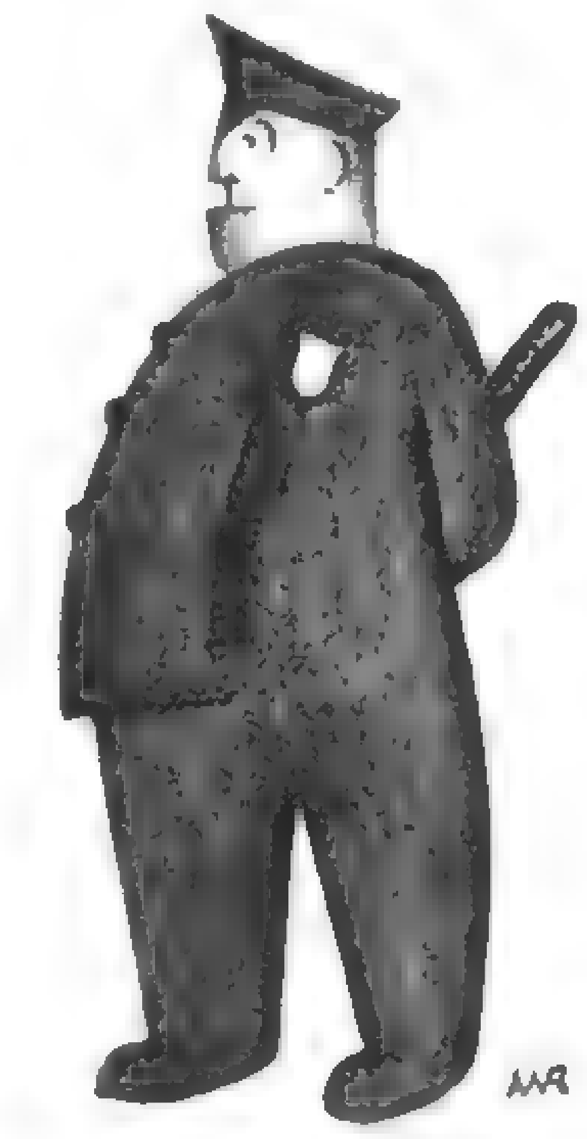
"Lay a hand on me," was what he said, "and I'll SUE YOU! Lawyers a woiker can get too. I'll make an issue out of it!"

This seemed to give Mr. Schneider pause. An old racial fear may have stirred within his Hebraic breast. He looked like a man remembering unpleasant matters in the past which may have had to do with lawsuits. He stared at the little man whose two hands held the railing in a vise-like grip. Moe Schneider frowned and scratched his head.

"Gus," he said finally, "go out and get a cop!" He smiled a leering and triumphant smile at his small adversary as Gus made a quick exit.

"Go ahead. Call a Cossack," said the Rock of Gibraltar, unruffled. "So he'll club me over the head maybe, just to prove a poor proletarian woiker can't interfere wit profits for a bourgeois restaurant owner!" He chuckled as does a warrior who hears the rumble of approaching battle. "America, the lend of de free! Patrick Henry says, 'Give me Liberty or give me death.' So what? So a man won't keep lines moving so a police Cossack hits him over de head wit a club! A statue of liberty we got—a funny gag yet! If dis is Liberty I'll take Siberia."

Gus re-entered leading a huge, perspiring Irish policeman. The officer sized up the situation as he removed his hat and started to polish the sweat-band with a large pocket handkerchief. He regarded the little group with a judicial air as he performed this operation. Silence reigned. Finally



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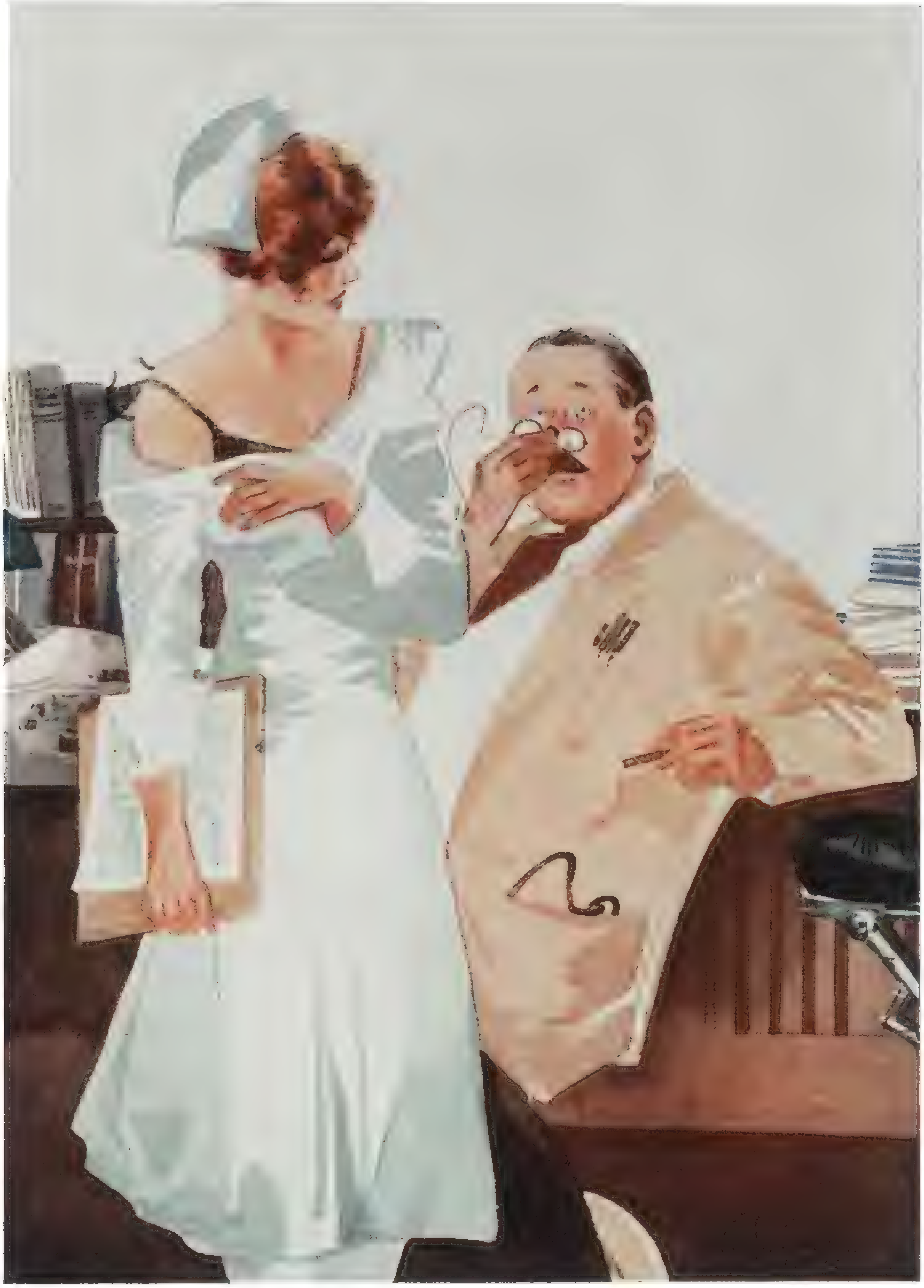
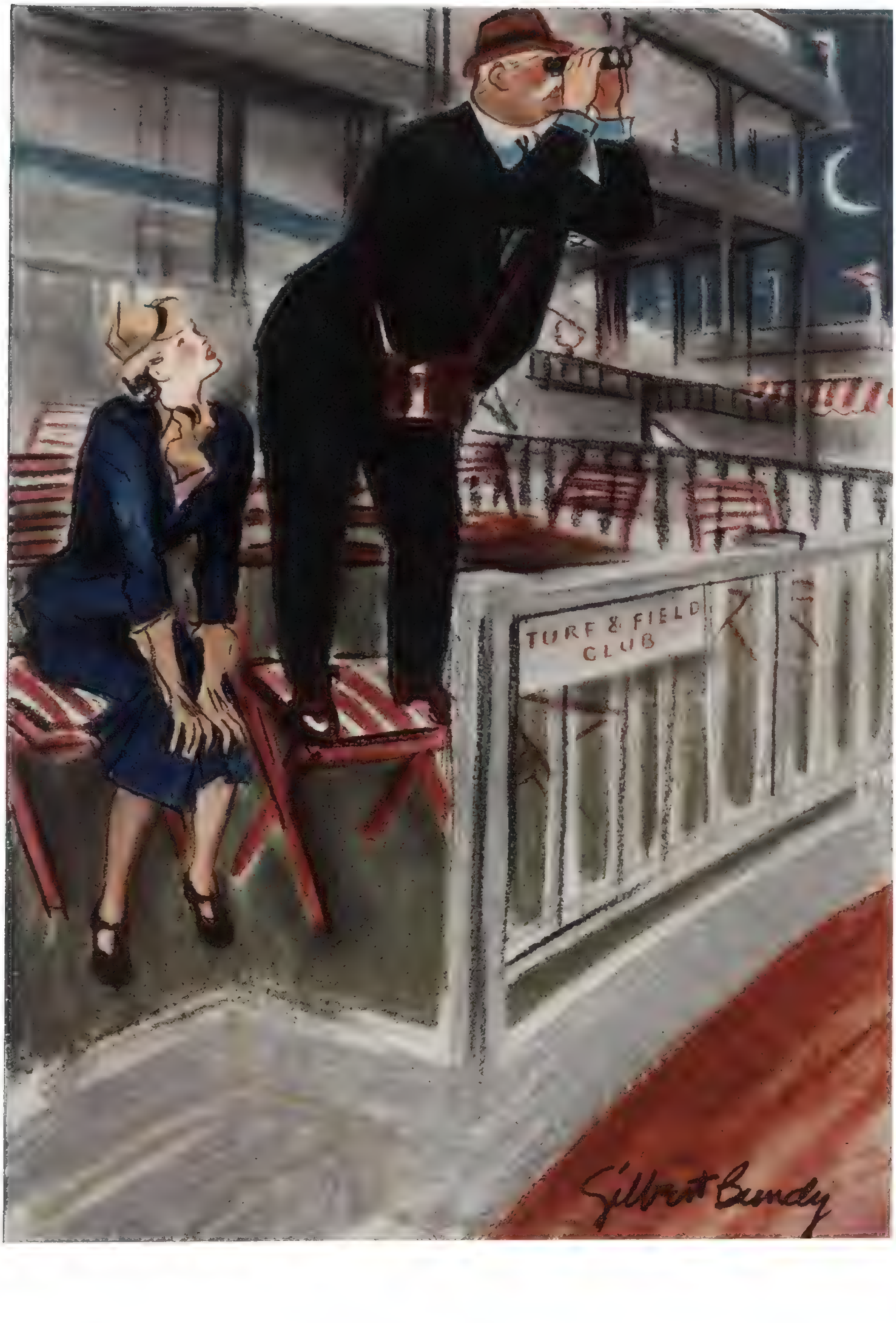


"I think No. 23 is well enough to go home now, Doctor"


TURF & FIELD CLUB

"But Mr. Chandler—don't you think you'd better give up?"

Crazy Over Horses

One page for the civil war and seven for the races is a gauge of the Irishman's news interest

by JOHN McCARTHY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

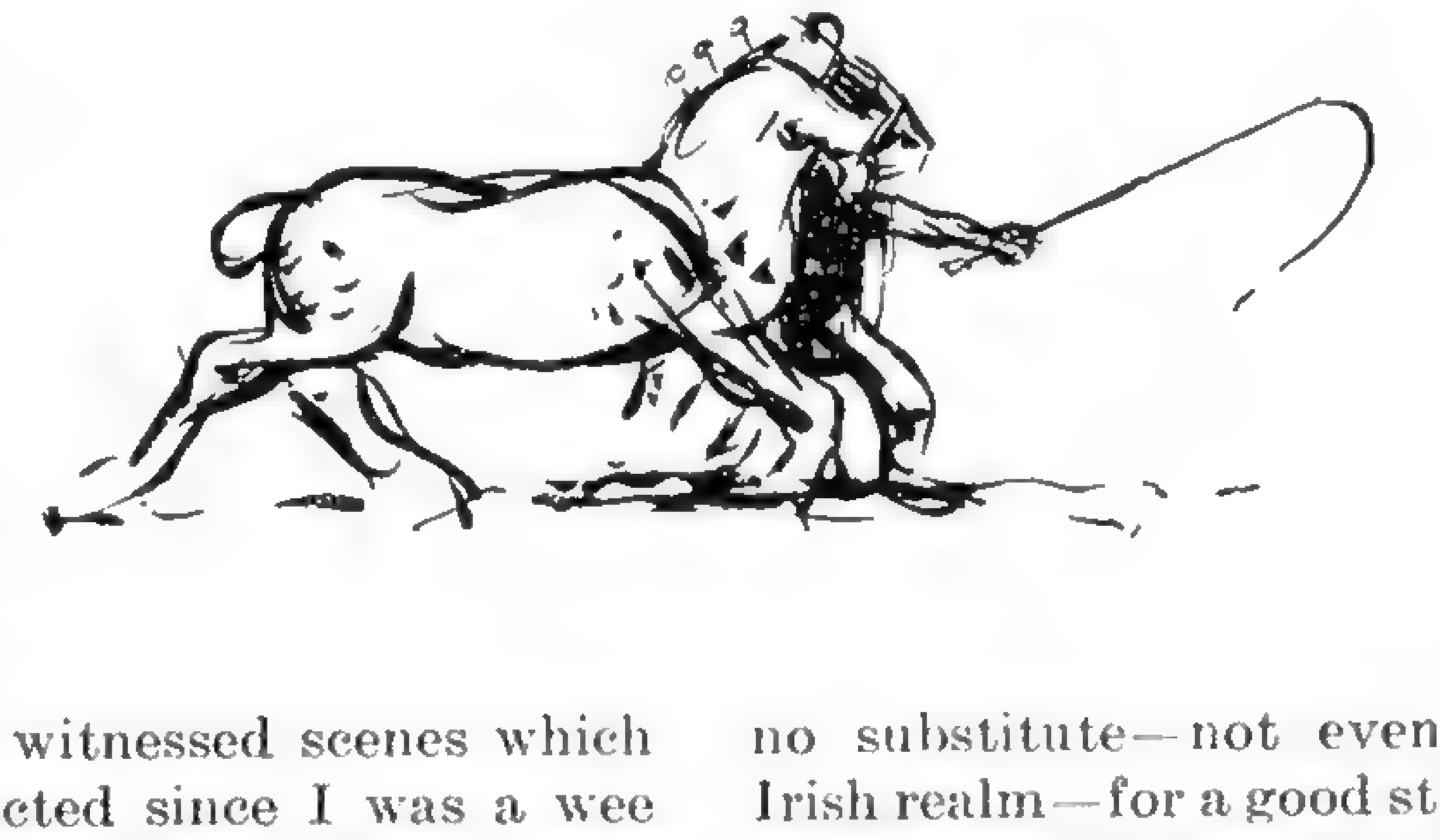
Every Irishman has an eye for a horse. And a very knowledgeable eye, 'tis too. That goes for President De Valera down to the humble, understanding bellhop who brings up your morning stout after any Dublin night at Mooney's, the Dolphin or the Gresham. Begad, too, that trained equestrian eye has not been begotten from studying poolroom ticker tape, news reels, dope sheets and a goodly number of other folderols which make so many of you Yanks such expert horsemen.

Quite the contrary. Every Irishman, worthy of citizenship in the Free State, not only goes regularly to the races and horseshows and bets a few bob but knows how to ride. He has experienced the great thrill of jumping a blood hunter over stumps and fences with nary a falter at a broad stone wall that would stop any horse that wasn't Irish-bred. He likely has experienced, too, the nerve-racking excitement of booting a winner home in one of those local country "flapper" races where there are no ten commandments and the sly rider always cops.

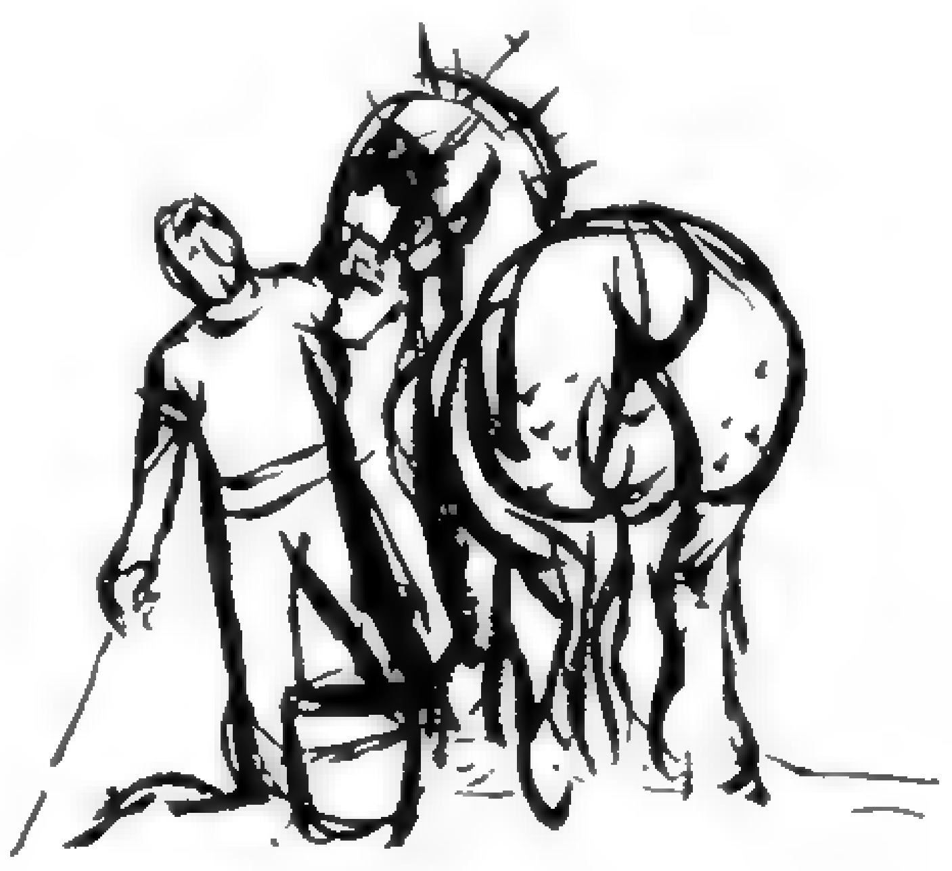
In his personal riding, the average Irishman may not have the form of a Sande but he knows how to talk to a horse. Aye, that's very important. A horse is a wise animal and can distinguish between a friend and an enemy. At least an Irish horse can. When a horse considers a man his friend, he will do anything he says.

There is no man today living in any one of the twenty-six counties of the Free State who has not a good personal friend that is a horse. Every Irishman worth his salt has at some time or another bred horses—all quality-bred stock. Shure, no other kind is tolerated in the Emerald Isle.

Here's why. In spite of the wide use of the automobile, the rapid development of mechanical haulage power and the superb motorbus systems all over the Island, the horse is still tops in Ireland. For instance, only last summer, while I was motoring in a remote section of County Donegal, I witnessed scenes which I had not seen enacted since I was a wee lad in Philadelphia some twenty-five years ago. Not a few times as our car approached a horse and cart upon the deserted Donegal roads would the driver, fearing a runaway, leap from his cart and hold the horse's head. In the Irish rural districts which comprise approximately 95% of the country, motor cars are still scarce and the farm horses have not as yet become accustomed to the sight of them.



When a young chap gets a few guineas ahead in his savings, it will go for a horse instead of a car. If you don't think that is sensible, don't plan to go to Ireland. You would have a miserable time. The social code among the rich and poor alike is to be crazy over horses. In manor houses, smart drawing rooms, exclusive clubs, hotels, tenements, pubs, thatched-roofed cottages —anywhere two or more Irishmen may gather—the conversation is certain to be horses, horses, horses.



Even at the railway stations, you won't be able to escape such talk. The jarvey who handles your baggage will, as he picks up your bags, automatically uncork a rambling account of what happened the day before in the third race at Limerick. If you appear bored and fail to cock a greedy ear, chances are that he will charge you double and curse you under his breath as a bounder who should have been stopped by the authorities from entering the country. And this, he will likely do in spite of how generously you may have greased his palm.

Should you listen attentively to the jarvey's loquacious account of the Limerick races and then challenge violently his horsey opinions, he will regard you as a peer. The more acrimoniously you argue with him, the better for you. If your verbal clash reaches the proper degree of bitterness, he will prize you as a boon companion and a man of substance.

So delighted will the jarvey be that he may even refuse to accept anything, except possibly a sociable drink, for lugging your luggage. There is no substitute—not even the coin of the Irish realm—for a good stiff argument about the respective merits of horses, especially of those bred on the Ould Sod.

This inherent Celtic madness for horses is reflected in all the newspapers throughout Ireland. The urbane Dublin *Irish Times*, the modern and nationally circulated *Irish Independent*, the Government's paper, the *Irish Press*, the smart Cork *Examiner* and the wideawake Derry *Journal*, which are regarded as the nation's leading sheets, all remind one at first glance of the New York *Telegraph* or the *Racing Form*. As to the small village papers, there is nothing else in them, save births and deaths, but horse news. With the Irish newspapers, horse news is not simply a "business office must," it's the newspaper itself.

That is true even in what are termed the "times of trouble." In the summer of 1933, both American and British newspapers were filled with front page stories about General O'Duffy and his Blueshirts who were determined to oust De Valera and give the Free State a new governmental deal. Riots were reported as happening everywhere in Ireland. Civil war was imminent. I arrived in Dublin early in August of that summer when the "Civil War" was supposed to start.

Shortly after my arrival, I strolled of an evening down O'Connell Street. Near the postoffice which was the scene of the famous Easter Rebellion of 1916, I saw a crowd collecting. Shortly a few bricks began to fly. Several carloads of Civic Guards arrived immediately. Lickety-split, the Guards, with clubs aflying, piled into the crowd. Soon they emerged, pulling along with them a dozen badly battered lads clad in blue shirts who, in spite of their condition, were still able to shout "Down Dev—up O'Duffy." Tossing the Blueshirt battlers into the cars, the Guards drove away. All was quiet again.

Standing alongside of me was an old gentleman, evidently a Dubliner, who had watched the battle without comment. I asked him: "What is all this Blueshirt business?"

The old one eyed me suspiciously for several seconds and then replied:

"Aye, Yank, there is not much doing in Dublin of an evening, so the boys must have a bit of a lark to tide them over between racing days."

To judge by the columns of the daily press, politics, wars, murders, court actions, *et al.*, which make up news in other nations are only "bits of lark" to the Irish editor. Of course, he prints something about local tragedies and world events. However, his real news play goes to horsemen and horses. Furthermore, the handling of this news of the horse is not done in the slap-dash, slangy fashion such as you often read in our

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The Humorist

What happens when one of those kick-in-the-pants wags carries his fun just a little too far

by OVIATT McCONNELL

▪ SATIRE ▪

CARL is really an awfully swell guy in spite of his mordant idea of humor. He's the kind of fellow who will lend you money in a poker game, only when he hands you the two bucks he says, "This makes nine—right? And could you let me have a little on account soon, because so many weeks have gone by . . ."

When you know him, you just say "Nuts." He knows you will say it but he can't help trying to frame you. At Charley Daniels' wedding supper he said to Charley, very sadly, "She gave me her honor but she gave you her hand." Charley looked startled and didn't know what to make of it, but Betty doubled up laughing.

One of his favorites is to order a steak, an order of lamb chops, the roast beef hash with dropped egg and the businessmen's lunch. It seems obvious, but I've seen waitresses write them all down, looking amazed and respectful, then strike them off one by one as he changes his mind, and finally decides just to have apple pie and coffee.

I've told him a hundred times that some day he would get into trouble, but he never stopped. I don't think he could. It's his imagination. Some people would write it, or make a movie, but he tries it out. He sees a chance to frame somebody, and the first thing you know he's at it, piling absurdity on absurdity, and making it all seem like sense.

I will admit it's terribly funny most of the time, because he's so convincing, so absolutely dead-pan. I've tried some of his more harmless pranks and I get nowhere at all. Somebody makes a deflating remark, and all falls flat. It's his execution that makes him so deadly. Three cocktails and he will try out the most harebrained idea that seizes him.

That was the trouble the night we went to McPherson's. He'd gotten warmed up and was ready for sport. We had hardly been there two hours when I found him out in the hall, calling the precinct station in a very confidential way. There was an awful din in Mortimer Street, he said, giving McPherson's number. He'd heard women shrieking in there, and saw a woman run out of the house without any clothes on and get into a car.

The cops came up in about five minutes, which Carl employed to pile up the porch furniture in front of the door. Mac was pretty much flustered, because he's trying to live up to a very respectable neighborhood. Carl said the report was absurd, probably just some neighbor who was jealous about their having a party. The cops were all right, took a drink and walked out. Carl started to follow them, but I stopped him. He was in too devilish a frame of mind.

He wandered around the house for awhile, drinking more and more, and I saw him pick up a glass revolver that probably belonged to Mac's boy. He looked at it awhile and then wandered out into the hall. I followed him in a couple of minutes, and saw him going out the front door wearing Mac's big fur coat and a girl's scarf around his head. He certainly looked ridiculous.

He saw that I was watching him, but he went down the steps and stepped behind a tree. I should have tumbled, but I didn't until I heard a fellow come walking up, and saw Carl step out and jam the gun into his ribs.

The fellow looked scared to death. He didn't make a sound, just put up his hands, and stood still while Carl reached over and took out his watch.

"Is it an Elgin?" I heard him say. The fellow shook his head.

"It's no use then," said Carl. "I only take Elgins."

He put the watch back and the fellow started away but Carl stopped him, and handed him a card.

"Seven of spades," he said. "Remember."

The man turned and ran for his life.

I went out and grabbed Carl and dragged him back into the alleyway. He blinked at me, but I made him understand he was in a fix, and he got pretty scared. We hid Mac's coat in a trash barrel, and I got Carl into the house and down into the cellar.

I had just got upstairs and got my tie straight when the cops came up again, the sirens making a terrible noise, and this fellow showing them where he was stuck up. The cops came walking right into the house, mad as hell, and lined us all up.

"It wasn't any of these fellows," the victim said. "It was a tall, fat fellow with a little Charlie Chaplin mustache, in a fur coat."

The cops went snooping around a little, but I guess they figured it was a practical joke, and they went away. The neighbors were hanging out of windows by that time, and when Carl came up from the cellar, McPherson lit into him for fair, said he was sorry he had asked him, and wished to hell Carl would get out right now.

Carl was pretty sheepish about it, told Mac he was sorry, that he never thought about the cops coming again.

He was so abject that Mac stopped raving, but he was still pretty sore. He said Carl's jokes would end with somebody in his grave, and he only hoped it would be Carl.

Mac's young sister, Jean, was all sympathy and she followed Carl over to a corner where he retreated with a drink. I guess she thought Mac had been pretty hard on a guest who just tried to have a little fun. I heard Carl telling her how badly he felt. Somebody was always hurting him, he said. It had been that way ever since he was an orphan child on the streets of New York.

The girl made a bleating note and Carl told her all—how he grew up with toughs and gangsters, and had to make a living gathering up the tops of pop bottles in the parks. He certainly never dreamed, he said, that he would grow up to be the father of eight children, all of them illegitimate too.

Jean was divided between sympathy and horror by then, and I walked over and told her it was all a pack of lies. She just gave me a dirty look and turned back to Carl. He said these children worried him, maybe that was why he had temporary fits of insanity. Nothing to worry about—he only became violent in the presence of a beautiful woman. It aroused the beast in him. He popped his eyes wide open then and seized her by the arm.

The girl let out a little yelp and jumped up. Carl passed his hand across his brow and said, "It's nothing. Just a momentary attack."

When she excused herself, I told him for God's sake would he go home before he set the house afire. He grinned at me, but after I gave him hell he promised to be good and to go home any time I told him to.

He was too, and we had a swell time. When Carl wants to put himself out, he can be very decent. He sat down at the piano, and pretty soon the boys and girls gathered around and we sang old songs for a couple of hours. There were still eight of us there at dawn, and Mac and his sister served a very fine breakfast of ham and eggs. Carl was as harmless as a St. Bernard dog by then. He pretended he thought the whole platter of ham and eggs was for him, and a few other little jokes like that, but I was all through

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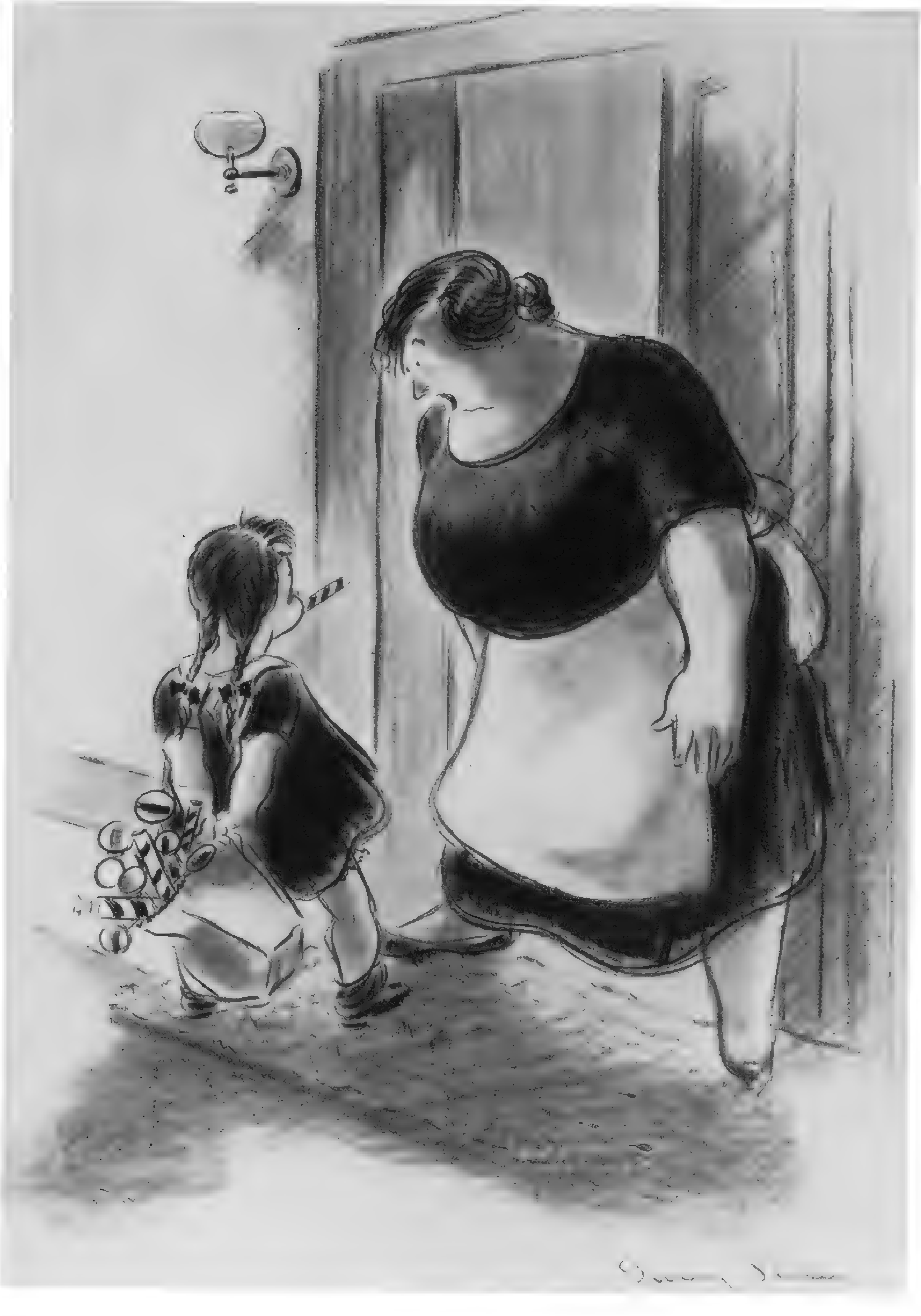


"Well!—Where's the gin?"

The White Shoes

Five francs is a lot for a Paris factory girl to pay for slippers to be worn for a night's dancing

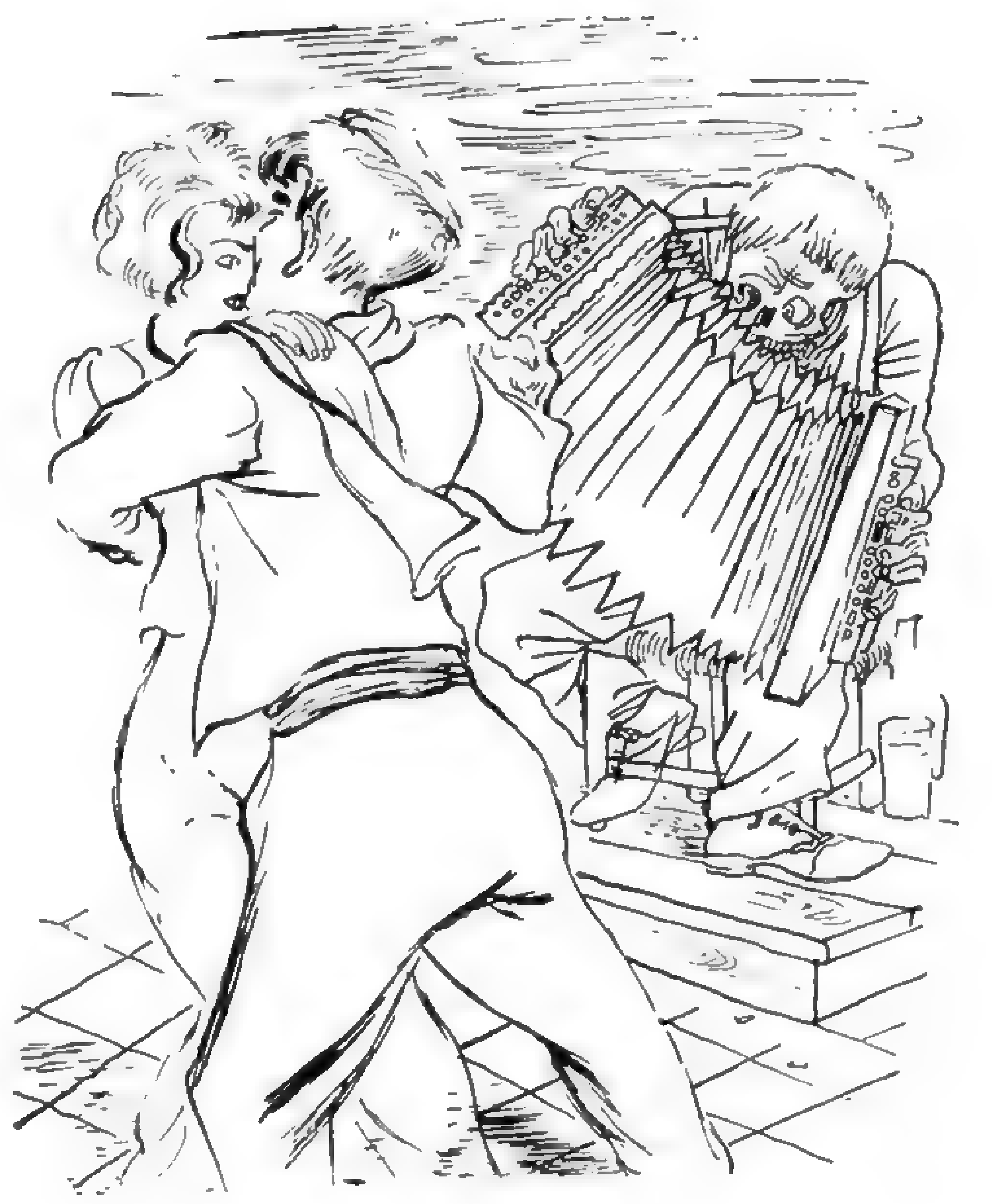
by WILHELM SPEYER

• FICTION •

Mado was very young and she worked in a Parisian carpet factory. She had made up her mind to go to a certain ball in the Latin Quarter because she hoped she would meet a man there; he might be an artist or a student, who would be so utterly irresistible that if he asked her she would surrender herself to him completely that very same night.

But Mado was poor, and she had no dancing slippers.

She spent the following Sunday afternoon wandering about the streets gazing into the windows of the shoe stores. But she did not see a single pair of evening shoes even remotely approaching the price she could afford to pay, either then or on any evening of the following week. Then at last, on the very evening of the Ball itself, she espied a pair of neat little satin slippers at the back of a brightly-lit window, and stuck inside them was a ticket announcing: "Sale price, 5 francs."



Mado entered the shop and asked to see the shoes. She did not, however, dare to try them on, for her toes were right through her stockings, and the shop was rather an imposing establishment. She merely mentioned the size, and the salesgirl, who was hardly older than Mado herself, held the slippers poised on her outstretched palm as if they were made of priceless porcelain. Her eyes rested on Mado's face with a look that was at the same time enquiring and pitying, as if she were trying to express sympathy for her poverty or for some other unexplained reason.

"They are very pretty shoes, Mademoiselle —but unfortunately they are a size larger than you wish."

"Have you no smaller sizes at the same price?" Mado enquired, a stab of fear piercing her heart, for she was still hardly more than a child, and her feet were ridiculously small.

"I am afraid not, Mademoiselle, but it does not make much difference to have them a size larger. In the case of shoes like this it is a mere detail—"

"A mere detail!" Mado, downcast but indignant, echoed. After all she was not a country girl, she was a Parisienne, born and brought up in a "quarter" whose inhabitants are noted for their intelligence and their ability to drive a bargain. "May I ask why the fitting should be a mere detail in the case of these shoes?" She already visualized herself slipping out of these small, but unfortunately insufficiently small slippers as she danced at the Ball.

"As you please, Mademoiselle," the salesgirl shrugged. She was smiling; something about this conversation seemed to strike her as amusing. "One could, of course—if it is really so important that they should fit exactly—one could, of course, stuff the toes with cotton wool, or perhaps insert an extra sole."

The girl's tone, the assumption that there was something funny about the idea of stuffing cotton wool or inserting an extra sole into these particular shoes, irritated Mado exceedingly. "That's the way with the poor," she thought disgustedly, "they never help one another, they just make fun of one another whenever they can."

GRAND
BAL
DANCING

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

"Would you mind looking through your stock, Mademoiselle, to make sure that you have no number threes?" she enquired a trifle sharply.

'I can look, but I am afraid I shall not find any, Mademoiselle, because we sold the last pair of threes yesterday."

"All the same I should be exceedingly grateful if you would go to the trouble of making sure, Mademoiselle."

Like all Parisiennes, Mado prided herself on her vocabulary. Angry as she was, she felt that "exceedingly grateful" had been a happy touch. These two children, who were so punctilious with their "Mademoiselles" and their icy politeness, were ready to box each other's ears. What annoyed Mado most was the thought that the little *vendeuse* should be so amused, almost insultingly amused, because her client was particular about the exact fit of the shoes. She made an effort to suppress a nervous, self-conscious giggle, the kind of giggle that sometimes overtakes one at a funeral.

But her determination was rewarded. There actually was a pair of size threes in the stock room. "Mademoiselle" came hurrying back with them, a little shame-faced, relieved, and uttering "*milles excuses*," and Mado was so delighted to know that she would be able to go to the Ball after all, that her annoyance with the *vendeuse* evaporated in little cries of pleasure and gratitude.

She paid the five francs, clutched the shoes close against her heart and flew down the steps of the Métro to hurry home and dress for the great evening.

Many years ago, Mado's mother had run away with a lover to a different quarter of Paris and there disappeared. Her father was a respected, conscientious, and skilled worker in the same carpet factory where Mado was employed. Sometimes he was kind to Mado, at other times he was very strict, sometimes he would display a full measure of fatherly love, at other times he scolded and abused her; there were mornings when he would draw her to his broad paternal bosom and kiss her, then for days on end he neither saw her nor paid the slightest attention to her existence. But whatever his behavior to her might be, he demanded unconditional love and adoration from his daughter, with an exacting jealousy which Mado was only too willing to humor.

This adored father had died a fortnight ago, leaving Mado brokenhearted. The entire staff of the carpet factory and all the members of the

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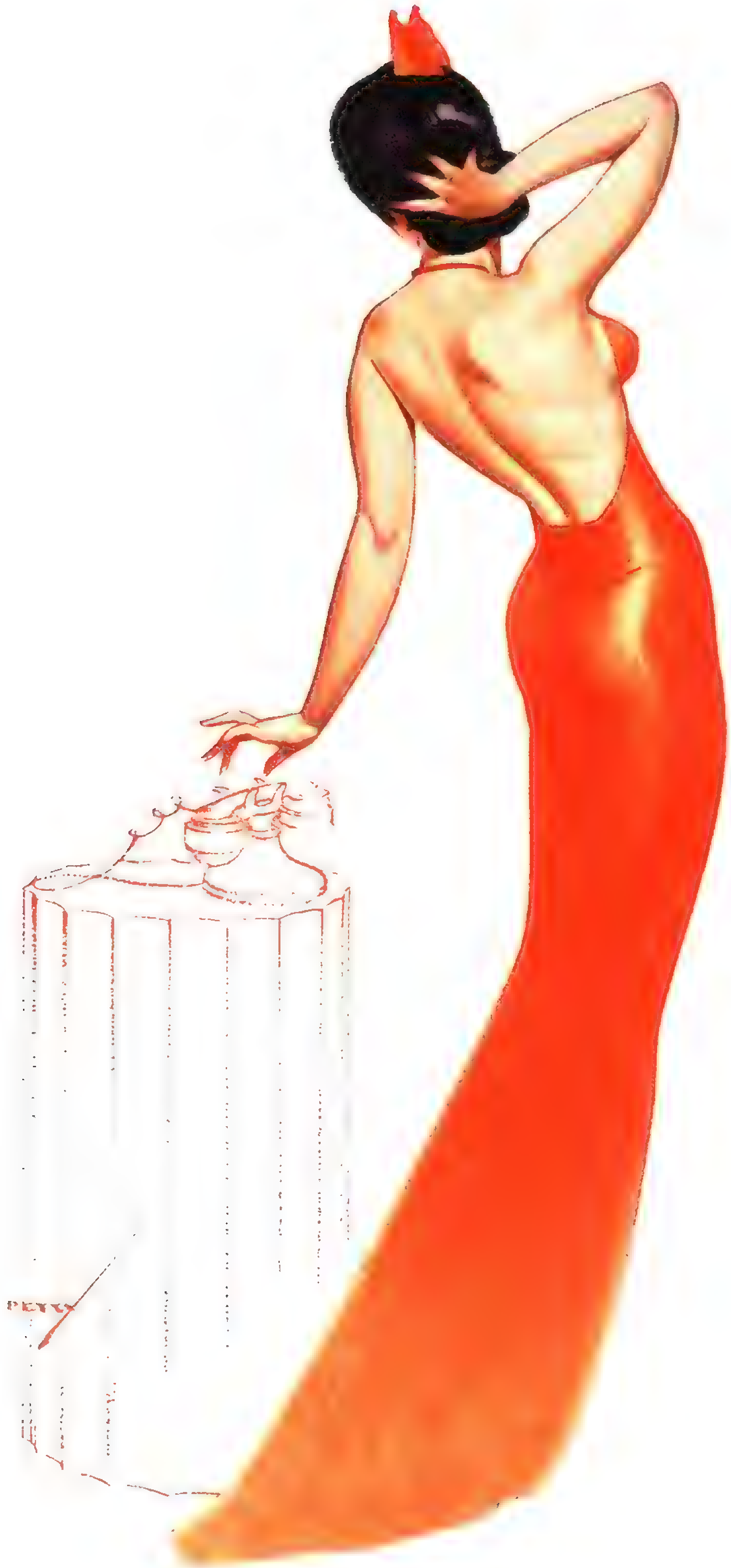
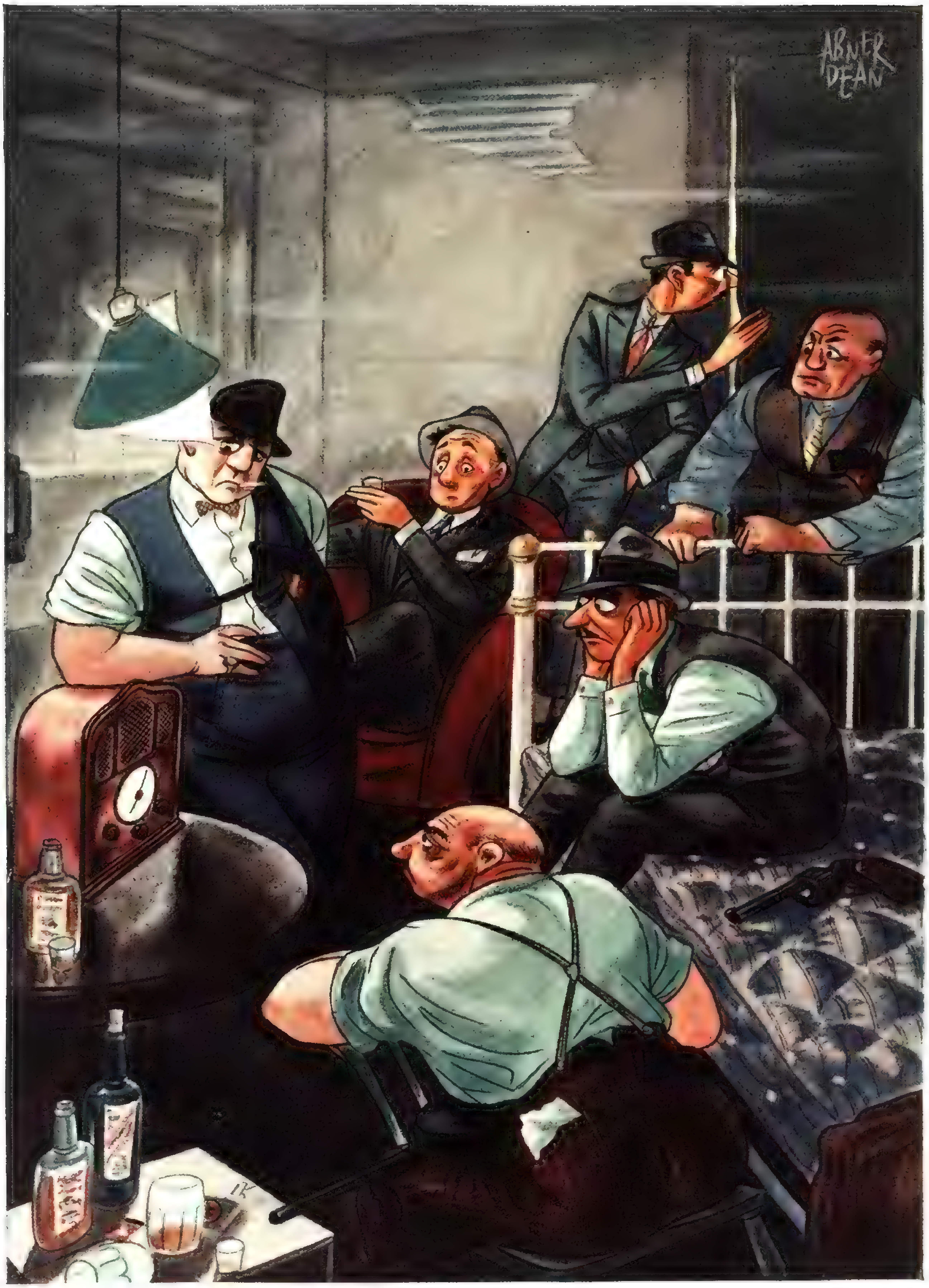


"He was calling from California—now will you stop worrying?"



"—and now Gramzy-Wamzy cookies will bring you another hour of thrilling G-Men adventures"

Frog, Butterfly and Dolphin

Traditional strokes go the way of bloomer bathing suits as the engineers revise swimming

by G. CLIFFORD LARCOM, JR.

▪ SPORTS ▪

Most amateur dabblers in the arts of the briny and pool have only the faintest conception of what is going on in the swimming world. They hear of phenomenal times, they learn a few catch phrases, they swing their arms a couple of times with an instructor, but they have no idea of what a couple of good freestylers like Jack Medica and James Gilhula, two of America's leading swimmers, look like as they stream effortlessly through the waters of the pool, their strokes like those of all fine swimmers deceptively easy motioned and relaxed, the feet churning a bubbling froth, the arms dropping lightly into the water, coasting forward on a downward plane and curving to the rear.

Some toe dunkers may never really get the slightest taste of that strange, indefinable thrill that comes with timing, co-ordination and relaxation in the water. If adults, there is a possibility of their never discovering that every stroke is in revolutionary guise as compared to what it was in their youth.

Of all the sports offered in the average college for both formal and informal participation, swimming draws the biggest batch of students. For a long time it has been recommended as a highly beneficial exercise. Everyone knows the story of the Weismuller Tarzan physique. Now it has suddenly jumped into such athletic importance that most college men, from crew stroke to heavyweight wrestler, consider it essential that they swim some one of the many strokes well. Once men get the bug of learning the new freestyle and feel the exhilaration that comes from effective propulsion in the water, nothing can keep them from their daily eight or ten laps in the pool.

As old as man himself, swimming never was universally considered as a competitive sport until, say, 1932, when a team of slight Japanese lads left their boiling wash for our giants to choke on. Up to then a few men such as Johnny Weismuller, Buster Crabbe, the Spence brothers and Pete Desjardins, a diver, were considered more or less supermen attaining heights far beyond the reach of the average person.

The 1932 Olympics taught us that age and size give no great advantage in swimming. The country turned its coaching finger to our interscholastic, boys' club and Y. M. C. A. swimmers. It started swimming classes wherever there were pools, and it began constructing new pools, indoor and outdoor, with advanced methods of purification which eliminated the stinging and at times repugnant chlorine. Once helped to establish a grip, the sport took a powerful hold on youngsters in their teens and spread from them up through the ranks to the middle-aged.

Why, when you got the hang of it, you found a quite endurable pleasure in swimming a quarter of a mile with the overarm stroke and the flutter kick. It fixed those ailing lungs. It swelled those shrunken muscles, and it sent the blood pounding to all parts of the body. It even, if gone at hard enough, made you sweat.

The great Johnny Weismuller and Bachrach, his trainer, had chucked over all the fallacious swimming limitations, hangover effects from nineteenth century distrust of the water, evolved a stroke that fitted Johnny's rangy build and enabled him to break most of the existing records, and, best of all, proved to coaches and instructors that swimming technique was in an unfinished, malleable state and ready for all kinds of renovations.

Johnny's American crawl has shaped itself into the freestyle, the fastest way of dispelling liquid resistance. Now a stroke is fitted to the type of man that wants to swim it on the same principle affecting some golfers who can get away with a free body motion while others have to be rigid tin soldiers.

The fundamentals of the stroke are a quick, strong kick, generally six beats to one revolution of the arms, the kick gaining its power from the hips and the pelvis, the rest of the leg co-ordinated and under control but loose enough to give a good ankle snap, and an arm pull in which a quick recovery is advocated so that while one arm is arching underneath the body, the other is cutting through the water, outstretched in front of the head. Ninety per cent of the muscular work is done by the shoulders which, working behind the arms, exert pressure on a forward plane.

A few figures show the improvement in our freestylers since Japan's stunning blow to our nascent aquatic pride.

In 1932 four Japanese youngsters swam two hundred metres apiece in an eight hundred yard relay for a new world's record of eight minutes, fifty-eight and four-tenths seconds with the Americans fifty yards behind.

The 1936 United States relay team should be able to cover the eight hundred metres in eight minutes and about forty-five seconds if the best performances of our leading distance freestylers, Jack Medica, James Gilhula, John Macionis, a Yale undergraduate and Florida's Ralph Flanagan, are totalled. By the way, every one of these men has bettered some of the best times of Johnny Weismuller.

Even as these men have discovered unplumbed depths of energy and stroke efficiency so have the less skilled masses improved, so have more people sought out coaches to learn the fundamentals, so have parents urged that their children aged seven or eight years, should be taught the correct motions of driving themselves through the water, with the result that many of our outstanding aquatic performers are in their late teens.

With the freestyle so highly developed, rumors about an existent specimen of the breast stroke are puzzling. How the breast stroke (*col.* bosom stroke) an obviously much slower stroke, can exist along with its speedier compatriot is strange. Also there are those queer epileptic motions in which breast stroke swimmers sometimes indulge, so different from the accepted push-kick frog style (accompanied by a strained facial expression). There is a special form of the breast stroke in which a fellow, Sieg by name, from the University of Iowa, races through the water with a double simultaneous overarm motion, all the while wriggling his body in an undulating fashion as presumably a mermaid sheathed in scales from waist down would go about swimming. The name of these fishtail contortions is the dolphin stroke.

The why of the breast stroke is easily answered. In track a man can run two hundred and twenty yards faster than he can cover the same distance when a lot of wooden fences are cunningly placed in his way. Still the hurdle events persistently maintain a popularity and have their quota of candidates at the varsity time trials each spring. In swimming a good freestyler can arch his way over fifty yards of pool water in about twenty-three seconds. It takes a fast breast stroker all of thirty seconds to glide through the same distance. But like the

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Calling in the Night

It was there at three in the morning, truth as an ugly nightmare in which they tried to make each other sleep

by DAVID CORNEL DE JONG

• FICTION •

Two grackles were raucous in the heaven-tree. Old Mr. Chadwick lifted his head from examining the anchusa leaves, and watched the birds sternly, aware of their bitter beady eyes. Through the leaves of the grape arbor he saw his son George straighten from peering beneath the hood of his car, to gaze over the hedge into the neighboring garden. That garden belonged to Mr. Chadwick's older son, Merrill, the married one. Mr. Chadwick knew that the stiff denuded row of zinnias there were hardly sufficient to hold George's attention. It were much better that George were married too, or much farther away, he thought grimly. He was not there to spy on George. In fact, he had been in the garden nearly an hour before George came out of the house. At once the temptation had been great to slip unobtrusively away, so that he would not have to see or hear what he did not want to see. And yet he remained, and watched, and listened.

There was so very little he could do about it. Hide more, cover up still more for his wife, pretend even to himself that nothing was happening. I am an old nitwit, he scolded, bending suddenly over the anchusa again, striking at a crowd of midget insects around his head. Then he heard the door of his older son's house open, and he heard footsteps thumping down the porch steps. It was Julia. He should rise now and go far away. Nothing could be prevented. Only ignored. George must certainly know that he was there. Why did they continue insulting him by imagining that he realized nothing, that he evidently was an unmitigated old saphead? He found himself tugging wildly at quite diminutive weeds. But he also found himself watching Julia.

Julia, Merrill's wife, dressed in green, was tripping self-consciously toward the stiff row of zinnias, carrying a basket and some garden shears. He realized at that moment that the grackles were silent, and that George was clanging the hood of his car down, so causing Julia to turn in simulated surprise. "Why, it's you, George," she cried. "I thought I'd heard you leave hours ago. Of course, I never thought of looking over the hedge. I'm such a dumb cluck." She was already walking toward the hedge.

Even when he thought that he was not listening, that he was refusing to listen, he heard George ask: "Well, how's tricks anyway, Julia?" jovially impersonal. The rest he could not decipher. So he had tried to listen, he accused himself somewhat. Besides, at that moment he should have walked toward them and prevented whatever they were conspiring to do. Of that he was certain; they were conspiring, and to ends he ought to check. He even realized that before long he was going to doubt his own present certainty. As soon as George was gone and Julia back in her house, the inevitable doubts would return, drugging him into quiescence. He would have to act now, and without hesitation. It was so much easier and less painful to fool himself. But they were conspiring against Merrill, against him, against . . . And at that moment he heard George say: "Well, I monkeyed beneath this damned hood so long I thought I'd turn purple."

Mr. Chadwick's hands continued moving helplessly through the garden soil. His fingers nibbled at little weeds. Not listen now, relegate all this to the province of youth and its particular problems, too far removed for him to understand. But George was mentioning Merrill's name then, saying: "Say, don't turn, but that big lump of a brother of mine is watching us through the bathroom window, suspicion dripping right from his eyes." Mr. Chadwick groveled still deeper among his plants, his thoughts churning in pain. If he shifted a little he would be able to see Julia's face through the leaves.

But he did not shift. He was so sure that Julia's face would be beaming with neighborly pleasantness. And more than likely Merrill was watching them. Why shouldn't Merrill watch? Merrill had never been a dupe. And Julia talking about those zinnias again, those damned zinnias, saying Merrill thought her crazy because she had gone out after those damned zinnias again. "But I had to, George. I couldn't think of one other excuse." Her voice had risen plaintively. George was trying to hush her. Mr. Chadwick pressed his palms firmly against the soil and shut his eyes. I've never sought trouble. I don't want trouble, he said to himself, repeatedly and unreasonably, shutting his eyes so firmly that his face grew strained. They were still talking, their voices warily lowered now. But he heard "Chicago," and then "telephoning" and he knew that Julia was telling George that Merrill was going away. "Now smile your big elephant smile, you sap," he heard her command.

Then Mr. Chadwick waited no longer. He rose and walked toward them, planning to be firm and hard and just, at all expenses, even at the expense of peace. He rounded the arbor, brushing the garden soil from his hands on his old trousers. Be very firm now, save what still can be saved. Words churned through him.

But already he had started to falter. When he saw them before him he realized he had to falter. He saw George point at the heaven-tree where the grackles had been and he saw Julia look up. Suddenly Julia was saying, casually loud. "Wasn't that a stir, old Mr. Tower's dying yesterday afternoon? I suppose you heard all about it, though, didn't you George? Dying right on the street." Mr. Chadwick was then very close, and they turned from regarding the heaven-tree to him.

"Good morning," he said to Julia. Already he knew that he was not going to say anything in warning or rebuke. His eyes watched them fixedly, however, from beneath the canopy of his bunched eyebrows. "Don't tell me you've been at those tortured zinnias again, Julia?"

She laughed. "Good morning, father." She shook her head vigorously. "Oh, you mean the basket and shears! Oh no, I just grabbed them when I went out of the house. George and I were just talking about Mr. Tower's dying. It had us all pretty much worked up yesterday. George doesn't seem to know all the details yet."

Mr. Chadwick hurriedly looked away. "I thought," he answered testily, "that we hadn't missed a detail, at the rate mother went on about it all last evening."

George said hastily: "Jule and I thought we had a new angle on the case."

Mr. Chadwick saw Julia redden. "A new angle about an old man dying on the street? How can that have new angles?" he demanded angrily, almost relieved that all his chagrin had found something irrelevant to focus itself upon.

"Yes," George started facetiously, "Jule and I decided that this fills the quota of the street. Isn't that right, Jule? Every year two people die in this street, no more, no less, not counting the ilk three blocks down. So we decided that the rest of us can sit back now and feel pretty safe, till January anyway. Two's the absolute quota. Mrs. Mack was first, Mr. Tower second and last." George laughed and Julia echoed.

"Hadn't you better leave?" Mr. Chadwick asked suddenly. "Isn't it way past your leaving time?" Later, he thought, very precisely, later my old man's head will just go on getting ragged and sore about their talk of quotas. Later, trying to forget this other much bigger deception.

George was consulting his watch. "Well, so it is. Old Tower and the street's quota has me forgetting my duty. Well, I'll hop right now. Tell mother I'll be home for dinner after all. I changed my mind about going to the country."

Mr. Chadwick's lips parted, but he remained silent. After a few desultory farewells he watched George climb into the car and drive away. Then he stood alone with Julia facing him across the hedge. But even then nothing would formulate or present itself. He kept calling himself a consummate coward. He even listened to Julia saying at last: "It's such a handsome morning, isn't it?"

He did not answer. His eyes fixed themselves on the zinnias. "Is Merrill still in bed?" he asked suddenly, hoping that even that question might lead him on.

"No. He's somewhere in the house with a lot of lather on his face, last I saw him."

"Yes?" After a moment's hesitation he tried again, "He is leaving for Chicago, isn't he? He thought he might have to last night."

"Yes, I guess he is," she said distantly, avoiding his eyes.

"He dropped in last night and mentioned it. It seemed he had something else on his mind, something that bothered him." Again he hesitated. Then he said casually, "You told George that Merrill was going to Chicago, didn't you, Julia?"

She started. "No, I guess I didn't. No, why?"

"I don't know why. I was only wondering why George had changed his plans about staying with friends in the country. He must have reasons."

Hurriedly he turned away and started to walk back toward the grape arbor. Slowly she lifted the shears and started to clip the topmost leaves of the privet hedge, watching his feet move away beneath the lower grape leaves, her eyes narrowed and her lips slightly parted, until she heard her husband calling her. She turned at once, laying the shears carefully in the center of the empty basket, and walked toward the house. "Yes, I'm coming," she cried when he called again.

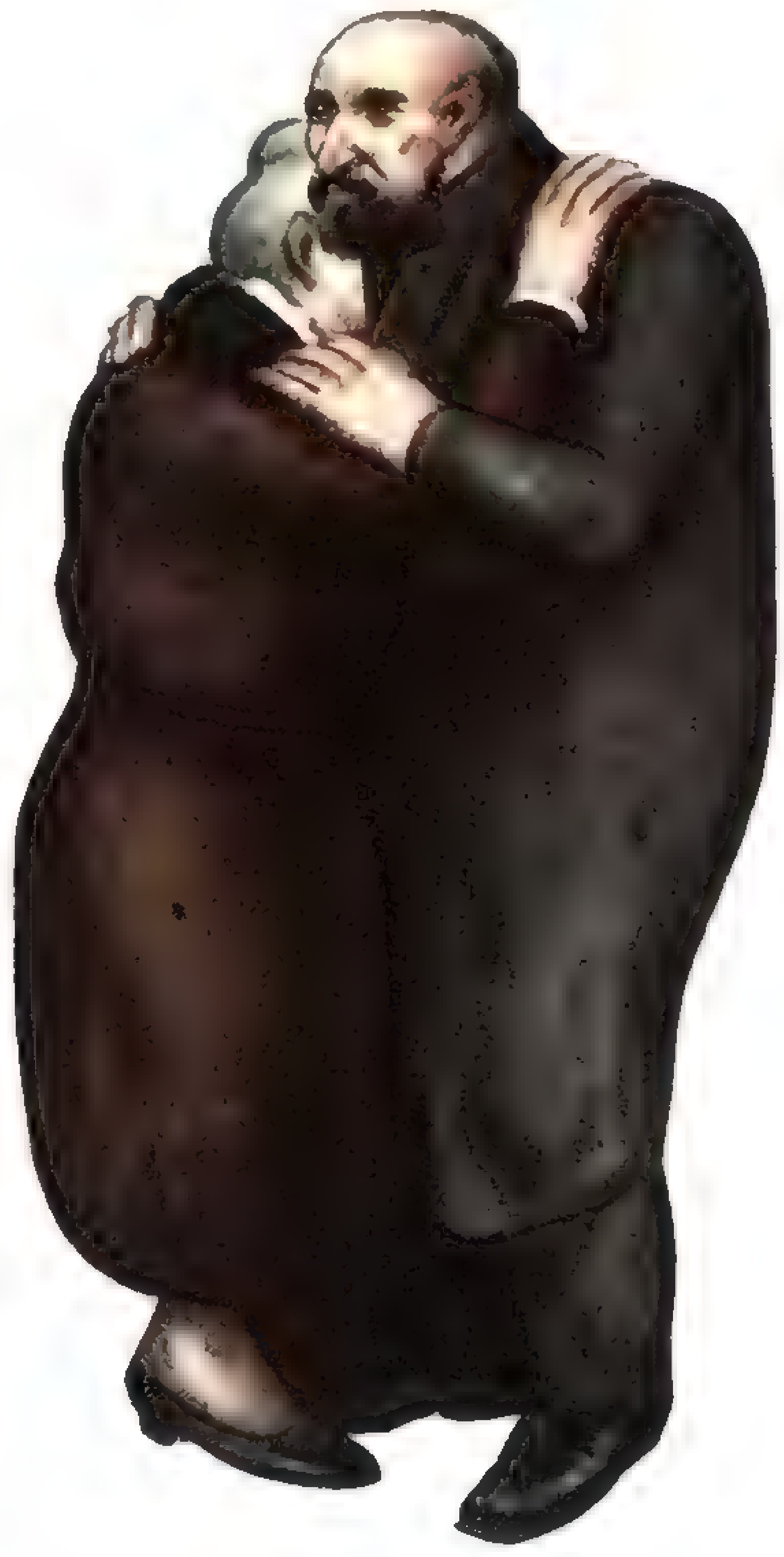
In the deep of the night Mr. Chadwick lay still and straight in bed and listened from time to time to the desultory tockings of raindrops against the panes. Sometimes the lightning cast a strange bronze over the full maple leaves, and after that the darkness stood more glossed than before against the window. Out of it sometimes rose faint cricket calls. Almost he slept again, recalling laboriously of what he had said to his wife who lay breathing peacefully beside him. Laboriously, for his thoughts kept slipping away and dwindled into dim vagaries. "But that sounds so hard hearted," she had protested, "saying that the quota is . . ." He turned, his eyes away from the windows, and lay very still in vague wonder at his thoughts' slipping down, irrevocably down, until he didn't even seem to have the energy left for wondering. "To say the quota . . . that. That's making things like a machine, somewhere everything regulated by machines, mathematically, always . . ." and all that he lost in the sound of her quiet breathing, until he too was lost, slurred on from thinking to vagaries to nothing.

The rain ceased. Thunder rumbled three times again and did not return. Tremulously a clock chimed three long strokes and then the silence returned measured out by the deft ticking of the clock, until the telephone rang, precipitating the entire house into sound and restiveness. Mrs. Chadwick lifted her head from the pillow, waiting for the next peal, before she touched her husband's warm bristly cheek. "Henry," she cried. "Henry, it's the telephone. What can it be?"

They sat up together in bed listening to the telephone's peremptory summoning. "I don't know what it can be," he said drowsily, at last stirring himself to some activity, groping unsteadily for his slippers beneath the bed.

"Henry, maybe George will hear it. Do you hear George stirring?" she asked, her head tilted expectantly toward the upper part of the house. "Henry, do hurry."

"Yes," he said and at last he walked toward the telephone's insistent ringing, wavering one moment to rub his hands before he lifted the receiver. He listened. "Yes," he answered to the voice from the other end. "Yes." again. Then: "Yes, I'm listening, I'm hearing you all right." In the silence that followed, Mrs. Chadwick rose and stood in the doorway, dimly white in the darkness, vaguely outlined in the street light which came through the windows. "Yes," she heard her husband again, and "Yes, yes, yes," many times, with strings of silence between. She stood straight and immovable, groped once for the light button, but dropped her hand to peer through the darkness at the white shape of her husband between the dark ferns at the window. "Yes," he said finally. "Yes, we'll do that. Yes, I'll do it. There's nothing else I can do? Nothing?"



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Gradually his voice had risen to a thinner more anguishing pitch. When she noticed that, her hand was reaching almost involuntarily for the lights once more, and suddenly the room stood blindingly stark. Mr. Chadwick was still holding the telephone, his figure oddly white between the dark ferns. She hesitated no longer. Even before she asked him what it was, she walked toward the stairway and supporting herself on the bannister, she cried: "George, wake up George," and when she saw the waving of her husband's hand to quiet her, she cried louder: "George, George," until she saw him put down the receiver and come toward her.

"What is it? What happened?" she demanded.

"You mustn't excite yourself," he said gravely. "You mustn't. Already, you're exciting yourself. You must compose yourself."

She lowered herself on the lowest step of the stairway. "Yes, what is it?"

"It's a long distance call," he started slowly, carefully, moving one hand tenderly over the other. "The call was from Chicago," he went on. "It came from a friend of Merrill's in Chicago. He said he called us so we could tell Julia. He thought it better that we told Julia, than that he called her. She might get a shock all by herself in the house. That's what he said."

Slowly she rose from the step and smoothed her nightgown along her sides. "Yes," she said, "yes, we must tell Julia. What must we tell Julia?"

"Merrill's friend said he called us first. He's not going to call Julia. We've got to break it to Julia," he repeated. Suddenly he laid his hands still on the bannister and said: "Merrill was in an accident. He's hurt. He's in the hospital. It may be very serious. I've got to tell Julia."

For a moment they stood beside each other, watching the few raindrops which still beaded against the panes. "He didn't say anything else, did he?"

"No, nothing," he answered and walked toward the bedroom.

"You must call George," she said. "We have to let George know."

Almost defiantly he turned and said: "Never mind George. We won't disturb him. I'll run over and tell her."

"You'd better call George," she persisted stubbornly. "You'd better go and wake him up. Hasn't he got to know? Isn't it his own brother?" She shook her head as if she could not understand why the full import of it all had not yet reached him. Then she turned and mounted the stairway slowly herself. "I'm going to tell him. We must tell him."

He ran toward her, one arm in his robe, the robe fluttering behind him, his eyes desperate beneath his grey tousled hair. "Anna," he commanded. "Wait, Anna, I'll call him. You calm yourself. Sit down and calm yourself."

He laid his hands on her shoulders and pressed her gently down on a step where she remained meekly staring into the brightly lighted room beneath her. "You've got to calm yourself," she heard him repeat as he walked past her. Dully she sat listening to his footsteps, counting the steps he had mounted. Only five. She drew her feet together and folded her hands. But maybe he wasn't dead, she thought laboriously.

He had reached the window on the landing and there he hesitated. Outside he saw his son Merrill's house loom dark and silent. Dark and silent and only Julia in it, he tried

Continued on page 166

Parachutism in the U. S. S. R.

Where bailing out has become a gala pastime, accompanied by light refreshments and dancing

by LEWIS B. FUNKE

• ARTICLE •

A GREY two-seater student airplane skimmed easily and surely over the landing field of the Kosarev Central Air Club at Tushino Airdrome just outside of Moscow. Gracefully the plane rose towards the overcast skies and a few minutes later it was circling over the field at a height of about 8,000 feet. Forty thousand Muscovites craned their respective necks heavenward and those lucky enough to have field glasses could see a figure climb out of the cockpit and crawl onto the wing.

For a fraction of a minute the figure stood at the edge of the wing. Then a wave of the hand to the crowd below and the leap into the air head first. Three seconds later the silk tore out of the parachute bag and filled. The sun broke through for a moment and its rays fell upon the figure swaying in mid-air. A burst of cheering and enthusiastic applause. Leonid G. Minov, "Father of Parachute Jumping in the Soviet Union," had completed the initial descent in the First All-Union Parachute Jumping Exhibition.

The Moscow correspondent of *Petit Parisienne* wrote to Paris that evening: "The successful performance of parachute events today despite unfavorable weather conditions shows to what extent Soviet youth has conquered the air . . . Most of the events were performed by young men and women to whom parachutism is not a profession but a sport. . . . One can imagine how interested the young people are in the sport which represents excellent training in self-possession and coolness in the face of danger . . . Soviet parachutes function with almost absolute safety. . . . There is apparently no other country in the world in which parachute jumping has reached such a high degree of development."

Naturally enough that evening, in the famous Hotel Metropol in Moscow, there was much conversation concerning the growth of parachute jumping as a sport. Everyone was impressed. An American newspaper man brought the discussion to an abrupt halt with his remark, "These Russians don't do anything just for the fun of it." A cynical observation, of course, and open to plenty of controversy. In the last analysis the definition of fun is what you enjoy doing most in work or in sport. If a man enjoys taking his chances meeting pumas or jaguars in Patagonia that's his fun. If he delights in hurling himself from airplanes, that, too, is his fun.

What the newspaper chap really implied, however, was that the Russians had another motive in fostering this sport—they were building and inculcating courage and fearlessness; preparing for any military eventuality that might arise as has been indicated during army maneuvers and concerning which more later. Someone once said that the Battle of Waterloo, which turned the tides of history, was won on the rugby fields of the English public schools, meaning, of course, that it was physical fitness which enabled Wellington's men to rout the Grande Armee. So if a nation's youth seeks those qualities of quick thinking, initiative, vigor and ruggedness which makes for a healthier manhood and womanhood by jumping with parachutes—ours seek these on the gridiron—there can be no quarrel with them.

The fact remains that whether or not we like the form of government adhered to by these Russians is immaterial if we can learn from them. It is hardly to be questioned that they are the most air-minded people in the world and it has been partly through parachute jumping that they have been made this way by a government which looks to aviation to conquer its vast empire, for sowing grain, for transportation and forest surveys.

How well the Moscow Fathers have succeeded in their aims in the air is amply illustrated in this parachute jumping business. Young people do not look upon bailing out of zooming planes as a hazardous business to be avoided. On the contrary the boys and girls seem to think they have found a pleasant diversion and already the local air clubs are beginning to take on the atmosphere of our own country golf clubs.

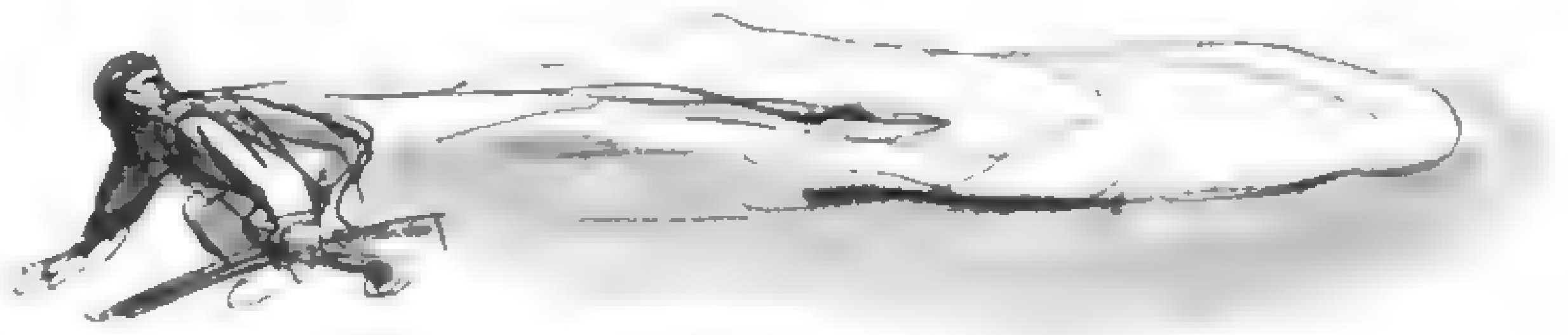
On "free day" which is equivalent in Russia to our Sundays, the youngsters flock to the various centers for a day of "bailing out." The whole affair has the aspect of a week-end party. Bands play. Couples dance on the greensward between stunts and the refreshment bars do an excellent business dispensing cranberry juice, sweets and what is probably the world's worst beer. The parachutes descending from the skies are colored in the hues of the rainbow and add to the carnival spirit. And when there is a group of say fifty parachutists coming down at the same time it gives the appearance of a tulip patch in the sky.

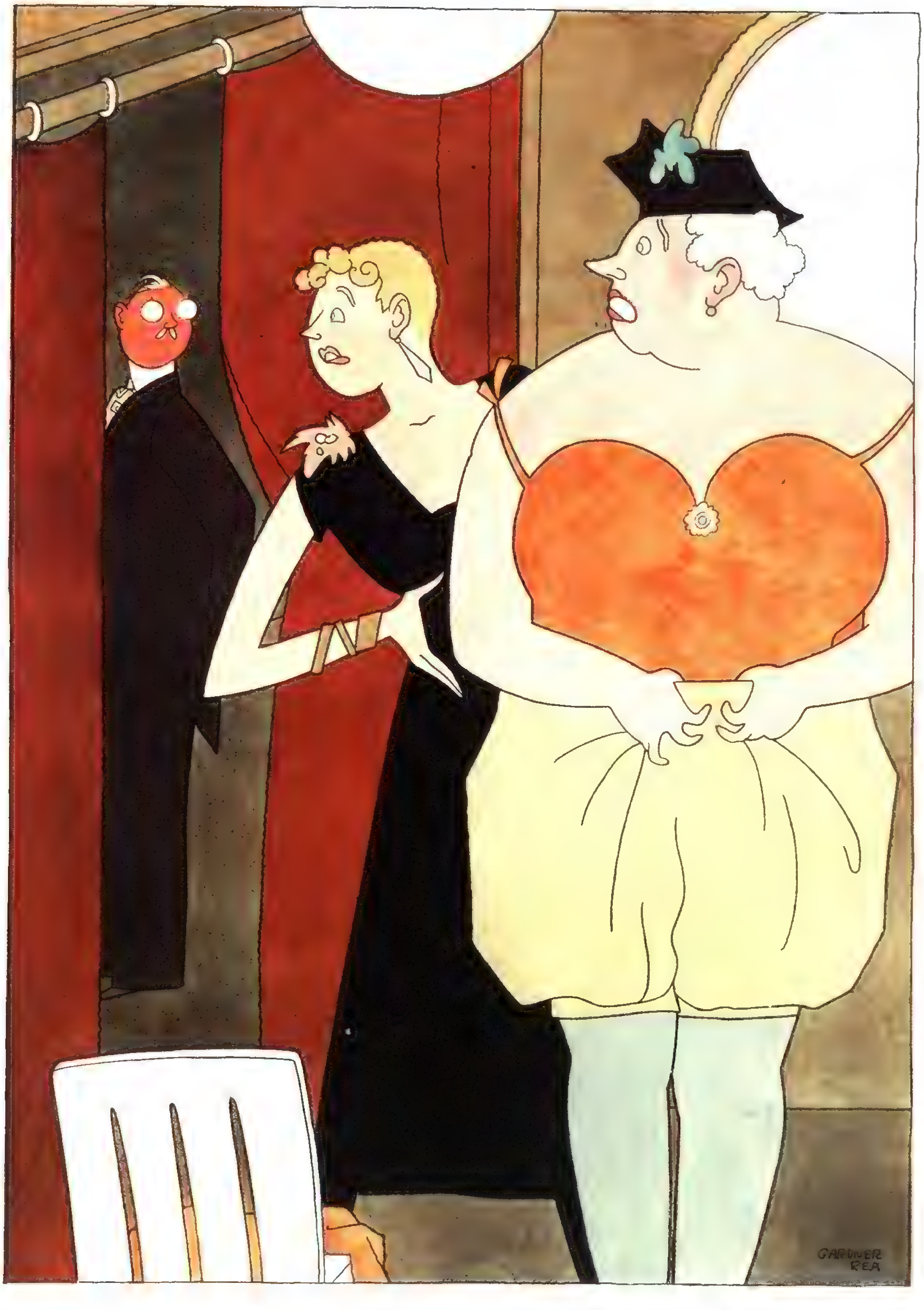
Gossip has already assumed the mannerisms and foibles of an American locker room. Experiences are exchanged. Legendary jumps and tall stories are swapped and the young man or woman who has made the most number of jumps is the lion (or lioness, if you will) of the gathering. After a day of "coming to earth" Tamara or Ivan will sit around the club announcing, "Well, I made my fourteenth jump today. Next week I'm going to try one a bit higher. This stuff is getting too easy."

These are the experienced ones. But there is a vast section of proletarians not yet initiated into the leap from the heavens. They may be seen for instance, any evening in Moscow's Park of Culture and Rest, puttering around at the jumping towers gaining their first taste of the new sport.

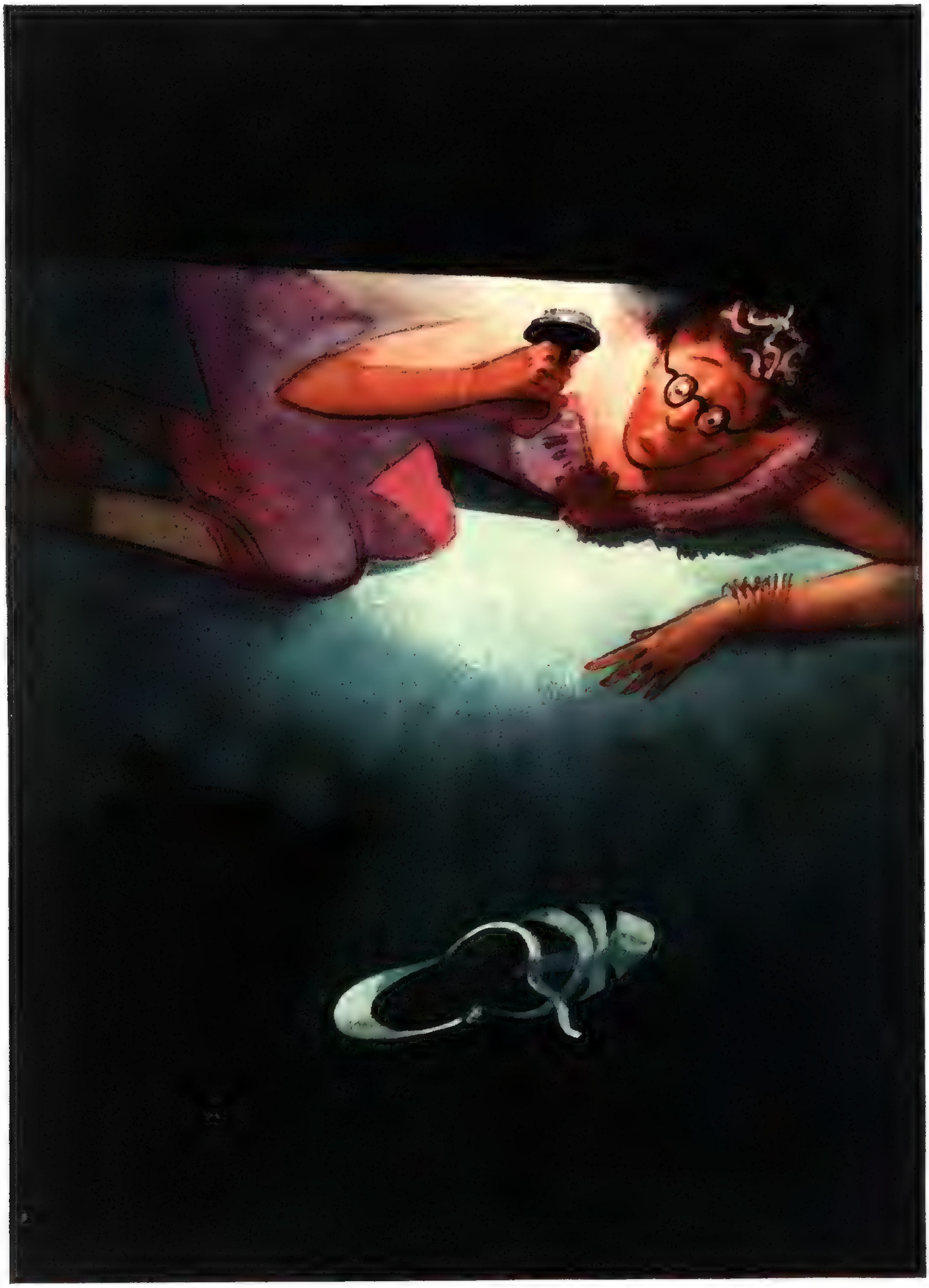
For a few kopecks anyone can begin training for the big time at these towers without risk of neck or limb.

Continued on page 153




GARDNER REA

"Oh, Mr. Bentley, will you please come and talk Mrs. Burgess out of these old-style bloomers?"



"Shucks!"

Godiva in Taxco

Eve went leafless in a string of beads, while "ev'ybody" sat around pretending not to notice

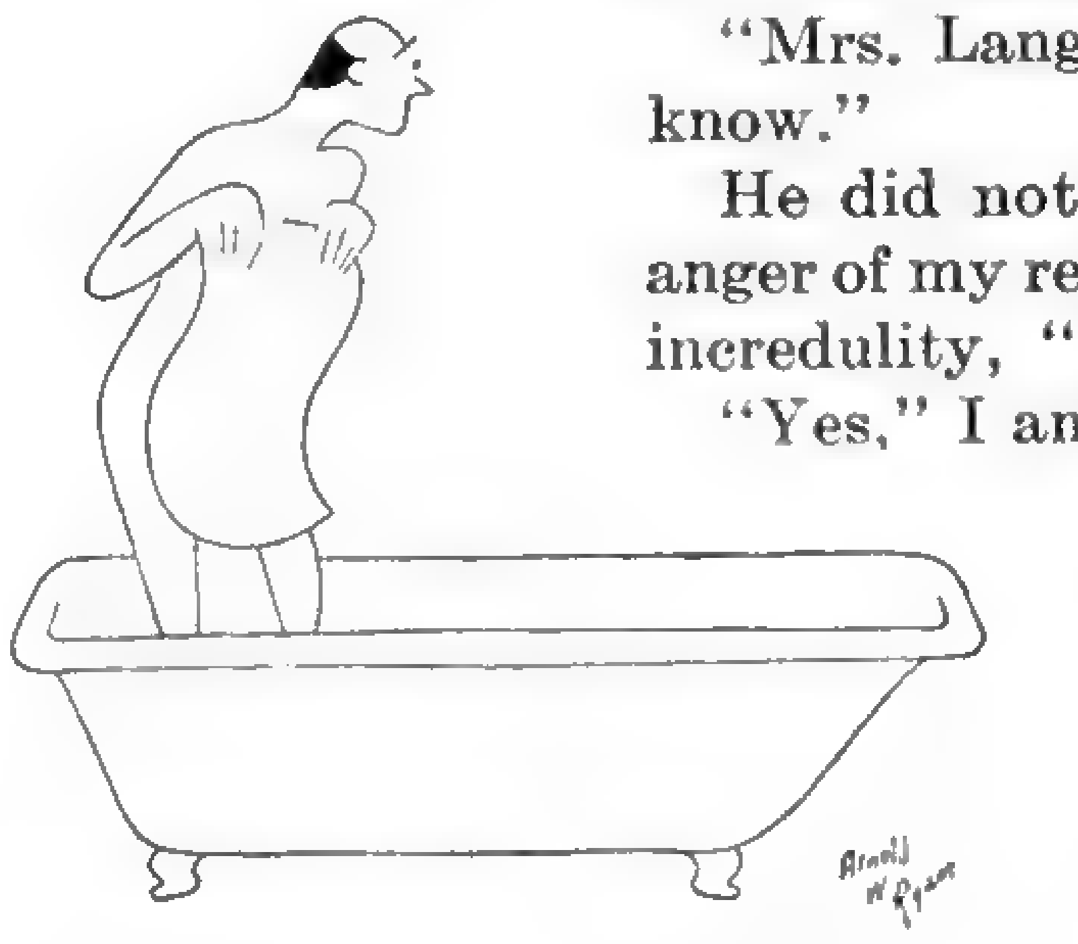
by HOWELL N. WHITE, JR.

▪ FICTION ▪

I WAS quite unprepared for anything that happened, although I had been told enough to understand. I had met a group of enthusiastic tourists in Mexico City just returned from two days in Taxco; their bubbling enthusiasm squirted forth in little streams of phrases that I had seen before in those folders published by the tourist agencies. "Enchanting!" "Picturesque!" "The old-world beauty, unspoiled by the rush of modern civilization!" The fat lady from Omaha had picked up a gesture which she thought delightful. She compressed her fingers into a chubby cone and raised them to her lips, then blew a kiss into the air. "*¡Qué bonito!* Really, you'll never find any other place like it."

This enthusiastic foretaste was somewhat modified by the vague distaste which colored the opinion of Carlos. When I told him where my errand would take me, he shrugged as if to say, "Well, if you have to go there, that's all there is to it." He murmured something about "*el paradiso de las mariposas,*" but my knowledge of idiomatic Spanish did not explain the full implication of "Butterfly Paradise."

The bus ride, in spite of the magnificent scenery, was not altogether pleasant. I was lucky enough to get a seat to myself—two and a half feet of some unyielding straw-covered substance; the next seat forward was placed with a view to economy of space, and, as a result my knees even twisted at an oblique angle aislewards, continually were pressed into the back of the next seat as the bus jounced heavily over the road.



The cold air of the Tres Marias gave way shortly to the pleasant subtropical heat of the Cuernavaca valley; but what outside was only pleasant warmth, became in the interior of the bus an atmosphere that was laden with all the smells of humanity.

The bus stopped and waited interminably at Cuernavaca to discharge some passengers and to take on others, and I found myself sharing my seat with a fellow traveller. My annoyance at having to draw my tired knees still higher undoubtedly gave rise to my immediate impression of dislike. He was a pale gangling youth with long lemon-colored hair through whose curls his delicately long fingers moved as he talked. Almost as soon as he had taken his seat his gently modulated voice began in languid inflections.

"Beastly, *no?*" he said, rather mysteriously I thought.

I grunted noncommittally, and felt his limpid blue eyes studying my profile.

"Painter?" he said, no whit discouraged by my silence.

"No."

"Writer, then. You're going to Taxco of course."

My annoyance increased. "I'm going to Taxco, but I'm not a writer."

I should have done no more than grunt; this only served to encourage his curiosity.

"Tourist?"

I looked sharply at him with the intention of withering him with a glance as ferocious as I could manage; but for some reason I relented and replied with gentle coldness.

"No. I'm a lawyer. I'm going there to see a client."

He evidently at last felt my annoyance in the carefully polite tones in which I answered him, for he gave a deprecatory laugh and went on with an apology of sorts.

"I say, you must think I'm an awful boor, giving you the third degree this way. But you see, Taxco is so small that everybody knows everyone else. One big happy family—ha! And gossip! My dear—my dear man, you've no idea. And whom are you going to see?"

By this time my anger had overcome any desire to preserve the appearance of amiability. Nevertheless I answered his question.

"Mrs. Langdon is my client if you must know."

He did not seem to notice the petulant anger of my reply. He burst out in delighted incredulity, "Eve! Eve Langdon?"

"Yes," I answered shortly.

"How ab-so-lu-te-ly priceless! Delightful! Extr'oad'nary! Oh dear, dear, dear me!" His laughter was deep and rich and musical, but I, at least, felt no contagious humor in it.

"What do you find so amusing in that?" I spoke sharply, hoping to curb his laughter; a man with ferocious mustaches two seats ahead had turned around to stare.

"My dear man, if you only knew her. Excruciating!" and again he began to laugh.

"I do know her," I said, and immediately he stopped laughing and began to look at me intently.

"Well?" I said.

He hesitated. "If you know her, I suppose that you know of her peculiarity."

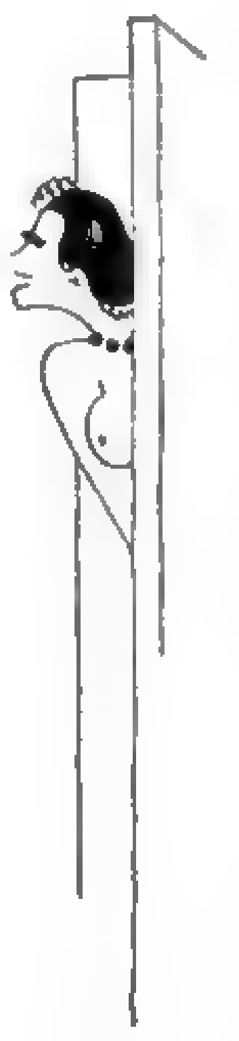
Something in the way he said it made me hesitate to ask more. I knew, of course, of the effect that Jim's death had had on Evelyn; and I had heard vague rumors that all was not well. That, as a matter of fact, was the chief reason for my trip to Taxco. There were, besides, some small matters about Jim's estate that had to be cleared up.

I answered slowly. "No, I know nothing about it."

This was his signal to laugh again. "My dear man, she has a magic necklace that she thinks makes her invisible. But it doesn't!" Again the laughter. I choked back my impulse to strangle him and waited for him to go on.

"She's a perfectly charming woman—don't mistake me. Perfectly! Normal too, perfectly! in every other respect. I assure you, perfectly normal." He suppressed his laugh to a schoolboy snicker. Then he became serious. "You know we all like her; we do our best for her. We don't disillusion her; oh dear no. We just ignore the peculiarity. That's best, don't you think? There are so few illusions in this world." He sighed gustily.

The subject was closed; much as my curiosity was aroused I would not reopen it. I was grateful, too, that the young man had ceased to talk; his saccharine tones had already cloyed. The rest of the journey we spent in silence; the young man's blue tinted eyelids dropped over his lustrous eyes, his mouth fell open, and shortly I heard a rough galloping snore incongruously issuing from his delicate pink tonsils.



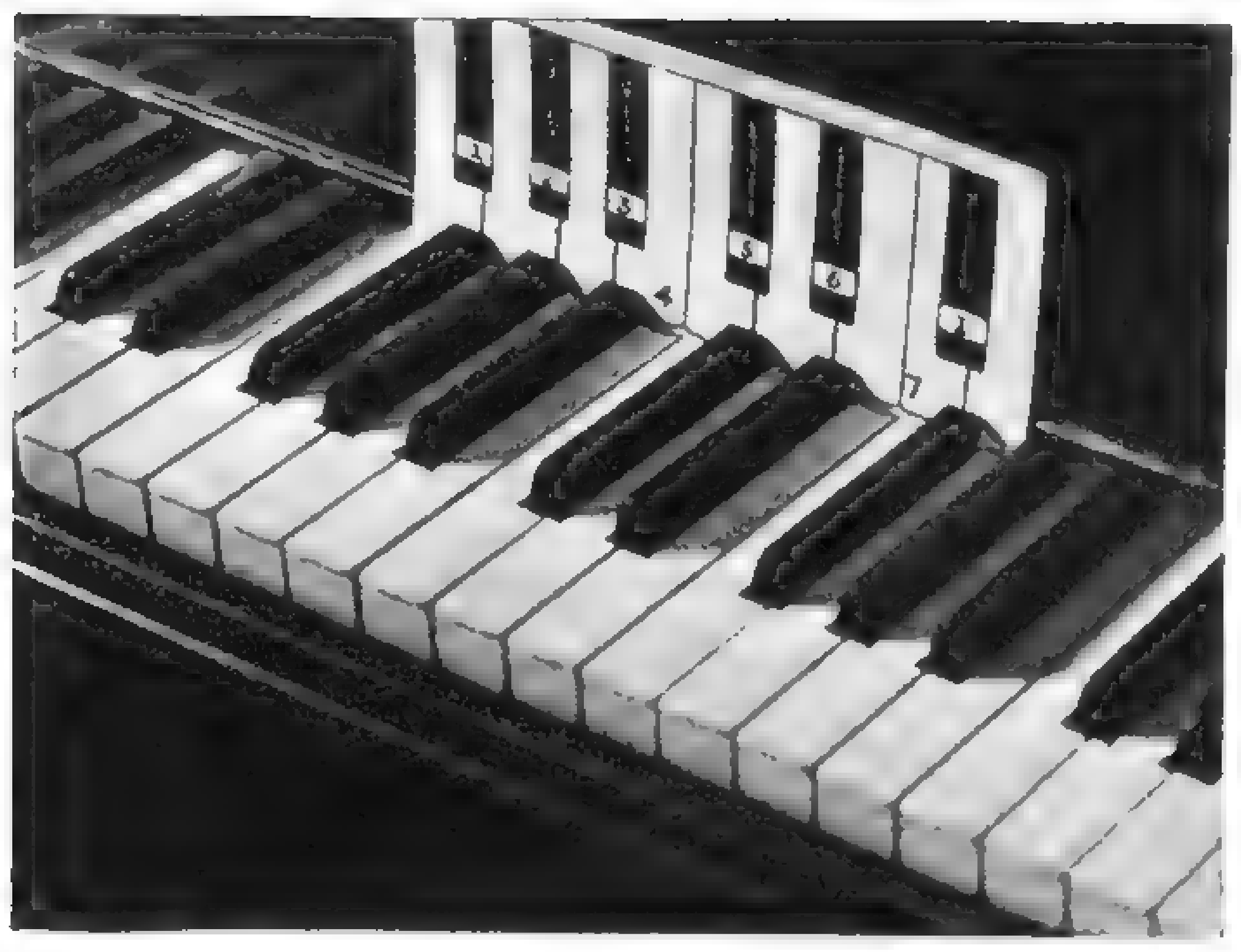
It was a steep climb over the rough cobbles to the shaded plaza of the town; I was grateful when at last the bus pulled up with a grinding of brakes. The last part of the ride had been hot and dusty; my mouth seemed lined with sour-flavored talcum powder. I clambered down gingerly, limbering my stiffened knees; the bus driver tossed me my bag from the roof. With that in hand, I looked about for the cantina Carlos had told me about. Then I saw it right under my nose, a shabby door on the corner by the Perroquia.

Inside there was a small bar of stained unpainted wood, three tables or maybe four, and a dozen or so rickety chairs of wire and wood. The walls were covered with horrible grinning masks, red-lipped, white-tusked. Behind the bar stood an imperturbable woman in black, whose drawn mouth was shaded by the thin hairs of a sparse black mustache. It was none of these that held my attention, but rather the dozen or so patrons seated at the tables. I saw at once that my companion of the bus had

Continued on page 172

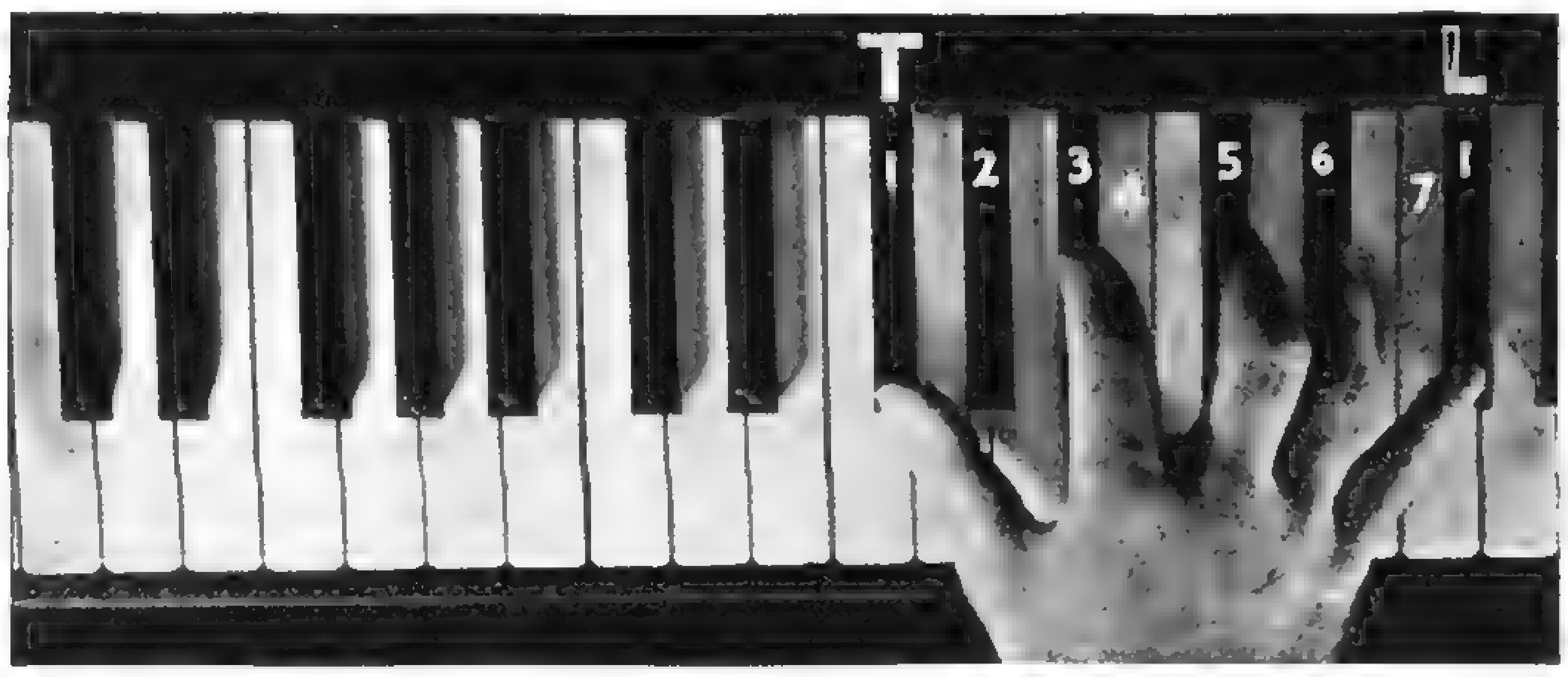
Whistling on the Piano

These four lessons constitute the essence of a course of eight lessons which appeared in Esquire in November and December, 1934. Two of the lessons in the course as originally presented were concerned solely with the timing of the left hand in waltz and fox trot time. (For waltz time, give two beats in the left hand after one in the right; for fox trot give alternate beats to the left hand.) The seventh lesson was merely a recapitulation of instructions contained in the earlier lessons. The eighth, for those who could read music, was a guide to transposition into various keys. In relation to the complete course, the eighth lesson was something of a fifth wheel. While the other three lessons that have here been omitted were of some value as examples to the student they, too, were not essential to the comprehension of the method, as contained in the four lessons given below. By this method you can play by ear, with a simple harmonizing bass in the left hand and with full four-note chords in the right, any simple melodies that you can hum or whistle. The author and copyright owner of this method has published the seven lessons in a twenty-five page booklet which also contains the keyboard chart as shown in position over the keys in the photograph on the left. (In working on the first lessons it is somewhat easier, though not essential, to have this chart on the keyboard as an aid to memorizing the numbers of the keys.) This booklet sells for one dollar and may be obtained by remitting that amount to Esquire. Incidentally, although the course was complete as originally published in Esquire, and there was no point in buying the booklet other than to have the lessons in a compact and self-contained form, over three thousand orders for the booklet came in over a period of about eighteen months following the publication of the lessons in Esquire. And even now, almost two years later, we continue to receive letters, almost daily, asking about these lessons and asking whether the booklets are still available. Even with this present extreme simplification of this extra-simplified course, the booklet is not really needed, although it would probably make the course a bit easier than it is in this form. The full dollar price of the booklet, by the way, goes to the author and copyright owner. Esquire brokers the orders from its readers without charge. So don't send for the booklet unless and until you have satisfied yourself, from trying out these lessons, that you really want it.



NUMBERING THE KEYS

There are eighty-eight keys on all standard piano keyboards, but they represent only the various placements of seven different notes. Numbers are used in this method, in place of key names, to designate the seven different keys. The black keys are numbered one, two, three, five, six, and the white keys that are used in this method are numbered four and seven, as shown on the keyboard chart placed behind the keys in the illustration above. The chart shows one octave.



LESSON ONE

Place the thumb of the right hand on the first black key of any group of 3 black keys and the little finger on the corresponding key above, making an octave. Then proceed to the right, playing all black keys, including in the scale the white key immediately following any group of three black keys (No. 4) and the white key preceding (No. 7) any group of three black keys on the chart. Be sure to count as you play, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 1, learning the key numbers. Endeavor to gain speed as well as accuracy. Run the full length of the keyboard, up and back, thereby training the ear and by practice gaining the required speed and accuracy. Never use the 4th (or ring finger) of either hand. This is Lesson One. Practice this *20 minutes* each day for *seven days.* Then take up Lesson Two and practice it 20 minutes each day for seven days.

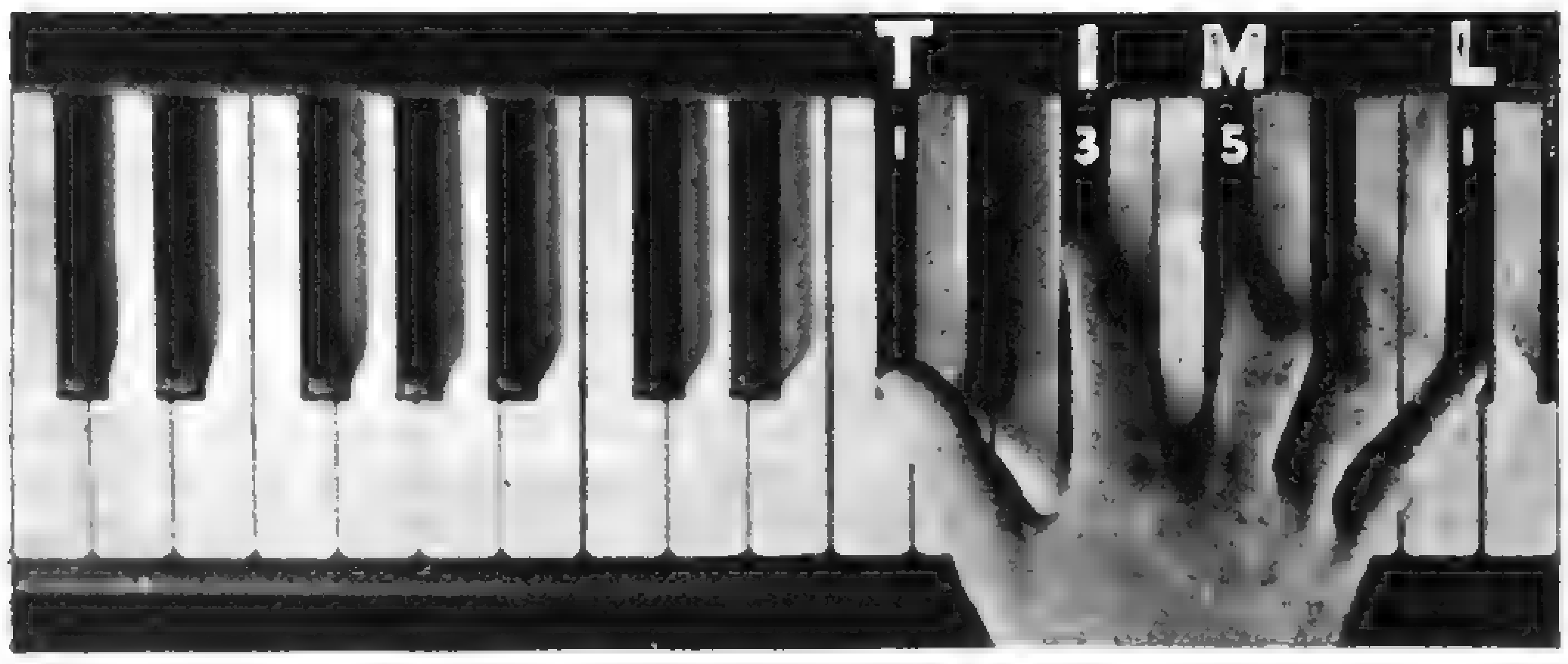
EXPLANATORY NOTE

T—*Thumb.*

I—*Index or first finger.*

M—*Middle or long finger.*

L—*Little finger.*



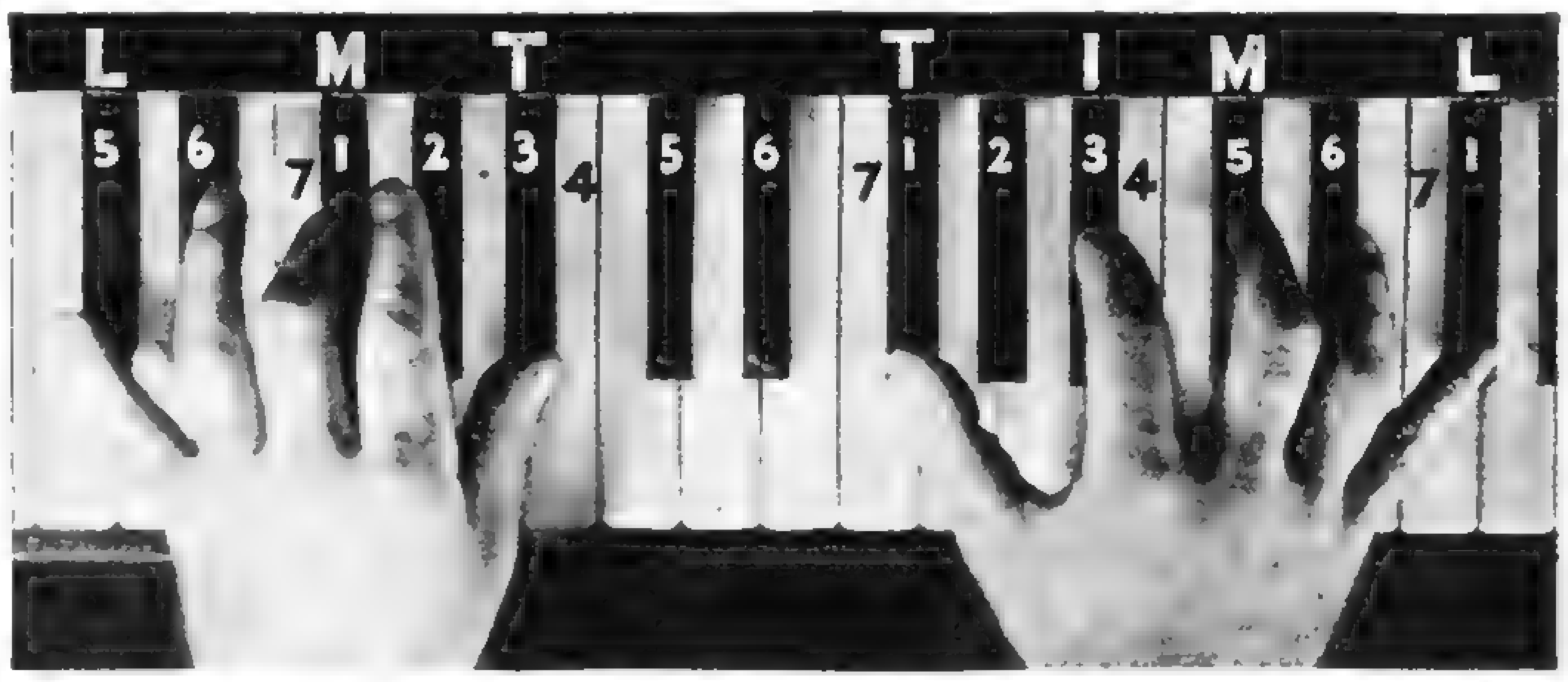
LESSON TWO

In this lesson four fingers are to be used on the right hand, the thumb, first or index finger, third, middle or long finger, and the little finger. All combinations of numbers or chords to be played with these same fingers. For example, 1 3 5 1. Place the thumb on number one, the first black key of any group of three black keys. Next, place the index or first finger on number 3, the middle or long finger on number 5 and the little finger on number 1 above. Here are the 7 different right hand combinations making harmonious chords:

1 3 5 1 2 5 7 2 3 5 1 3 4 6 1 4

5 1 3 5 6 1 4 6 7 2 5 7 1 3 5 1

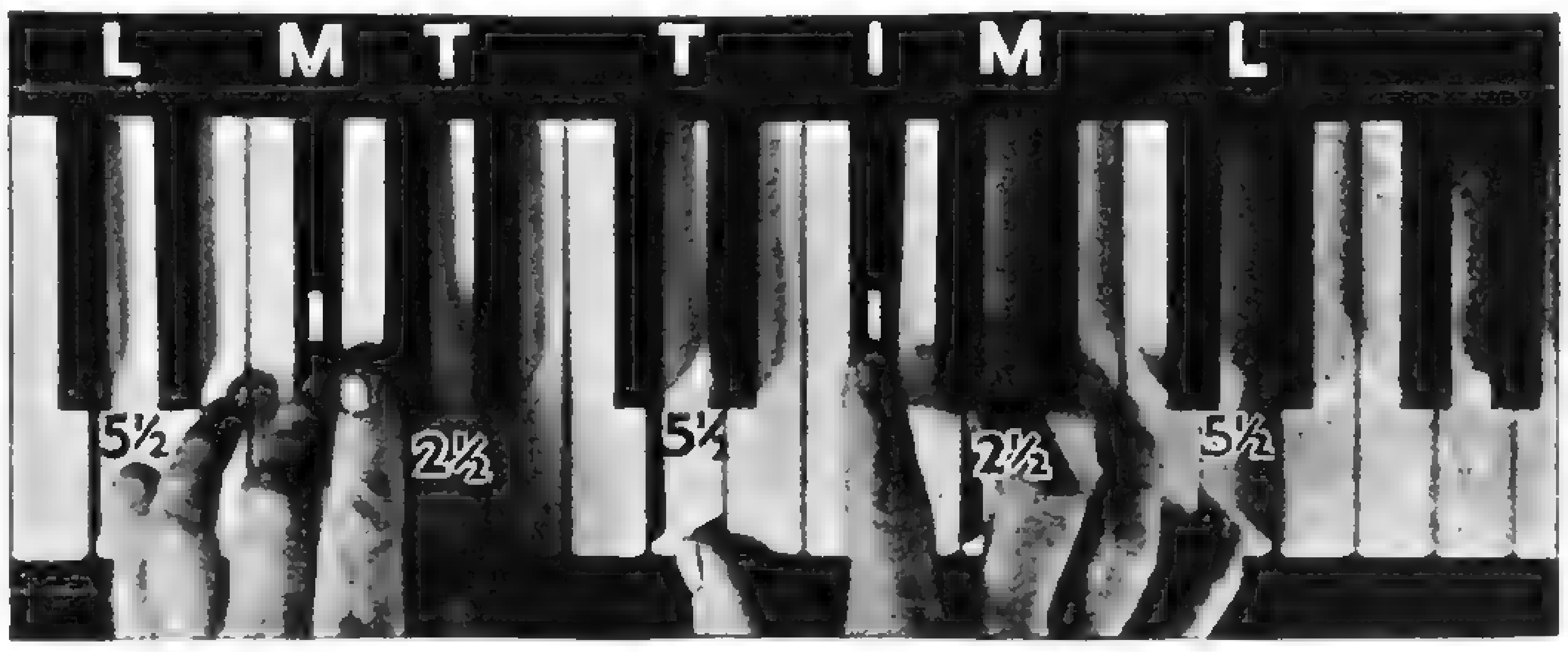
After learning above correct positions of chords, practice for speed playing in rotation up and back in 1 octave from 1 3 5 1 below to 1 3 5 1 above.



LESSON THREE

1 3 5 1 is our first right hand chord combination so we use 5 1 3 for the left hand or bass position an octave below the right hand position. Number 5 being played by the little finger of the left hand, number 1 with the middle or long finger of the left hand and the left thumb on number 3. Now play both hands together 1 3 5 1 with the right and 5 1 3 with the left. Chords 3 and 5 use the same bass and in the same position. Chords 2 and 7 use 2 5 7 in the bass and the same fingers as used on 5 1 3. Chords 4 and 6 have the same bass 1 4 6. A slight change is made here, using the first or index finger on number 4. Play with both hands full 7 chords or octave up and back. Here are the right hand chords with their proper bass:

1 3 5 1	2 5 7 2	3 5 1 3	4 6 1 4	5 1 3 5	6 1 4 6	7 2 5 7	1 3 5 1
5 1 3	2 5 7	5 1 3	1 4 6	5 1 3	1 4 6	2 5 7	5 1 3



LESSON FOUR

Occasionally it is necessary to use some half tones. Here are 3 and all you will ever need. A half number such as 5½, for example, is found between 5 and 6, 1½ between 1 and 2, etc.

5½—1—2½—5½

Use same fingers on these numbers as in all other chords. The bass for each of these half chords is as follows: The two middle numbers for this chord 1 and 2½ with left hand fingers in the octave below the right hand. First three numbers also harmonize for bass. Here are the other two half chords:

4½—6—2—4½

1½—3—6—1½

These three half chords are minors.

If you can whistle or hum it you can play it

Note: A mark over a number means to play that particular chord above the preceding number. A line under a chord number designates that it should be played below the preceding number. Each number indicates a full chord in the right hand, the keys forming each chord in accordance with the lists of chord numbers on opposite page. As for the left hand, while full harmonizing chord combinations are given for the left hand on the opposite page, it will probably be preferable, as well as easier, to play the full left hand chords only on the beats that are naturally accented by the rhythm, leaving other beats either blank in the left hand or playing only the middle note of the full left hand chord.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

The old oak-en buck-et, the i-ron-bound buck-et,
1 $\overline{3}$ 2 1 3 2 1 2 1 2 3 1

The moss-cov-ered buck-et that hung in the well.
1 1 $\underline{7}$ 6 5 $\overline{1}$ 3 2 1 2 1

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE

The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
5 5 3 2 1 2 1 1 $\underline{6}$ 1

Where first the dai-sies sprung; The old rust-y mill is still, Maggie,
6 5 $\overline{1}$ 1 3 2 $\overline{5}$ 5 $\underline{3}$ 2 1 2 1 $\underline{6}$ 1

Since yo-u and I we-re young.
6 5 1 3 5 2 3 1

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Just a song at twi-light, When the lights are low, and the
5 6 1 6 7 $\overline{5}$ $\underline{5}$ 6 7 4 3 3 4

flick'ring shad-ows soft-ly come and go, Tho the heart be wea-ry
3 2 1 3 2 3 2 $\underline{6}$ 2 $\underline{5}$ 6 1 6 7 $\overline{5}$

Sad the day and long, Still to us at twi-light comes love's old song,
$\underline{5}$ 6 7 4 3 3 2 1 5 6 4 3 2 5 $\overline{5}$

Comes love's old sweet song.
1 $\overline{3}$ 2 1 $\underline{7}$ 2 1

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

He floats thro' the air with the greatest of ease
5 5 $\overline{1}$ 2 3 3 3 4 $\underline{6}$ 6 $\overline{2}$

The dar-ing young man on the Fly-ing Tra-peze,
5 5 7 $\overline{1}$ 2 3 2 2 1 6 5

His act-ions are grace-ful, all girls he does please
5 5 1 2 3 3 3 4 $\underline{6}$ 6 $\overline{2}$

And my love he has stol-en a-way.
5 5 5 $\overline{7}$ $\overline{1}$ 2 3 2 1

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream, where I first met you
5 $\overline{1}$ 3 5 4½ 4 5½ 6 $\overline{3}$ 2 1

With your eyes of blue, dressed in ging-ham too,
$\underline{3}$ 5 1 7 6 5½ 6 7 6 5

It was there I knew that you loved me true,
$\underline{1}$ 3 5 4½ 4 5½ 6 $\overline{3}$ 2 1

You were six-teen, my vil-lage queen
$\underline{1}$ $\underline{7}$ 1 2½ $\underline{1}$ $\underline{7}$ 1 3

By the old mill stream.
$\overline{4}$ 3 $\underline{6}$ $\overline{3}$ $\underline{1}$

© Forster Music Co., Chicago

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Dar-ling, I am grow-ing old, Sil-ver threads a-mong the gold
3 4 3 $\underline{5}$ 4 $\overline{2}$ $\underline{1}$ 5 5 6 7 $\overline{4}$ $\underline{6}$ $\overline{4}$ 3

Shine up-on my brow to-day, Life is fad-ing fast a-way.
3 4 3 $\underline{5}$ 4 $\overline{2}$ 1 5 5 6 7 $\overline{4}$ 3 2 1

DU, DU, LIEGST MIR IM HERZEN

Du, Du, liegst mir im her-zen, Du, du, liegst mir im sinn,
3 3 3 2 3 5 4 2 2 2 5 4 3

Du, du, machst mir viel schmer-zen, weist nicht wie gut ich dir bin;
3 3 3 2 3 5 4 2 3 4 6 5 $\underline{7}$ 1

Ja! ja! ja! ja! weist nicht wie gut ich dir bin.
$\overline{6}$ 5 7 1 $\underline{2}$ 3 4 6 5 $\underline{7}$ 1

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tav-ern in the town, in the town,
5 5 5 6 5 4½ 5 3 5 5 5

And there my true love, sits him down, sits him down,
5 5 5 6 5 4½ 5 $\underline{2}$ $\overline{5}$ 5 5 4

And drinks his wine, as mer-ry as can be,
3 2 1 3 5 $\overline{1}$ 2 1 7 1 6

And nev-er, nev-er thinks of me.
1 7 7 7 5 6 7 $\overline{1}$

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

She's my sweet-heart, I'm her beau—She's my An-nie,
5 $\underline{1}$ 5 $\underline{1}$ $\overline{1}$ 6 5 6 4 5 3

I'm her Joe—Soon we'll mar-ry, ne-ver more to part,
3 $\underline{1}$ 2 $\overline{5}$ 3 2 1 $\overline{5}$ $\overline{1}$ 1 $\underline{7}$ 6

For Lit-tle An-nie Roo-ney is my sweet-heart.
6 5 5 6 7 1 $\underline{5}$ 6 $\underline{3}$ 2 1

AUPRES de MA BLONDE (*French Marching Song*)

Je don-ner-ais Ver-sail-les pour a-voir mon a-mie,
1 3 3 3 2 1 3 4 5 5 6 6 5

La Tour de No-tre Dam-e, La Cloche de mon pa-ys—
1 3 3 3 2 1 3 4 5 5 6 6 5

Et ma jo-lie co-lum-be qui chan-tait jour et nuit—
5 6 6 6 3 4 4 4 5 5 5 2 3

Refrain: "Au-pres de ma blon-de, qu'il fait bon, fait bon, fait bon,
1 2 3 4 3 5 $\underline{1}$ $\overline{4}$ 3 2 1 6 5

Au-pres de ma blon-de, qu'il fait bon dor-mir"
1 2 3 4 3 5 2 4 3 2 1

She's No Longer Faithful If—

When lovely woman stoops to folly she may bend over in one of these scores of leanings from the norm

by MARCEL DESAGE

• ARTICLE •

151 Your giggling house guests decide to take a midnight nudist swim in the Mediterranean. You drive down from your villa in Eze, and disrobe upon your private beach.

Only your best friend keeps distantly separated from your beautiful wife. Once, however, when you are madly chasing a lovely Viennese *danseuse* out to the middle of *Mare Nostrum*, you glance inshore to see them both sitting some distance up the beach and disclosed only by a momentary flash of full moon behind the clouds. When you return to shore they are widely separated.

152 Once long ago, she was a poetess; now she recommences writing poetry. Her new poetry accents (*her*) infinite *loneliness*, (*her*) walks upon the moonlit beach *alone*, (*her*) lovelessness and abandonment by someone very dear, (*her*) solitary thoughts and desperation, and, finally, the world's cosmic misunderstanding (*her husband's and society's*) of (*her*) a woman who dares to swim against the tide of the entire universe for a former dear one who has proved faithless. (She is lonely *with* you.)

153 Upon a rainy and slushy night, she has made you spend a fortune in taxi-fares to visit a little cinema on the other side of town. You now proceed to see a film which shows all too clearly how easily a virtuous woman may be maligned and her reputation blasted by a single searing breath of unmerited scandal.

In three days from now you may hear, somewhere, some "unmerited" piece of scandal about herself, and you, remembering the movie, will dismiss it with that proper nonchalance with which a man of the world properly dismisses such things.

154 Things have not gone so well lately. You and she have quarreled often of late and at last you decide that an ocean trip will do her the most good. She embarks alone upon the *Europa* and the third day out she writes:

"Darling, I have been walking and walking around the ship—thinking! Let us face matters: our Mr. Love with the wings *has* flown out of the window, and perhaps it really *is* time for us to perform that little operation—it will now be less painful for you than ever before . . . I am restless and worthless . . . I am drifting," etc., etc.

She has never said that she was "restless" and "worthless" before, and these two words in combination with the word "drifting" make you write to the liner's office to obtain a passenger list of that special crossing. You then proceed to make a separate list of all the unaccompanied Latin gentlemen, which will narrow down your field of suspects to a single Frenchman and an Italian or two. (Few Latins, especially Frenchmen, ever travel to America.) Of the Italians, one will be a very old man, and the other will be your fellow.

Only a Latin could so brilliantly entrance and overcome a brand new lady acquaintance upon the second day out.

Had she written as she did upon the fourth day, it might have been an Englishman—or upon the sixth day an American.

155 Marriage statistics have proved beyond any doubt whatsoever that the maiden-before-marriage invariably proves to be the most faithless of matrons afterwards. Without going into a discussion of whether or not this is so, do you remember the early years of your marriage to sweet, unkissed, and sixteen year old Charlotta? She wore no make-up then and kept forever pulling her collar up and her skirt down, always danced an inch away from her partner, and said, "No thanks, I never smoke; no thanks, could you get me some orange juice?"

Now she gets into too many gossip columns and picture supplements. She loses her shoulder straps, and has a lock of hair invariably hanging over one eye. She teaches you swear words which you have never heard.

156 It is late at night, and she is fast asleep.

Bend over and ask her gently, "Do you love me?"

She will insist upon awaking completely before answering a syllable. Her conscious mind has taken the place of her lawyer, and it will not allow her to answer a single question which may well later be used against her. When she wakes up fully, sits up, and *thinks a second*, she is really saying "I must see my lawyer first."

157 You broke her heart years ago when you deceived her with her dearest girl friend. She has "forgiven" you but she has never relented towards the girl, and a great silence has fallen between them.

Last week you brought your dearest friend "X" into your household.

Tonight she is writing her old girl friend for the first time in five years.

158 She is inordinately vain about her singing, although she screeches like an owl. The praise of non-musicians means nothing to her, but recently she has found a composer of good name who declares that her voice is marvelous, and who gives her free lessons three times a week. If you will take the trouble to look him up, you will find that he is rather handsome, and dangerous.

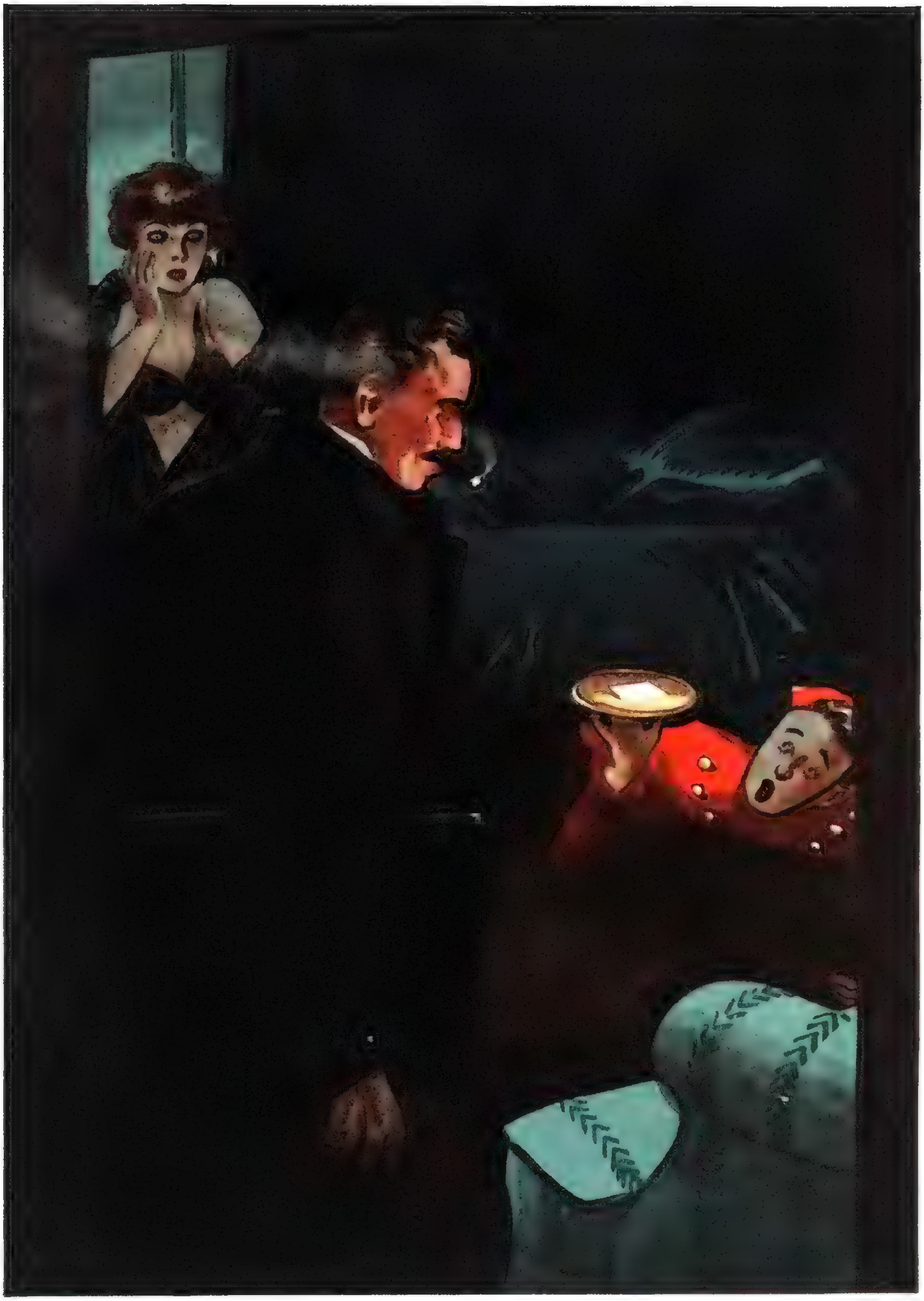
159 Various intellectual and medical friends visited you last night, and among the subjects up for after-dinner discussion were the various endocrine glands. Your little mistress picked up her ears considerably when all of you agreed that a highly potent "pituitary man" can be distinguished at a glance from a thousand other men by anyone versed in endocrine characteristics; and that, furthermore, many great athletes and football captains are incapable of becoming noteworthy lovers. Football captain Jack, and half-back Bill have only appeared about the house for a half-day each, although both were more than welcome.

160 You have qualms about your mistress, so you telegraph the suspect Count "Z" in Cannes: AM IN TERRIBLE TROUBLE STOP JEAN HAS DISCOVERED OUR RELATIONSHIP WHAT SHALL I DO STOP FEEL I WILL END EVERYTHING SOON STOP PLEASE TELEGRAPH IMMEDIATELY CARE AMERICAN EXPRESS PARIS MUCH LOVE NADJA

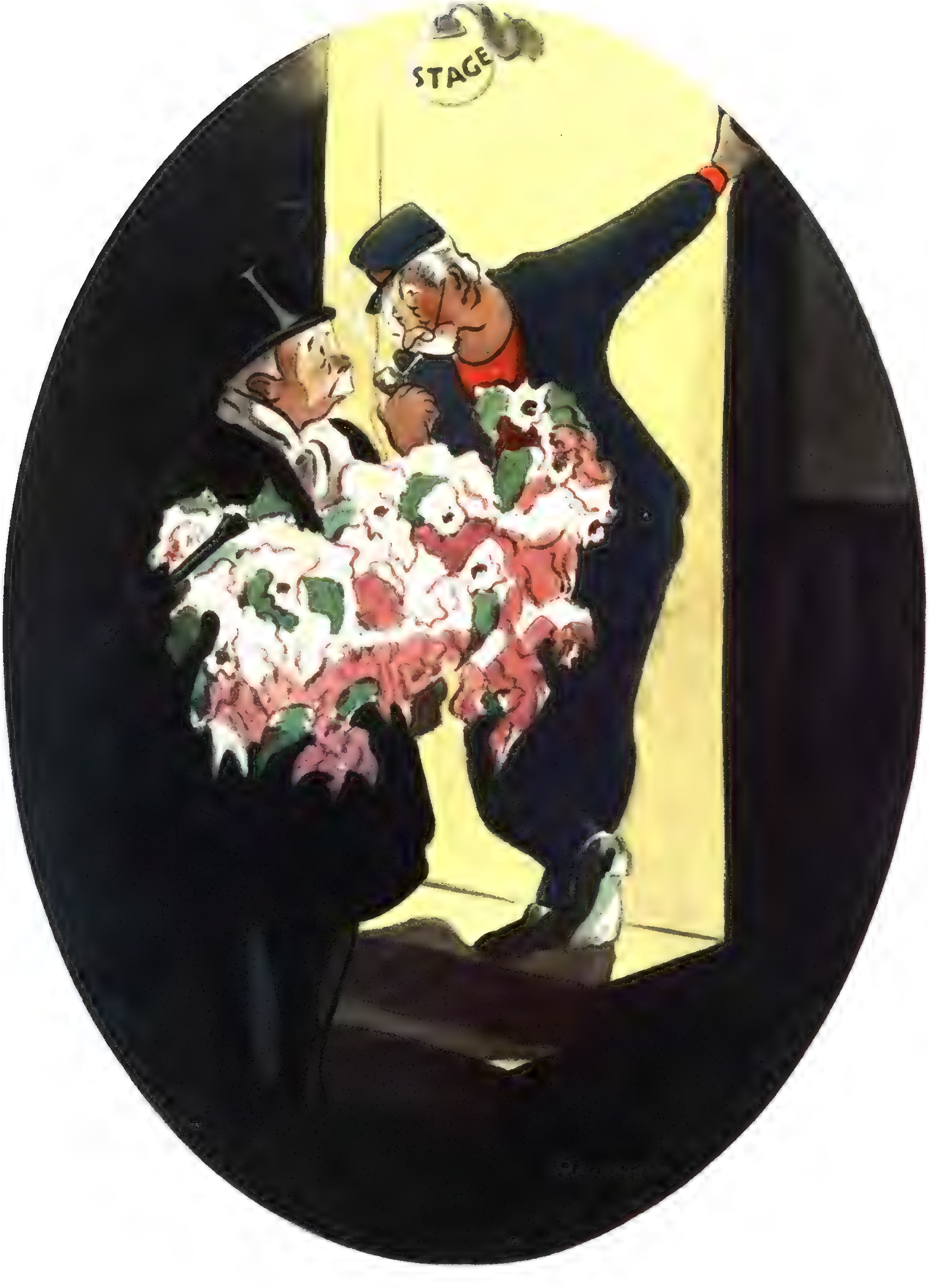
If Count "Z" wires KEEP YOUR CHIN UP AM ARRIVING PARIS TOMORROW MEET ME CAFE DE LA PAIX AT MIDNIGHT, then your very worst fears are amply justified. (If, however, you receive this telegram JEAN GO JUMP OFF THE EIFFEL TOWER you had better do so. She will eventually hear about it!)

161 You are a great lover of the theater and for the past three months you have been receiving an anonymous theater ticket for each and every play you would most like to see. It is extremely puzzling as the tickets are obviously bought at the box office and are not of the free-pass variety; moreover there is always only one. More peculiar than this, it appears that this ticket is never for an evening upon which your wife could accompany you; for each and every one of these evenings she has had a previous engagement long in advance. (She buys the tickets herself in order to insure knowing exactly where you are, at home, or in your favorite theaters.)

Continued on page 126



"Call for Mr. Montrose—call for Mr. Montrose!"



"Take a tip from me, sonny boy—you won't get to first base with orchids"

A Sock in the Buskin

Wherewithin both comedy's sock and tragedy's buskin get a good going-over as the season opens

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

▪ THEATRE ▪

As a new theatrical season is about to get under way, one who is due, by the peculiar nature of his astrological heritage, to serve as one of its critics privileges himself several advance lucubrations. The first of these has to do with Robert Turney's *Daughters of Atreus*, announced for production shortly by Mr. Delos Chappell.

As a manuscript, Turney's play, a paraphrase of the classical Agamemnon legend, interested me deeply from the time it first virginally came into my hands something more than a year and a half ago, and I forthwith exercised myself in its production behalf. Like many superior dramatic scripts, it experienced the usual hesitations and alarms on the part of a number of the producing gentry to whom it was submitted, the Theatre Guild among them, and its final acceptance by Mr. Chappell, after he had once dubiously rejected it, is a token of encouragement to our worthier playwriting beginners. Turney is a young fellow still in his twenties of whom I had never before heard and who, on the one brief occasion I have since seen him and talked with him, not only seems to have very little acquaintance with the contemporary theatre but is, in addition, the most fidgety and jittery human being that I have encountered since the demise of Saint Vitus. In the twenty or twenty-five minutes of our discourse he made the Mexican jumping bean take on the relative aspect of a corpse bitten by a tsetse fly and what he volunteered during the performance was of an intellectual, dramatic and theatrical bulk strictly within the comprehension of a Wampus baby, but the fact remains that this same youth has in this, his very first play, written something that, in the way of pulsing drama, beauty of expression and sound dramatic dignity, is not often these days excelled in native dramatic craftsmanship. His *Daughters of Atreus*, in short, is certain from a critical point of view to be one of the season's most interesting offerings.

Holding this opinion, a sympathetic critic may perhaps within the punctilio properly venture certain suggestions to the author and producer that, in his opinion, they should act upon lest an otherwise exceptionally promising exhibit seriously suffer. It appears that Turney, having written a play that in its first draft was wholly sufficient unto its purpose, has in the meantime reworked the manuscript to its frequent weakening and considerable disadvantage. Some ass, in all probability an actor or actress to whom he showed the original script, doubtless confided to him that some of his most beautifully composed poetic speeches would be difficult of reading on the part of a player. Putting trust in the complaint and failing to differentiate between a competent actor or actress who could easily read his lines and the incompetent one who offered the criticism as protection against his or her own incapacity, Turney has cut down and here and there altered some of his finest lines and speeches, and has in the process deleted his script of a certain measure of its original beauty. My initial suggestion to him, therefore, is that he promptly go back to his original script and retain the lines and speeches as they were in the first place.

In the course of his rewriting, the young playwright has worked a further unnecessary havoc to his meritorious script. For some reason or other, probably because someone told him that a "modern note" would be helpful to his play, he has been foolish enough to introduce into his classical composition a wholly gratuitous, jarring and quite cheap passage dealing with the munitions business, evidently under the belief that the analogy between ancient Greece and the modern situation would prove piquant to an audience. He is wrong. When his first-night audience and his critics hear his Demetrios observe, "A larger army means more trade; every Mycenaean enterprise will benefit," hear his Klytaimnestra retort, "Your own among the rest, no doubt," hear Demetrios answer, "Of course! Or what would be the sense advising it?" hear her ask, "What is your enterprise?" hear Demetrios reply, "I manufacture implements of war," and then hear Klytaimnestra (*stage direction: looking at him steadily for a moment*) denounce him as "You filth!"—when they lend ear to such archaic hokum they will, if my critical experience counts for anything, give young Mr. Turney the laugh. Let him beware the Ides of October and get rid of such Idiot's Delight stuff instanter.

B2
CHESTRA
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HR.

Apparently not content with doing such cruel things to his originally excellent manuscript, Turney's *ex post facto* meditations have brought him further to debilitate his treatment of the Elektra story with the introduction of such veal chops as the following, between a War Veteran and a character dubbed a Young Barbarian.

Young Barbarian: Wait. Here's something. It isn't much. Poets seldom have much gold to give, but this is gladly given.

War Veteran: God bless you, Barbarian.

Young Barbarian: How did you know?

War Veteran: I meant no offense, young sir. The blind have subtle ears and I knew no other name to use.

Young Barbarian. My name is Homer.

This introduction of Homer as a character into the Agamemnon-Elektra tale is the mark of a schoolboy mind, and is painfully uncomfortable to otherwise hospitable and friendly criticism. It somehow reminds me of Eugene O'Neill's remark to me about a year ago when he was telling me of his plans for the dramatic cycle upon which he is currently working. The cycle, as almost everyone has heard by this time, deals with a family over a span of about one hundred and fifty years against the changing background of American life. I asked O'Neill if it was to be in any sense historical drama. "In a way, yes," he said. "But it certainly won't be the kind in which someone suddenly rushes onto the stage and shouts, 'Andrew Jackson has just been elected!', or anything else of that sort."

This injection of Homer into Turney's script, with Homer asking the War Veteran to tell him about the Trojan war—"How glorious it must have been! The topless towers, the sails upon the sea"—and with the War Veteran disillusioning the young poet, is the stuff of the juvenile showshop and it should come out. Let Turney and his producer not wait for the ridicule of criticism. Let them look after these melancholy defects at once and thus not take chances with an otherwise gallant piece of work. Let them recall that, on a very much lower level of drama, in his *Dead End*, to wit, Sidney Kingsley last season had to bear the spoofs of the critics for failing to chop out of his script, until after the second night when his eyes were opened to their shabby banality, such lines as compared life to a little paper boat floating aimlessly down the gutter and love to a drowning star. *Daughters of Atreus* is too good a play not to take heed of such dangers. Get out the blue pencil and the scissors, gentlemen!

Maxwell Anderson, one of the American theatre's upper dramatists and a writer of applaudably high resolve, announces three new plays for the coming season. One, for Katharine Cornell and to be produced by Guthrie McClintic, is called *Wingless Vic-*

Continued on page 128

God Made Little Apples

Angel's face kept coming back to Georgia, in the clouds and in the pearls and in the water

by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

Georgia Deggs shot from the hip. A scarlet stain oozed down the falling man's blue silk shirt. The dark girl in the kimona stiffened, staring at him. Deggs smiled.

"Po-lice'll git you," murmured the girl.

Georgia smiled at his wife. She was very pretty. "Prob'ly," he said.

"Yo' gonna kill me?" she asked.

"Sho."

"Tain't right."

"Prob'ly tain't," said Georgia, and pulled the trigger again. His wife staggered back, shook her head sadly, then sighed. He slid a small diamond ring from her limp finger, went hurriedly through the dead man's trousers, then turned and slipped out of the door without looking back. People down the hall had heard the shots, and were rushing about, worried. A policeman was coming through the entrance. He ordered everyone back. Georgia tried to brush past, and the officer whisked a gun in his face and ran his hand over the Negro's pockets. He felt the pistol, then blew his whistle shrilly.

Georgia butted the cop with his skull and was out over his falling body in a flash. Someone fired shots at him. He ran dozens of blocks, doubled back, then took shelter, exhausted, in a warehouse at the waterfront. A day's hiding narrowed the hunt. He caught frightened glimpses of uniformed men more numerous than the wharf patrol warranted. During the night scurrying shades of rats and the odor of things dead heightened his wakefulness. At dawn, trembling with pains of fear in his stomach, he warily examined his whereabouts, spied a sleeping watchman, and stealthily crept aboard a freighter whose bottom was loaded with steel rails for Lima. He hid in a canvas-covered lifeboat, hungry, but with a sense of greater security.

Georgia had no way of calculating the length of time that had elapsed when the ship shivered, a tug hooted, and he felt the steady pound of the engines. His frozen terror left him, and he fell blissfully asleep. After a long time he awoke with horrible cramps in his muscles and a gnawing ache in his stomach. The heat inside the 'paulin-topped boat bathed him in a pool of perspiration. He could not stay there much longer. He stuck his nose out from under the canvas. A brilliant sun shone directly overhead. Sea-spray blew salt into his nostrils. Two sailors were washing paint a few feet away from him. Green spots danced before his eyes. He withdrew, tried to move himself into a more comfortable position, and urged his brain into thought.

He was very happy that Joe Gibbs and Angel were dead. However, he would shortly be dead himself of hunger, and the heat. There was an even chance that the police would advise masters to search every ship that had left the port of San Francisco since the double murder. Well, he had put off his capture for a little while. He was pleased that Angel Deggs was dead. The burning stab of agony which was the discovery of her infidelity still hurt his flesh. She deserved extinction as sure as God made little green apples. God made little apples. That was true. God made Angel. He loved her still. Would he have put his head in a noose if he didn't? He was glad she was dead, though.

He dozed off intermittently, trying to keep track of the bells. Eight would be four in the morning. At two bells he could see the reflection of a dawning sun. He poked his head out. A smile cut into his grey expression as he viewed the rich coast over the port bow of the vessel.

There are perhaps 400 miles of blue sea between Los Angeles and the Sebastían Vizcaíno Bay of Baja California. The coast below San Quintín is volcanic, with sheer magnificent drops of cliff and splendid cups of ocean sand for swimming. There is little swimming done. Manta and shark and monstrous jelly fish are masters of this water. From a vessel's deck the wild shore has a deceiving charm: Lower California is a horizon of soft blue and yellow hills. A few huge birds swing aloft in the distance. White-feathered ducks hover inshore. Tuna and swordfish swim below; schools of porpoises, sun-glinting, rise in rhythmic arcs. Gulls, like taxicabs in a city, tear about.

Georgia felt freedom physically, almost like a headache. He overcame death in his imagination, and it gave him courage. He slunk to the rail of the ship, imparted a swift furtive twist to his head, climbed and poised a breathless moment, and dove from the moving monument. He wasn't thinking of shark or jelly fish and swam the several miles to shore unhindered. The freighter continued on toward Lima.

Now he stood in his underwear upon a point of rock on a wild and deserted shore and stared into space. A marvellous insanity shook him. Some machinery in his head spun. He beat his temples furiously until they were red, then flung himself down and wept. Rising after a time he ran about insanely until the battery of energy within him burned out. He collapsed on the sand. When he recovered consciousness he was alone and free. He owned the whole world. He was king of himself and master of the universe.

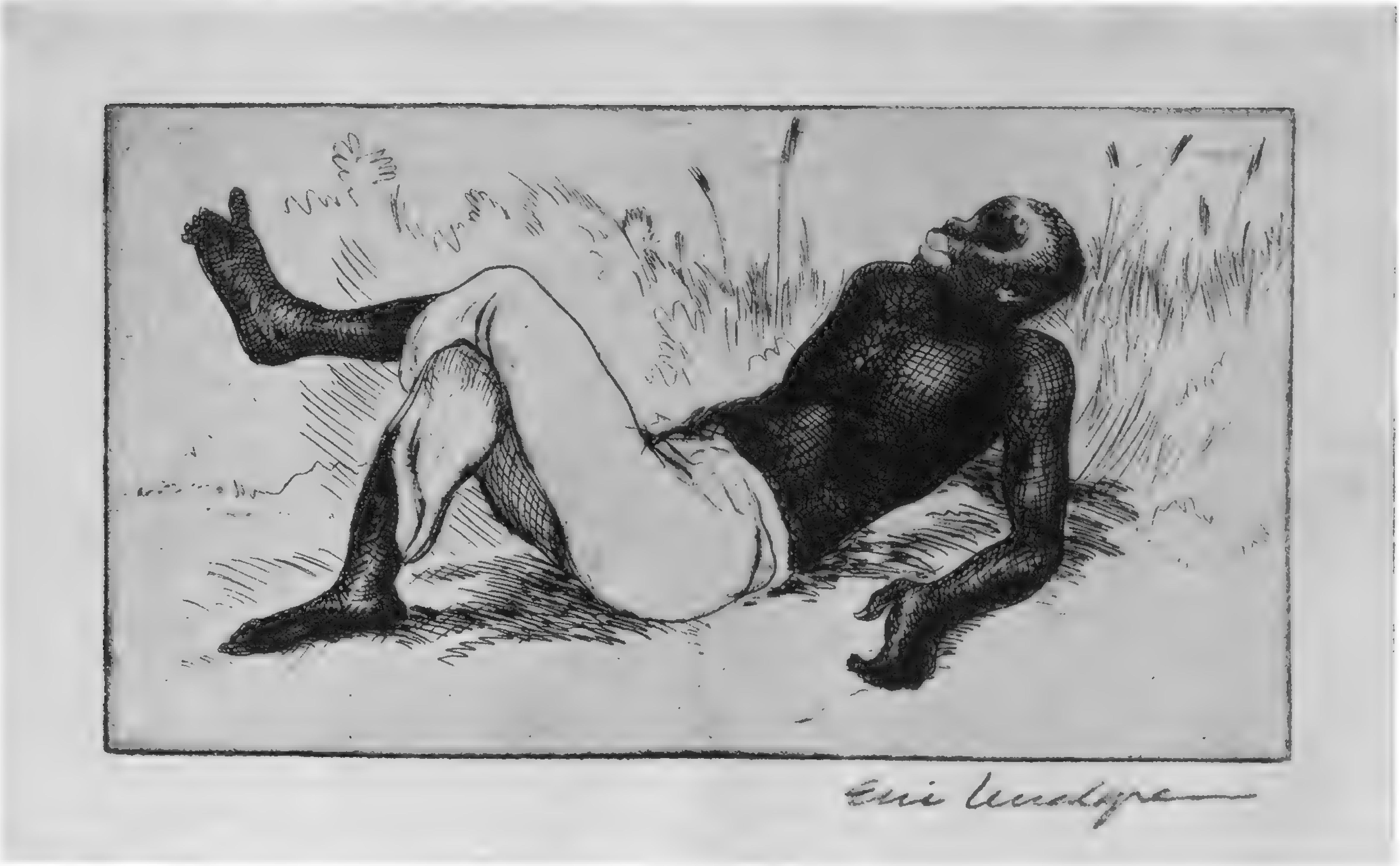
"Lovin' Christ!" he exclaimed, somewhat astonished. "I is free as six monkeys, dam if I ain't." Fresh sardines lay about, washed up by the last tide. Great abalone shells clung to the rocks just below the water line. In a hole were countless immense clams. Through the clear water by the dipping cliffs he could see teeming communities of oysters. He caught glimpses of juicy fish swimming farther off. He thought of the fools men were who sweated in factories while this paradise remained for anyone to take, men who risked hanging, starving, cold, and trouble. I is luckier than six monkeys, he thought, as he went about collecting the clams as the neatest immediate morsels. Their juicy salt souls went to his famished stomach sensuously. Oh, my. It was magnificent to be full of clams!

He found a flint rock without difficulty, and built a cheery fire. Night descended quickly, and the jungle of cliffs behind him set up a symphony of chattering birds. Then immaculate quiet overcame the world. The ribbons of gentle breakers rolled up on the sand noiselessly. Stars lit up an unbelievable sky. A flake of light burned whitely over the black sea and was gone as suddenly into nothing . . . and another. Why did so many stars fall? Were they the souls of Joe and his wife, Angel? No. Snakes did not have beautiful stars for souls. He fell asleep repeating a strange thought, perceiving no meaning in it. "God made little apples."

The morning swung up out of the hills, dazzling him. His black body, as he strode up out of the water, glistened like a mirror. Blue and scarlet birds sang at their breakfast tasks. The sea turned brown and yellow and green and blue, like a chameleon. Music purled up into his own throat, song as irresistible as the movement of the ocean. He sang:

"De Lo'd made hebn,
De Lo'd made yearth,
De Lo'd made dyin',
An' de Lo'd made birth.
Oh, de Lo'd made singin',
De Lo'd made sad,
He done made good,
An' he done made bad.
Why, de Lo'd made anguls,
De Lo'd made ghosts,
De Lo'd made fries,
An' de Lo'd made roasts.
De Lo'd made fishin',
An' de Lo'd made swimmin',
But I'm double doggone
If de Lo'd made wimmin'!"

He went about the task of stripping young mangroves to build himself a hut. Perhaps some ancient skill of his ancestors moved his fingers to bind them with bark, to lay out green straw grass to dry into thatch, to weave huge leaves into a cool pallet. Days



ETCHING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

were consumed thus. Georgia's lungs began to expand. Sweet lazy languor came into his muscles. He was working for no one but himself. He saw a sail once. It went by the land-locked harbor. He greased his revolver with fish oil and put it away. There were four more bullets in it. If men came to hunt him here, some of them would die. Now and then he saw the tail of smoke from some steamer. If he could have sailed away on it freely he would have refused. Why should anyone but a fool want to get out of paradise? Civilization was fear, hunted, prison, slavery, death. Here he had absolute freedom, food in abundance, swimming, fishing, and nothing to worry about. All that he lacked was human companionship. And all that meant was an unfaithful Angel and a double-crossing Joe. Thought of them even now made his hide itch. He hated their dead carcasses. The cold fire in Angel's eyes was so sweet. He hoped both of them were now simmering in hell, envying him. He murmured the melody of his song as he went about manufacturing a comb from the spine of a fish:

"Oh, the Lo'd made fishin',
An' de Lo'd made swimmin',
But I be *doggone*
If de Lo'd made wimmin'!"

With a hard mangrove spear he pried abalone; he dove for oysters, and went about collecting a supply of fresh clams for soup. Clams were fine, of course, but for straight mellow eating the huge tender oysters were incomparable. They went down effortlessly and made sweet music in the belly. They—He let out an involuntary howl.

His whole jaw rocked. Stars penetrated his brain. He stood with his mouth open, then picked it from between his teeth. Its shining perfection made him forget his rocking jaw. Georgia had bitten down on it. It was a magnificent pearl, bigger and lovelier than any he had ever glimpsed in gem shop windows. A little creeping sensation shivered down his body. It was like the joy he had experienced in possessing Angel.

He sat on the beach and stared at it for hours. He rolled it between his fingers, put it to his cheeks, laid it before his eyes in the sand. Its cold stony caress filled him with inexpressible satisfaction. He fell under its spell, as though it were a living enchantress. He gave himself up entirely to his emotion.

Georgia didn't find the second pearl for a long time. He wasn't looking for pearls—any more than he had looked for women when Angel had loved him. He was satisfied with his first joy, and a new way of catching ducks. He would float under mangrove leaves, motionlessly. The birds approached for a peck at some bit of land food. Then, with a lightning gesture, he would have the neck of the witless, astonished bird between his long fingers. It was good for a laugh and a grand duck dinner, along with sardines, oysters, clams, shelled lobsters, sturgeon, and abalone soup. He did not speculate on the irony of a heartless murderer given heaven for reward. A pelican dives awkwardly and comes up with a wriggling fish, while gulls skim about in envy. Geese make patterns in the sky, snipe *eeeek*, and cormorants fly about clumsily, grubbing for chow. Now and then a shark gets hungry enough to venture inshore.

The second pearl was smaller than the first, not so beautiful. Only the former had brought tears to his eyes. That great pearl's heart was as cold as Angel's soul, but its iridescent surface was like the lovely flesh of an unspeakably depraved woman without power to fasten her claws in a blood-vessel. It had no female skill in roasting a man's soul in hell, no potential desire to invite a lover to smash its gorgeous beauty to bits. He could give himself to this thing endlessly, and it would never be unfaithful. Others would be of use only—A sudden glow suffused his being. With them he could buy his way to freedom and civilization!

He went quite mad. He neglected every activity to dive for pearl-oysters, risked every danger, and was rewarded. They grew. He made a pouch and carried it next his skin, as though a dozen bandits were hiding imminently to waylay him. Fine pearls. Nothing else mattered. Once a horrible white manta, as he came to the surface with his mangrove-net full of oysters, enclosed him in its slimy wings. He struggled free of the great flat sunfish, its huge toothed bill barely scraping his shoulder. Once a burro-shell caught his heel. This wily denizen clamps its victim and waits for a shark to tear him into edible portions. Georgia's feet were coated with sea-grease, and he got away.

He built a smudge fire. He did not relish lush scenery or scarlet birds or catching fowl by hand any longer. Not with thousands of dollars worth of pearls in his possession. He built a fire, knowing he could bribe his way out of hell with these. He counted more or less on a native sloop, hulls of which he had now and then observed in the distance.

A long time went by. Pearls added. No native sloop even approached his shore. For months on end he sat and stared at the blue distance. He had no way of knowing that fifty miles farther south, in a snugger

Continued in center of page 175

Consider the Critics

They sing not, neither do they play, hence forget them or forgive them . . . for they do not what they know

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

Critics are like eunuchs. Both know how it should be done. Yet neither can do it.

In nine cases out of ten, critics become critics because they are unable to be performers. They have tried to be pianists, crooners, or tap-dancers. And, having gotten the Bronx cheer, they throw up the sponge and salve their egos by knocking more successful brethren. Enjoying a detective's status and backed by an arrogant press already constipated on sports, society, war-news, and politics, they let loose frequent attacks of diarrhea and laxness upon opera singers, orchestra players, conductors, and all vibrators. Their chief weapon of appreciation is a halitosis pen, dipped in local or even "colloquial" ignorance, dripping fetid gas, unviril virus. Their defense mechanism works full-time to conceal their failures and keep the world from remembering their sterility as artists.

Of course, there's no plausible reason why a good critic must be able to practice what he preaches. He does not have to sing in order to tell other people they are not good, any more than a man must be able to lay an egg to recognize a rotten one.

According to the logic of most artists, who strenuously bark: "What right has he to tell me how I should play? He can't finger the scale correctly . . . just let him try it once!"—then, only a chicken would be qualified to pass judgment on an egg.

A critic's right to pass judgment comes from the fact that he can get away with it. The chief function of newspaper comment is not to help singers get engagements nor to increase attendance at their concerts. Neither is it to keep people away, as impressarios believe firmly. Criticism exists merely to provide the critic with a job that he may buy his beer, feed his children, and clothe his wife. He has his own livelihood to make and he is not the slightest concerned whether the warblers, scrapers and thumpers he writes about eat or not.

Criticism is not a sacred mission for which children are ordained at birth. Neither is it a mystic cult of sphere-gazing, an astrological equation, or a high and perilous calling—as some of its practitioners would have us believe. It has little to do with music. It's a writing job.

The critic is a journalist and, like all other journalists, treats of the ephemeral and the inconsequential. What he says matters no more to music than the prattling of a senator on the floor of Congress. He succeeds, like most writers, in proportion as he makes his readers think they are thinking. He fails if he makes them think. And then he is fired peremptorily.

The critic's chief commandment is: *Thou shalt be anonymous!* An editor seldom knows his name. There is no occasion to consider him unless he dies or, what is worse, fails to hand in his copy. And then a subordinate must call attention to the fact. If a critic remains a complete nonentity in the newspaper office, and keeps his face unknown at the city desk, he is sure of a lifetime berth.

However, ten good round nasty letters to the managing editor of any journal, or a call from the publisher's wife, is sufficient to sack the most retiring and virtuous scribe.

What of it? Music critics come cheap.

And there is a reason for it. Whenever, by an off-chance, music breaks into the news, a feature writer who knows "human interest" values discovers it. And the critic, like the rest of the yokels, reads about it over his morning porridge. Likely as not he will choke when he sees on the front page that the opera house burned down before the performance last night, and remembers that his review (with pictures) appears in full on page eighteen.

No wonder that critics starve and that their pants shine. Any nit-wit with a musical dictionary can fill the job. So few people read their twattle that it isn't worth a half-inch in most metropolitan papers. So, even though their weekly stipend is only enough to pay carfare to and from concerts, they are relatively overpaid.

In the hinterland west of the Hudson, performers short on talent do grease critics' palms. When their only material compensation is free tickets, the scribblers must dine as the guests of Miss One Wee Lung and drink with Mr. One Lung Low. They accept gifts, if not in coin of the realm (for obvious reasons), in furniture, jewelry, silverware, liquor, and discarded clothes, from Mlle. Screech Highees and Basso Ivan Awfulitch, who are remembered in due course.

Criticism outside of New York City has become the best paying blackmail in the country. It's almost as profitable and far safer than kidnapping. The papers are on the critics' side at the outset.

There are, of course, exceptions that prove the rule. And these are frequently reprinted for the benefit of doubting Thomases. You read of the young lady who had not received unanimous praise from the press, but who consoled herself with the fact that the critic who made and broke things in the town wrote glowingly of her performance. She found herself by his side one night at dinner. Champagne was served—champagne not provided by the critic. The famous authority grew mellow. He told stories as only he could do. He prophesied for that charming young woman the most brilliant future, as he phrased it, "of any singer of the younger generation." She invited him to call. She walked on air. When he paid his visit, conversation was varied, intimate, stimulating.

Later the singer made an appearance in a role which had the approval of European capitals. She sniffed as she read the unfavorable article of one of the younger hell-hounds, "an impudent snip whose effrontery was equaled only by his ignorance," she said. "Who cares what *he* writes?" She turned to the other papers, and kept the review of her friend to the last, certain that in his words she would find consolation and comforting praise, but what a blow! She was deceived. She called for smelling salts. His article dripped venom.

Next afternoon she came in at one end of a drawing room as the critic appeared at the other. She hesitated, not knowing where to look or what to say. But he had already seen her, and she did not know her critic. He came across the carpet with an eager eye and a glad smile. He seized her hand and bent over it with the courtly grace of a Richelieu. Then he looked her brilliantly in the face and said without batting a lid, "Madam, some day you will be a great artist!"

There is also the story of a German pianist who came to America and sent a leading critic a gift of a dozen bottles of Rhine wine. In the review the next day the receipt of the wine was duly acknowledged, and then the critic proceeded to mangle the pianist's reputation. He didn't mention if he had a hang-over.

Critics never find space for the opposite side of the picture. The lay public seldom learns that the critic is running a music school and is using his columns to enlarge his own importance, to praise the teachers he employs and their pupils, and thus to drum up trade. They never know the number of his mistresses. They never read his mail.

Continued in center of page 154

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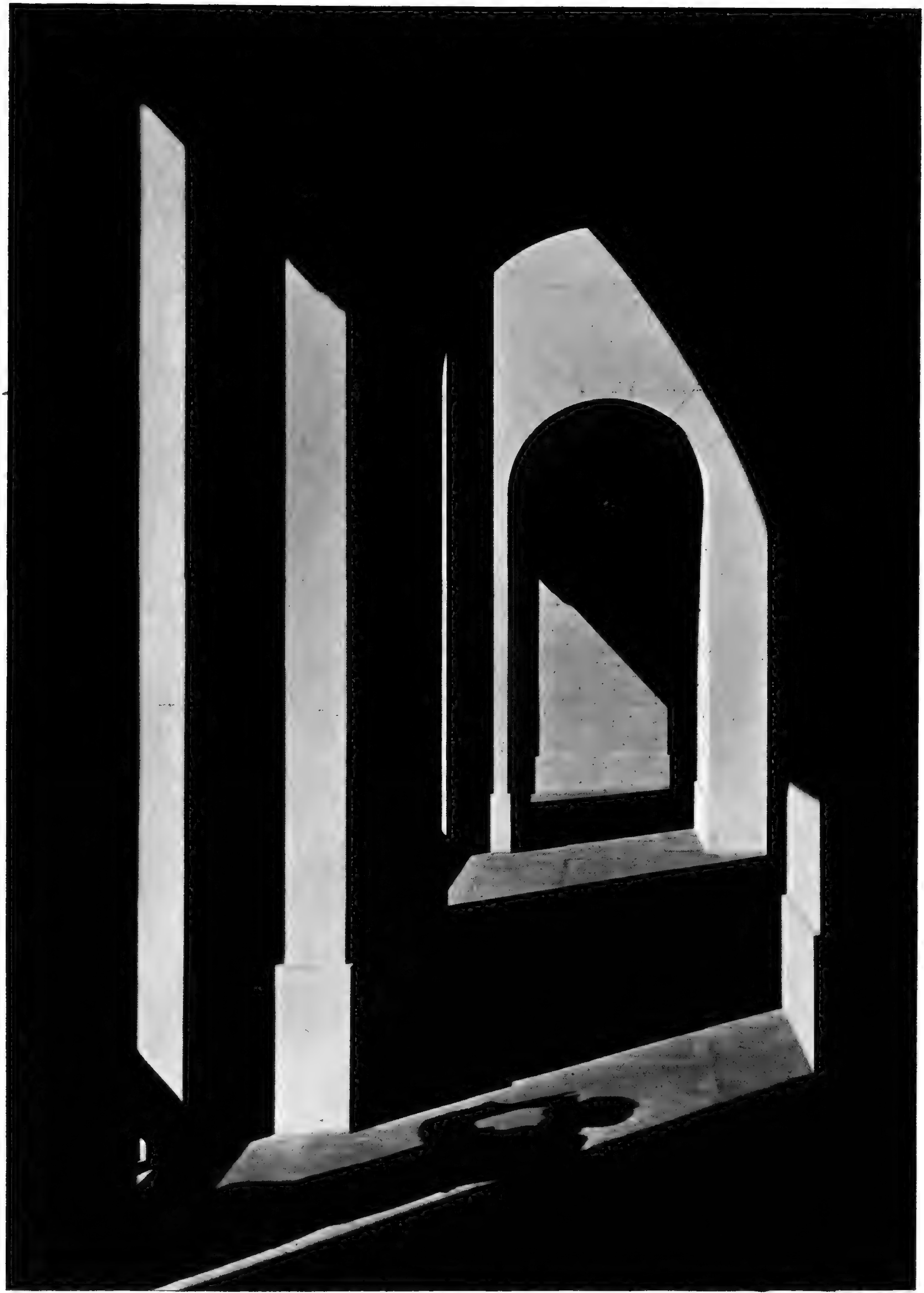
NURA *by* EUGENE HUTCHINSON



U. S. CAMERA, 1936

ARCHES *by* JOHN MILLS

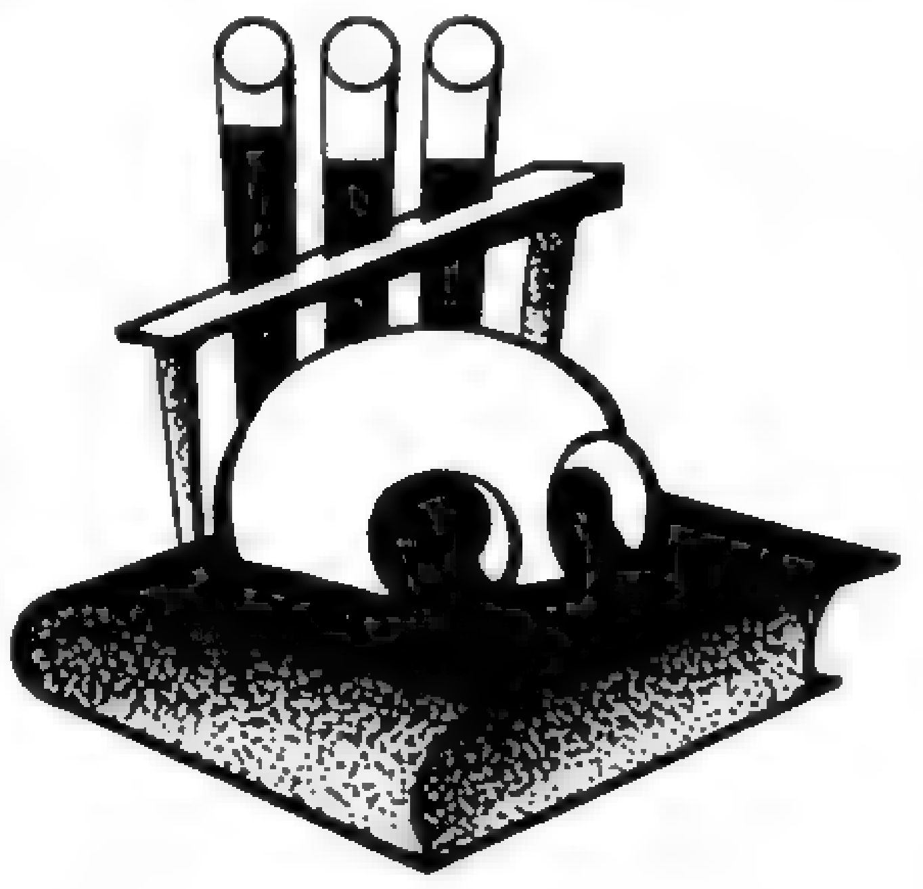
New Clues to the Oldest Mystery

Science has explored the brain and the body; it's the mind that has managed to elude discovery

by WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

The oldest mystery is a search, not for hidden gold or the lost Atlantis, but for man's mind. What is it, where is it? The human body is not conscious. Needles or knives may be thrust through those portions of your anatomy which are not supplied with nerves and you will never know it. I have examined patients whose entire bodies have been cut off from the brain by injury or anesthetic and have found that this elimination of bodily processes did not interrupt the normal flow of thoughts and emotions. With the body gone and the brain working, consciousness remains. But brain activity is not consciousness, either. Gray matter, removed from the skull, may be excited artificially. But no thought or feeling results. "Life," whatever that is, carries consciousness with it. Mind needs the brain and the brain needs the body to remain "alive," but mind itself is no part of brain or body. Discovery of the human mind is by far the most practically important problem of humanity, for until mind is controlled human progress and happiness must remain subject to blind experiment. But mind is elusive and mysterious. It hovers like an invisible, intangible ghost inside the human skull defying the greatest philosophical detectives of past ages.



Few people realize how completely one individual's mind is cut off from everybody else's. You are aware of your own thoughts and feelings and unless you go into the matter pretty deeply you assume that the other fellow's mind is about like yours. You know your friends "intimately." But do you really know them at all? That is, do you know what they are thinking and feeling and planning behind their masks of routine behavior? For several years I had "known" a man named Trevor. I knew him in business and, socially, in his home. I knew Trevor's associates, too; his boss, his fellow executives, several of his subordinates, his wife. All of them talked to me about him. Trevor was the only man in a large organization whom his chief trusted unreservedly. The others admired him, liked him, laughed a little at his over-scrupulous code of morals and business ethics. His wife resented her husband's loyalty to his company's interests, his absorption in business, as she understood it, at her expense. That was the man as I "knew" him—honest, capable, regular in every way.

Trevor was run down by a taxicab crossing Times Square. He was taken to the nearest hospital and that night he died. His brief case was turned over to his chief who found in it a set of burglar's tools, a carefully drawn diagram of the burglar alarm system in the building where his company's offices were located and a set of keys capable of unlocking various offices and particularly his own company's comptroller's vault where money and securities were kept. There had been important thefts from the offices which Trevor's keys fitted during the preceding five years and twice the comptroller's vault had been robbed. Investigation showed that Trevor—under an alias of course—had sold the bonds and other property, using a technique that would do justice to any professional criminal. He had given all the proceeds away, some to women, some to charity. The woman angle was more surprising to me than anything else in the case—I would have sworn that Trevor had never know intimately any girl but his wife.

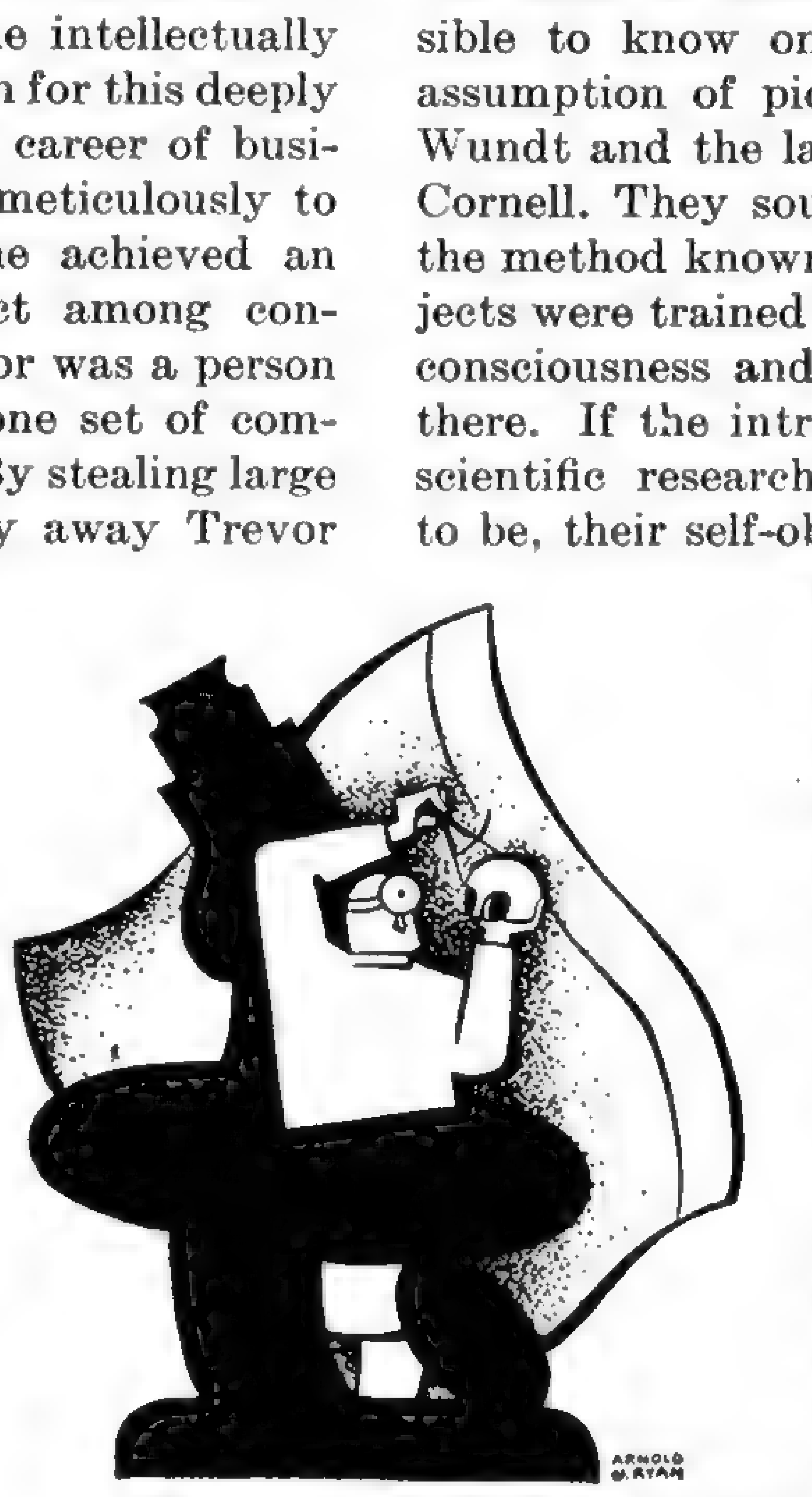
Trevor's case is exceptional only in the wide degree of separation between the two radically divergent expressions of his personality. There wasn't any "splitting" or "multiple personality"—the man was quite normal. The same basic drive made Trevor simultaneously an upright business man and an ingenious thief. His mind hid a feeling of sexual inferiority of which he never permitted himself to become intellectually conscious. One compensation for this deeply hidden feeling was Trevor's career of business rectitude; by sticking meticulously to the straight and narrow he achieved an enviable position of respect among conventional people. But Trevor was a person of exceptional energy and one set of compensations wasn't enough. By stealing large sums and giving the money away Trevor obtained an extreme sense of power over the very people who admired his supposed honesty. He also derived a feeling of grandeur and an experience of being sexually sought after by the girls who took his stolen money. I still believe that this delusion of being sought after was the only compensation he obtained in his relationship with these women.

Trevor spent his life acquiring different kinds of power over people because all the time his mind was quivering with pitiful shrinking and timidity. Just so a shy young man in Westchester lured two exceptionally lovely models to his home, posing as a painter. He bound the girls and carried them to his attic where he laid them on the floor, fed them candy, read them poetry but did not otherwise molest them.

Another fellow recently, scorned by a girl, set fire to her apartment house and to a number of other dwellings where women lived. Then there were the two young women who hired an airplane and jumped out of it high over England. They suicided from grief, it was generally supposed, caused by the tragic deaths of their fiances on a fatal air adventure. Actually, I doubt if the girls were ever engaged—their spectacular exhibition was doubtless a compensation for their secret feelings of failure with men.

What had been going on in the minds of all these people was at last revealed by an uncontrollable eruption of the desperate pressure underneath. But few individuals ever erupt. They live and they die alone, their secret selves masquerading behind the usual screen of conventional appearances. Their private mysteries are never solved by the people who "know" them best. "Intuitive" or "natural" understanding of other people's minds is a silly, vain-glorious fiction.

But surely, if it is impossible to invade the mind of another, it still remains possible to know one's own? Such was the assumption of pioneers in psychology like Wundt and the late Professor Titchener of Cornell. They sought to examine mind by the method known as "introspection." Subjects were trained to look in upon their own consciousness and report what they found there. If the introspecters were honest, as scientific research students were believed to be, their self-observations were accepted as reliable. But, after all, does mind possess the ability to observe itself? The answer became more and more doubtful as introspective reports were compared and found contradictory. Soon some inescapable conclusions began to emerge. No matter how honest a person tries to be, he always deceives himself more or less when he seeks to look in on his own motives and ideas. No one can perceive within himself a



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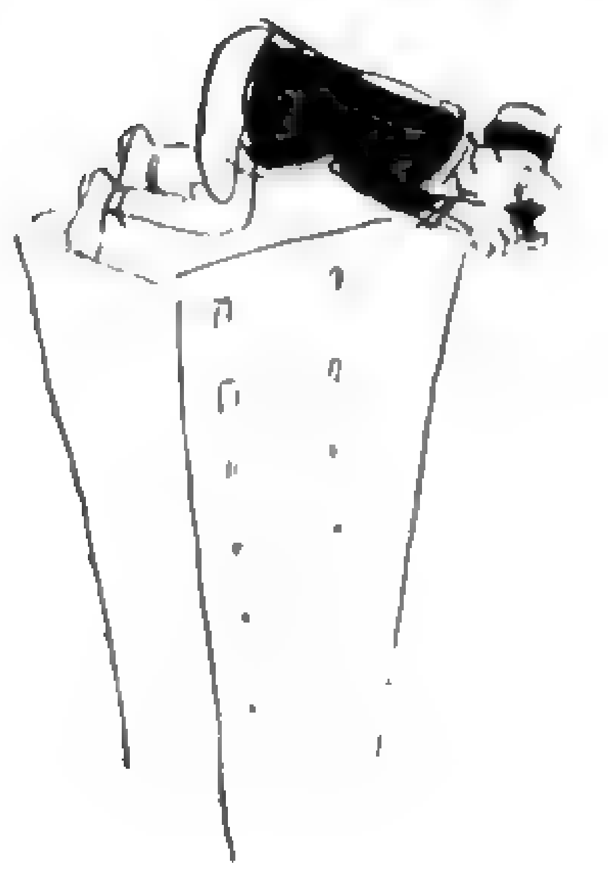
Tintypes and Tenderness

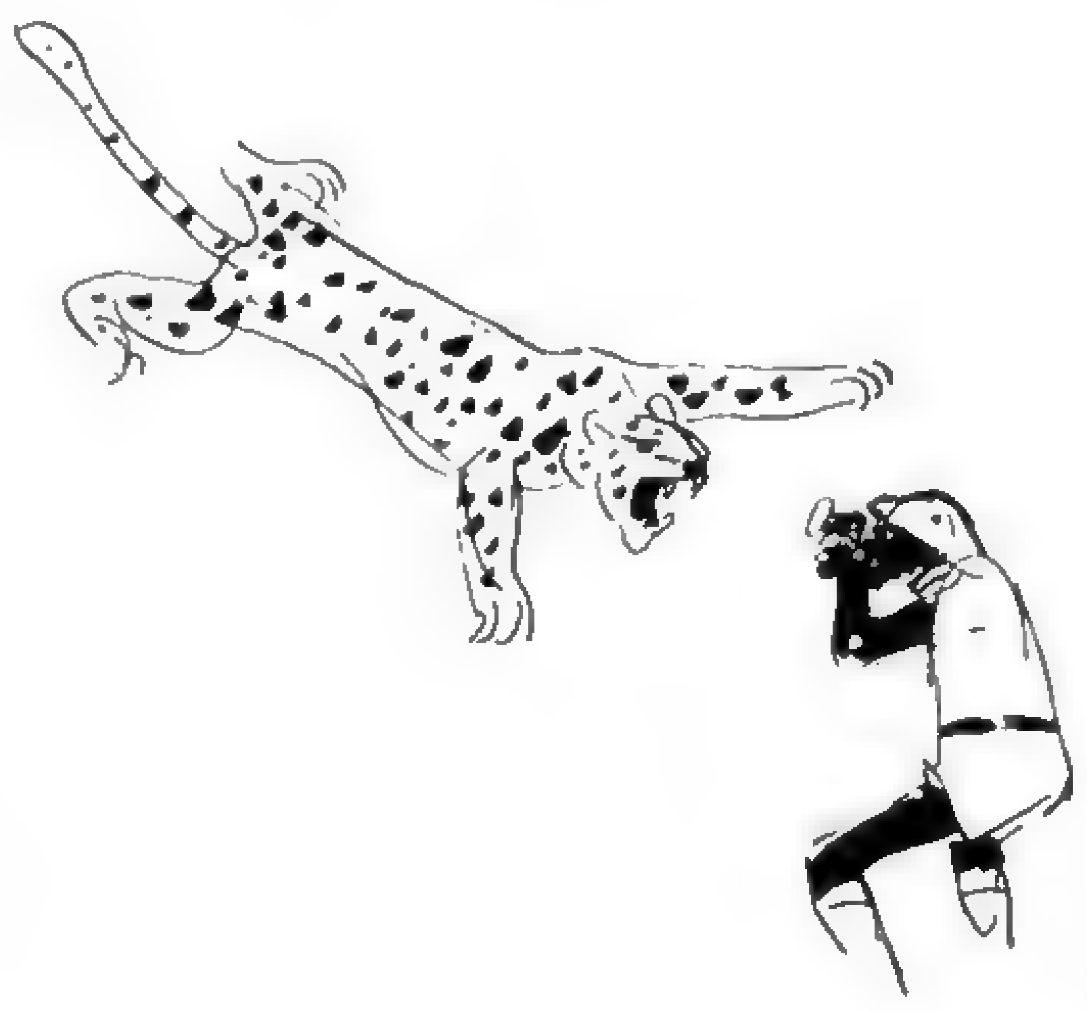


Just as the movies get self-conscious and conventional, the candid camera takes us back to nature in the raw

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

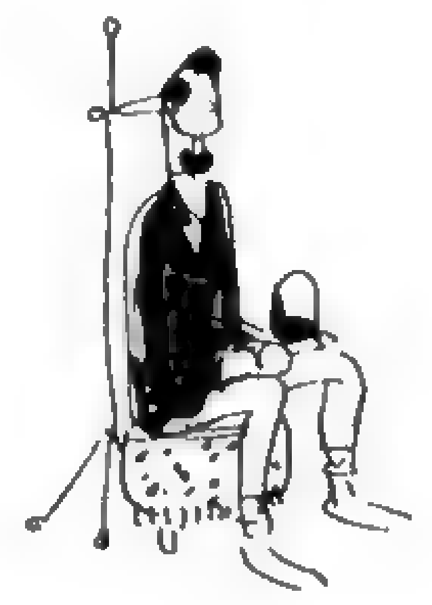
I MAY be wrong in my dates, but I have a definite feeling that we never heard of the art and the soul of the photograph until the popularity of the early movies had become "a menace." I wish someone would work on this and examine the soul of the aesthete, to discover why he draws back from whatever is commonly agreeable and instantly flies to the remote and the delicate. Ordinary still photography was popular enough for at least a generation before the movies came, but little was heard of the art of the camera; and the moment a new thing arrived, obviously pushing the snapshot into second place, we were told that the camera was at least as fine a medium as paint and canvas and that a photograph of a cloud has more of soul and more of social meaning in it than you had ever guessed. Merely to like a photograph because you liked the tree, the baby, or the elephant shown in the picture became as much of a vulgarism as liking Luke Fildes' *The Doctor* or that imperishable painting of the baby and the dog entitled, I believe, *Can't OO Talk?* You were called on to admire the composition which the photographer had discovered in nature or arranged in his studio (which was often admirable) and to feel the profound emotion which the photographer, not the subject, communicated to you. And before you could say Alfred Steiglitz, photography was High Art.



Although I am obviously sceptical, I am willing to concede the point altogether if anyone will tell me how it came about that none of these things were discovered until the movies came in. Recently there have been high praises delivered to the estates of Brady, the Civil War photographer who managed some superb pictures under unimaginable difficulties, and of Atget, the talented Frenchman who in the 1880's took photographs of an astounding frankness, liveliness, and even brutality. Were Brady and Atget considered artists by the aesthetes of their time? I wasn't there, but I give you my word they were not. They were practitioners of that dreadful utterly mechanical business of snapping pictures; they had nothing to do with Art.

(Parallel : dozens of delicate-minded prigs who hated the silent pictures now speak of their exquisite art—in comparison with the living art of the talking picture.)

(42nd Parallel : the vogue of Victorian and Biedermeier after years of contempt and neglect, because modernist furniture had finally taken the curse of ugliness and discomfort from the machine-made goods.)



The aesthete, said the young James Joyce, has a floating will. He has also a mind in flight. In the moving picture, America actually discovered a form of artistic expression which corresponded to the way America had lived for a century and still lives : because the essence of the movie is exactly what you think: movement, and that happens to be the one dominant characteristic of all American history. And the moment the movie appeared, the aesthetes shrank back to whatever was motionless and still. Even when they brought themselves to face the movie, they praised those importations which moved least, or moved very slowly, or were a series of close-ups, like the famous *Joan of Arc.* Anything to escape the natural and expressive thing we had created for ourselves. The American movie is indifferent to space and time : it annihilates both. It sprawls. It is chaotic, uncomposed, fluid, vulgar. In all these things it is more American than anything else. The aesthetes praised those pictures which were closest to an Ibsen play, compact, full of inner conflict without external action, observing the unities, neat and tidy. And not American. You cannot say that there has been a revival of interest in photography, because the combination of a primeval absorption in images and a great commercial enterprise, never let the ordinary button-snapping habit die down. But the new line, built up chiefly through the use of minute cameras which are simple to operate and apparently work in the dark, has been at right angles to the aesthetic line.

The great thing about the new camera is that it is more than candid, it is brutally disagreeable. It always catches people with their mouths open or, in a sense, with their pants down. The less arrangement, the less composition, the less art, the better. And the enlarged pictures are superb. You take them at the speed of a movie, and one of your half dozen shots turns up an expression or an attitude for which your posing photographer is willing to sell his soul. In a way we are back to Brady and Atget.

And this realism of the still camera comes in just as the movie, which used to be an unstudied and unarguable record of the actual, has become posed and artificial and palpably false, because of the requirements of the microphone. About the only things now not prettied up in the newsreel account of any important event (except sport) is the movement of the grass and the trees in a high wind. You still get unrehearsed episodes; but whenever possible, the event is staged over again, to make a better impression. So that when a sweepstakes winner begins to stammer and looks down at an invisible piece of paper, you cannot be absolutely certain that he is saying exactly what he meant to say. (One of this year's winners is well-nigh immortal for his insistence that everyone else was excited when they heard the news, but he was calllm, very calllm.) You have to fall back on an instantaneous snapshot to discover what the expression of a politician really can be, when he thinks no one is looking into his soul.

A lot of other things have happened to picture-taking in the same decade. Again unsure of my dates, I think that camera angles were used in still photography long before the movies thought of them. People shot pictures as they shot rifles, sitting-standing-sitting, over their left shoulder, and upsidedown. The results were far more decorative than the old straight photo had been; whether the soul of a building, a glove, or a dynamo was best revealed by picturing it from above, below, or on the bias, may be questioned; but the effects on the printed page were good. A hundred years ago the invention of the camera had released painting from the necessity to give the speaking likeness, and presently you got post-impressionism. Now the camera rebelled against matter-of-fact realism and declared that it would photograph the object as it is—but with its own slant. (It is almost impossible for your average amateur to manage a huge machine or a skyscraper; he has to get an angle on it because the thing is so big that

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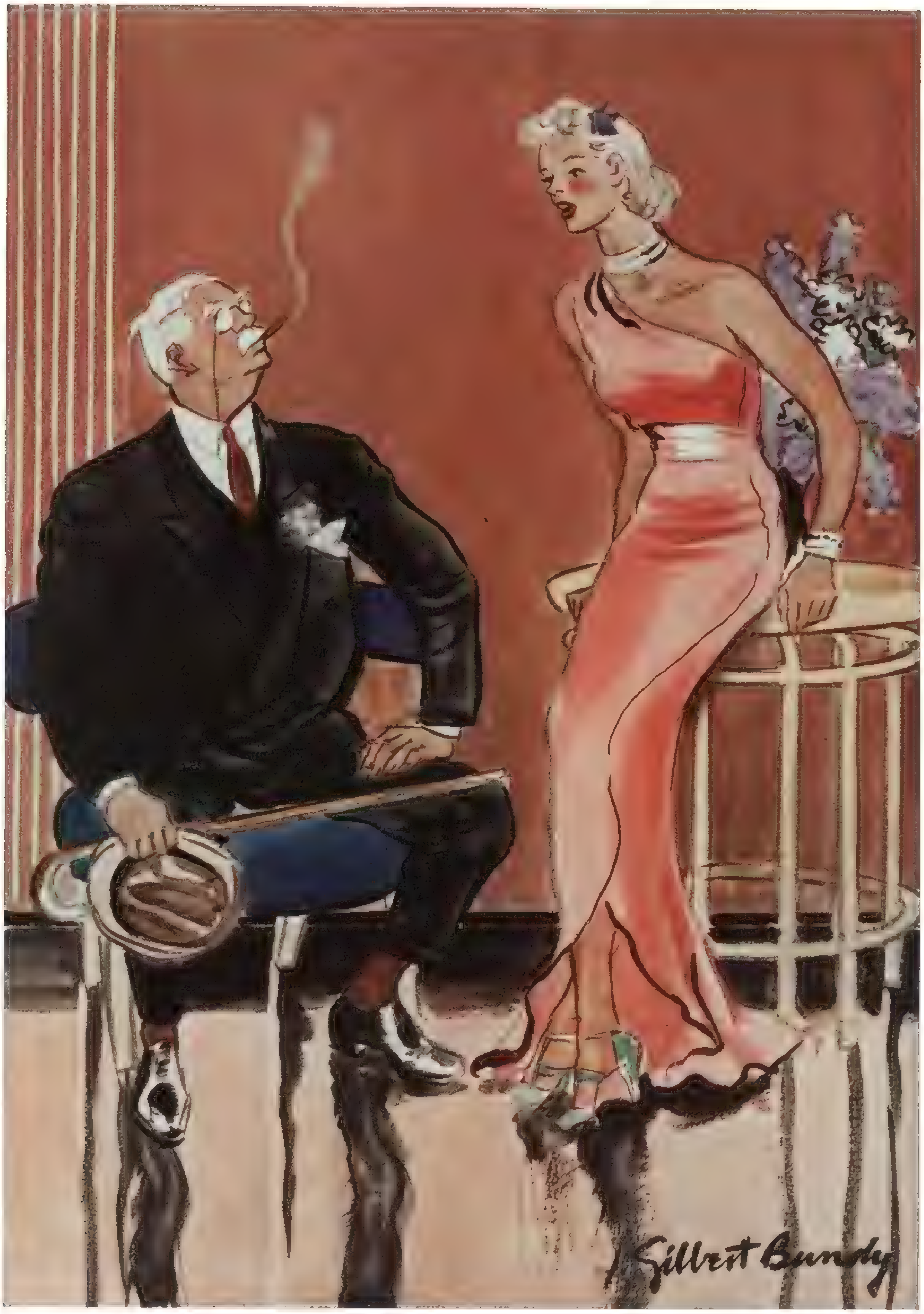
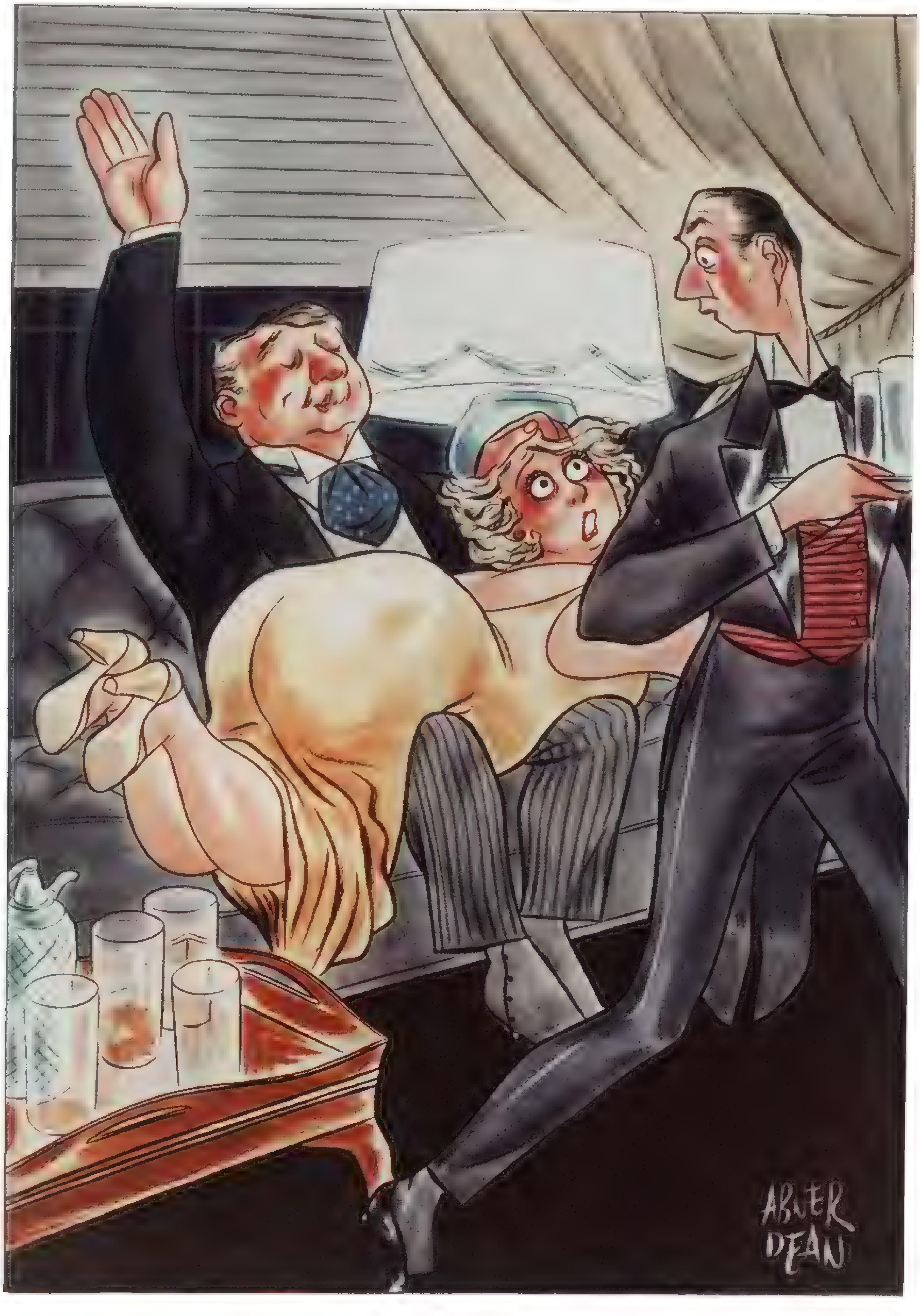

Gilbert Bundy

"When it boils right down, I had more actual cash when I was in your notions department, Mr. Simons"



"Jen[illegible]s, I told you not to give the Major more than one highball!"

Good Cellars for Roof Raising

Whether two or twenty bottles, always have a cellar to meet the grasshopper or the unexpected aunt

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

▪ POTABLES ▪

For many long years one of our main desires was to taste again, a dry Martini such as we used to get in Rectors or the King Cole Room of the Knickerbocker. So on the day that the noble experiment joined the dodo and we all became honest again by constitutional amendment, your correspondent lined up with several other hundred citizens waiting our turn to get into a liquor store. It seemed unbelievable to those of us who remembered the old days, that a queue could ever form in front of a supply depot. But there it was and everyone was very merry over the delay and the occasion; no one wants really to be a sneak and the lifting of the bans was a historical point in our somewhat befuddled moral development.

Personally my interest in joining the line was to get a modest cellar. I had a hunch that if made right, Martinis would taste as they did of yore and as they still do in Paris. The first legal purchase then was as follows:

1 bottle French vermouth
1 bottle dry gin

You will be surprised at the range that this simple cellar affords. For a good many weeks I was content to rely on Martinis and the variants that could be made with gin, adding a little lemon, orange and so on. Consider this simple cellar then; if you live in a hall room and watch your budget. In addition to the Martini, there are the orange blossom, the rickeys, and fizzes, running into the dozens. One bottle of vermouth lasts through a half case of gin. If you have foreign guests the vermouth can be served as an aperitif, straight or with carbonated water and a slice of lemon peel.

The second cellar was on the same modest scale. It included:

1 bottle blended rye whiskey
1 bottle Italian vermouth

Starting with the Manhattan, the second choice of American drinkers, you can run off into the whiskey range with almost as much variety as with the gin; whiskey sour, highball, horse's-neck and a dozen others.

The moderate man's next step is a combination of cellars 1 and 2. The four bottles, say with the addition of a bottle of bitters, can carry him over almost any sudden visitation of callers. These simple cellars are for the very modest routine of home drinking or unexpected calls, parties, of course, calling for planned buying.

Cellar number 4 takes a decided jump. The American has become a great drinker of Scotch. Take the third cellar and add a bottle of good Scotch and you almost double your potential for quick hospitality.

It is possible that you have an aunt. Chances are that if you were not around to watch she would sit at the Stork Club and drink her companions under the table. But when she calls on you and lays off her tippet, you should recognize her mood and offer her sherry. The imported sherries run from $2.25 to $5.00 but only a cultivated palate can really discern the difference. I have found one or two domestic sherries that have plenty of body and that excellent nutty flavor, but they're difficult to find and you can't go wrong on any of the well-known imported brands. And if you go in for sherry you should include port, not only for callers in lavender and old lace after the dinner hour, but because you'll find it a mighty handy ingredient.

Cellar number 6, according to this correspondent who does not wish to be arbitrary but is guided by several years' experience in modest entertaining, should be number 5 plus one bottle of good cognac. Here the leap is considerable for it is better to do without than pass off a disturbing tipple. I have tried a great many American brandies, some of them are pleasant but of no great push. Likewise I have had some terrible brandies under imported labels. It is regrettable but true that a lot of this stuff is for American trade. It is also regrettable and true that great stocks of our brandies, which were aging, were sold to France when their stocks were depleted by the war. The best rule is to find a dealer and an importer that you have faith in and let him be your guide.

For Cellar number 7, I would advise adding one bottle of best rum. There are several good ones on the market now and the variety of drinks that you can make with rum is astonishing. With the other combinations, you now have enough units to fashion more drinks than you can try in a month. With moderate buying along this line your cellar comes to approximately $24.00.

Along about now you have reached the social state where you have friends dropping in after dinner, where they have had sufficient to drink with the meal and yet are not ready for the highball pick-up, so necessary for bridge, or the perpetual nightcap which is the last gesture of asking them to linger on. For this phase of the evening cordials are indicated. The list is long and hearty and can match any taste. You can finally select your best bet by a poll of your visiting firemen or the rapidity with which your bottle is drained. Personally I like all of them, though not all together. You will find the standard ones in this list: anisette, apricot, benedictine, blackberry, chartreuse, yellow or green, cherry, cointreau, crème de cacao, crème de menthe, crème de cassis (black currant), curacao, Drambuie, forbidden fruit, goldwasser, Grand Marnier, kirschwasser, kümmel, mandarinette, maraschino, Parfait Amour, prunelle, peach, Swedish punch, aquavit, Vielle Curé and crème Yvéttė.

To make this thing come out even I would suggest a strange addition for Cellar number 9: pernod, ojen or oxygene. No bachelor needs be told about these. You can get a small bottle for $3.00, a large one for $6.00. A very few drops are required for a Martini and a few more with rye for your sazerac. It is a welcome addition to the long gin drinks and for a complete knock-out in two drinks there is nothing like one-third oxygene, one-third gin and one-third lemon with cracked ice.

So far I have assumed that your apartment is built along the lines of most of us cliff dwellers and a cellar was not included in the architect's plans. On this assumption I have kept space in mind and shelf room. These samples call for units of one bottle and can easily be accommodated in the ordinary apartment.

The tenth cellar would take care of celebrations, the anniversary of the day you got married or didn't. This includes the great ceremonial drink—Champagne. To keep within the planned budget you would have to start with a brand that ranged around $4.00, saving the costlier vintages for fancier cellars. Now you are all ready to go places and at a total of approximately $35.00.

As I said before, you cannot be arbitrary about these things. But after a little experimentation you can find your own idiosyncrasies and the pleasure of your friends. For instance, you will want to add one or two types of rum, a bottled-in-bond whiskey, another liqueur or two and a choice Scotch for important guests. Women, for some reason, like pink drinks and a small bottle of grenadine should be around. During the Russian ballet season you might include at least one bottle of vodka (to be drunk like water at a meal) and many of your friends probably like applejack.

To arrive at the perfect cellar that suits your budget and the taste of your circle of

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

How to read the novels of John Dos Passos if you want to divide story from history

by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

JOHN DOS PASSOS has definitely determined to write his novels his own way and not the way his critics want him to write them. I think his critics are right and that Dos is wrong. But that is not going to change him. They say (and I have said) that by his peculiar method of breaking up his novels into (1) straight narrative, interrupted by (2) what Dos calls "Newsreel," (3) and short biographies of contemporaneous figures written in the style of prose threnodies, (4) and what Dos calls "The Camera Eye," he fails in the very purpose his method is obviously designed to achieve.

His artistic intention is clear: he wishes to give a picture and an account of a definite period from inception through ascendant to the climax and then to the woeful or ironic end. And in doing this he wishes to give not only the underlying forces motivating his characters and events but to give also the incidental, apparently unrelated swirl of manifestations of the life of the times, kaleideoscopically. In addition he wishes to set down, poetically, his own emotional autobiography of impressions and things vividly remembered of the period. Thus he hopes to achieve both comprehensiveness and unity, a dramatic sense of chaos and of design at the same time.

What he actually does is to destroy the reader's *feeling* of comprehensiveness and unity altogether—that is, if the reader follows the novel as Dos Passos has planned it.

My suggestion to the reader about Dos Passos' new novel, *The Big Money* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), is to read the straight narrative from beginning to end, omitting the Newsreel, the biographies, and the Camera Eye. Then read the biographies seriatim or by selecting them at random.

Then go over the Newsreels for the fun of picking out the items you can identify (they are made up of scraps of newspaper headlines, fragments from interviews and newspaper stories and snatches of songs popular at the time the various events of the narrative are taking place. Most of them already need footnotes to explain what they refer to). And skip the Camera Eye bits altogether or dabble in them when you have nothing else to do, much as you would dabble in an anthology of obscure Dadaistic poems to see if you can find something you can get anything out of.

The best things in the book are the short ironico-poetic biographies. There are ten of them: of Frederick Winslow Taylor, originator of the efficiency plan, who died with a watch in his hand; of Henry Ford; of Thorstein Veblen, author of *The Theory of the Leisure Class*; of Isadora Duncan, the dancer; of Rudolph Valentino; of the Wright brothers, Wilbur and Orville, designers of the first practical airplane; of Frank Lloyd Wright, the architect; of William Randolph Hearst; of Samuel Insull; and of an Unknown Soldier in the Army of the Unemployed.

These biographies show very definitely, I think, the influence of Carl Sandburg. They are in the very tone and rhythm of the moody dithyrambs of Sandburg's *Chicago Poems*, *Smoke and Steel*, *Slabs of the Sunburnt West*, and of his new volume, just published, *The People, Yes* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). But the Sandburg influence is all to the good, for these biographies are marvelously effective, graphic, concise, to the point, dramatic, and ironic.

In fictional narrative, so far as I can see, Dos Passos rises but little higher than Donald Henderson Clarke. In Dos Passos' story of the drab history of the movie star, Margo Dowling, I was constantly reminded of Clarke's *Millie*. And even in the stories of Charley Anderson and of Mary French, which run parallel with the story of Margo and interlock with it, Dos Passos begins to seem as old fashioned as the Hearst Sunday Supplements of fifteen years ago.

In the Charley Anderson story the irony is so mechanically conceived that you would think a good artist would reject it as material even if he happened to know of a case like it: an aviator returns from the war, gets in on the ground floor of the aviation business, makes a fortune in aviation stock during the well-known boom days before 1929, and is killed in an airplane accident. We have had the details of Charley's career a thousand times in novels since 1918—the rounds of drunkenness and fornication, the wild spending of easy money in speak-easy days, the reckoning in delirium tremens, blackmail alienation threats, divorce, and mental and moral disintegration—until they have become dull or sickening by repetition. Margo Dowling's story, too, has been told a thousand times in pretty much the same way and told in much more urbane and sophisticated manner by Garrett and Carroll Graham in their satire, *Queer People*.

Dos Passos' story of Mary French is really excellent, something new. It is the story of a girl who left Vassar to take up social welfare, and was drawn into the workers' cause and simultaneously into a series of love affairs. Her story is full of all the implications of all of Dos Passos' work. These implications are abstract and confused because Dos Passos is emotionally on the side of the underdog, intellectually an aristocrat, and at heart a frustrated poet. He is at once so fascinated and repelled by the carnal aspects of human nature that he is incapable of giving a sympathetic or even an undistorted picture of any character he creates even if he is in sympathy with that character. This gives rise to an anomaly: his portraits of living capitalists (whom you would figure Dos Passos would hate), such as Hearst, Ford, and Insull, are actually warm and at bottom sympathetic, and leave you with a feeling of the tragic irony of things, whereas his created characters of workers, agitators, and girls in the labor movement are all pictured mostly in their moments of drunkenness, sexual promiscuity, quarrels, and frustrations and therefore antipathetically.

Perhaps the higher implication intended by Dos Passos is that the idea, *Big Money*, is reponsible for all these tragedies. But William Randolph Hearst (although he has changed his tactics in his old age) made his big money precisely by exploiting this idea. Week in, week out, in his Sunday Supplements he exposed the luxury, licentiousness and extravagance of the idle rich; day in and day out he espoused the cause (in print) of the common people, exposing graft in politics and corruption in big business—and in very much the same way Dos Passos does, by emphasis on the sensational. But Hearst took care in espousing the cause of the masses against entrenched privilege that his papers would be read by the masses. His newspapers were written in a clear and simple style; he did not confound or confuse the reader or erect barriers against the reader's comprehension.

I think that Dos Passos misses the real vocation in which he might achieve greatness—the writing of biography or history—and that he continues to write bastard novels in a form he has already worn out. He has the perception, the eye for significant detail, the selectivity to be for this generation what Lytton Strachey was for the previous one. Or failing that, he would make a superb journalist if he would forget his annoying little idiosyncrasies of spelling and punctuation. As a novel I think *The Big Money* is an anticlimax which was already fore-

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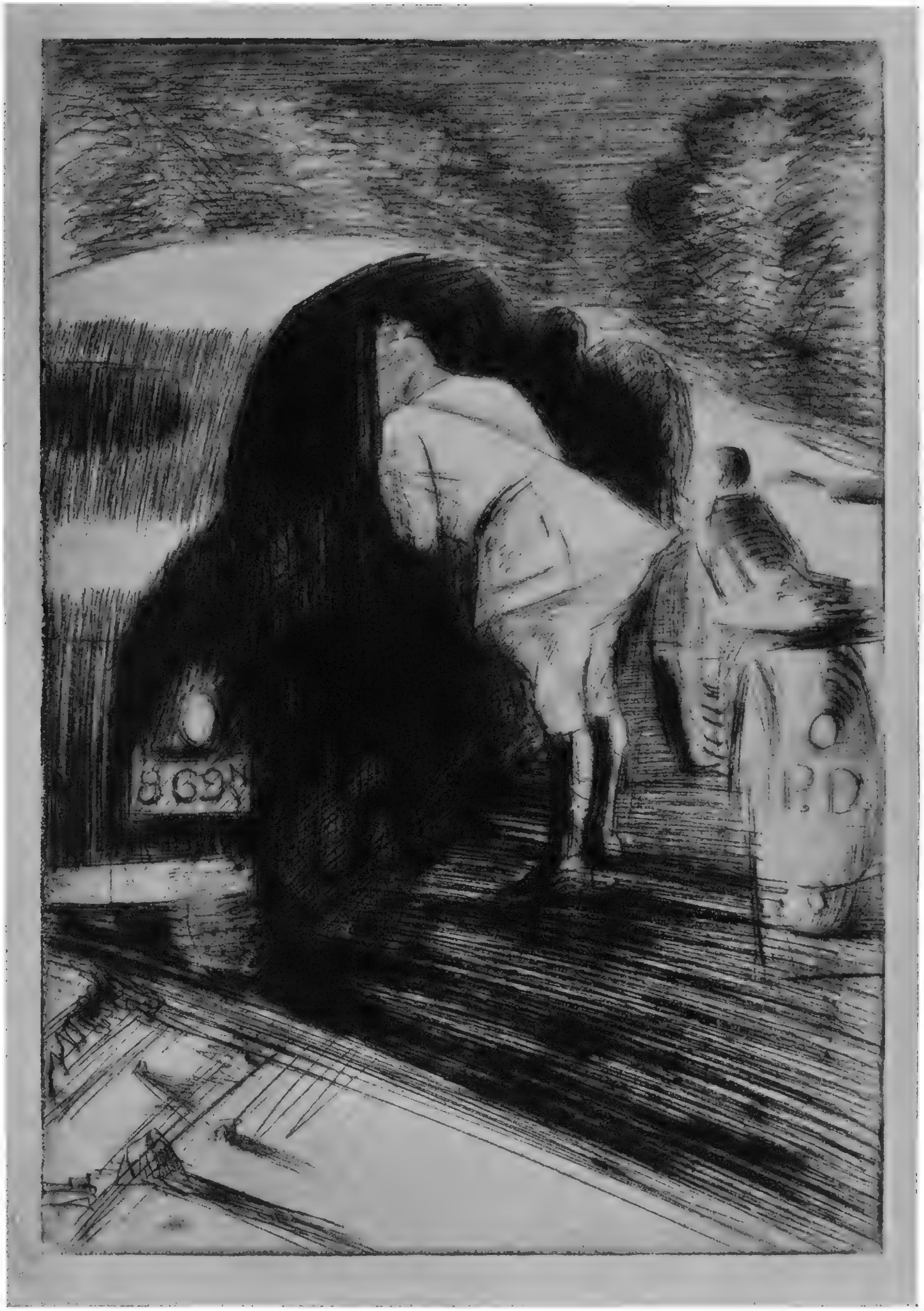
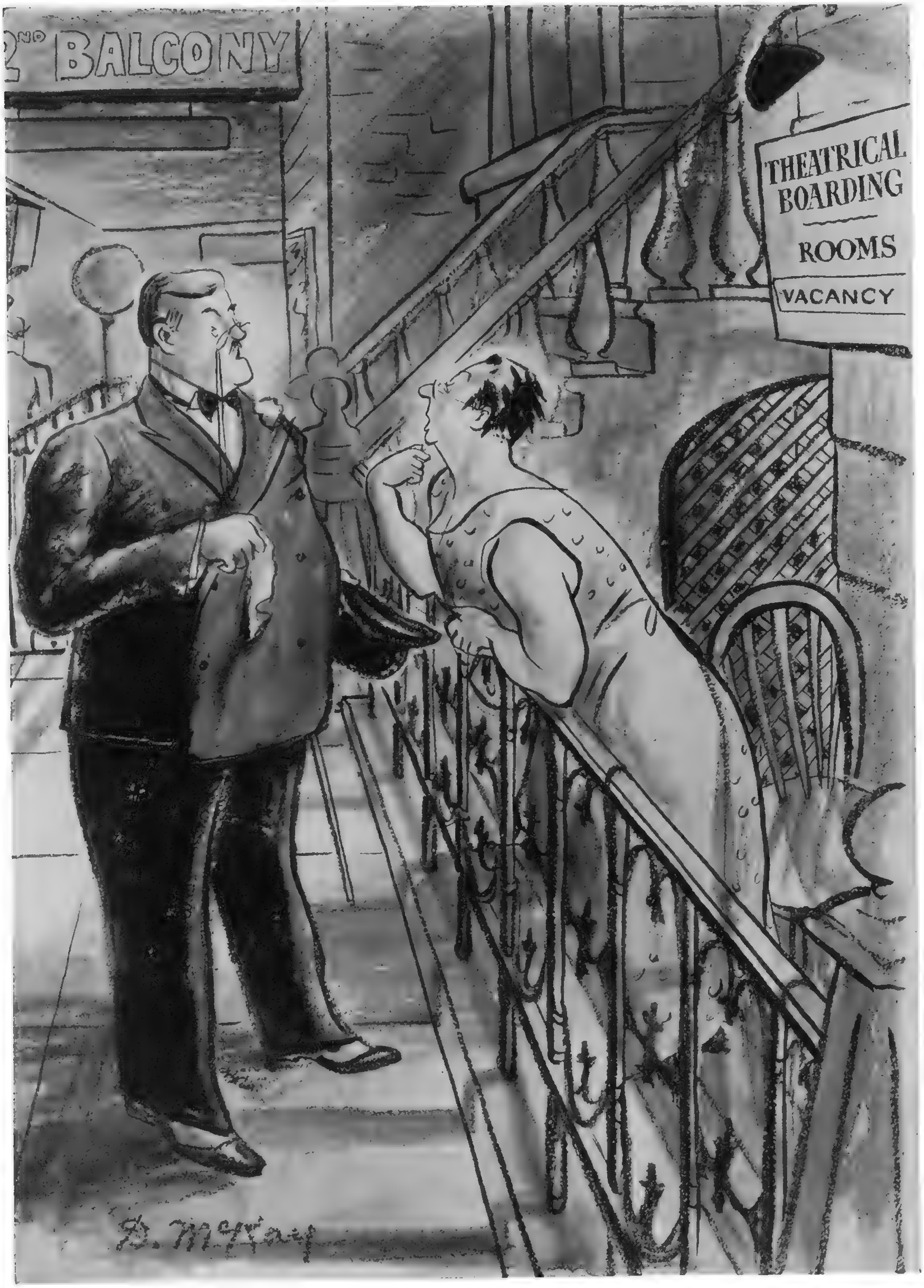


ETCHING BY HOWARD BAER

"What the hell's goin' on? Oh, pardon me, Chief"


2ND BALCONY
THEATRICAL BOARDING
ROOMS
VACANCY
D. McKay

"They're all over at Major Bowes!"

Unstruggling Artist

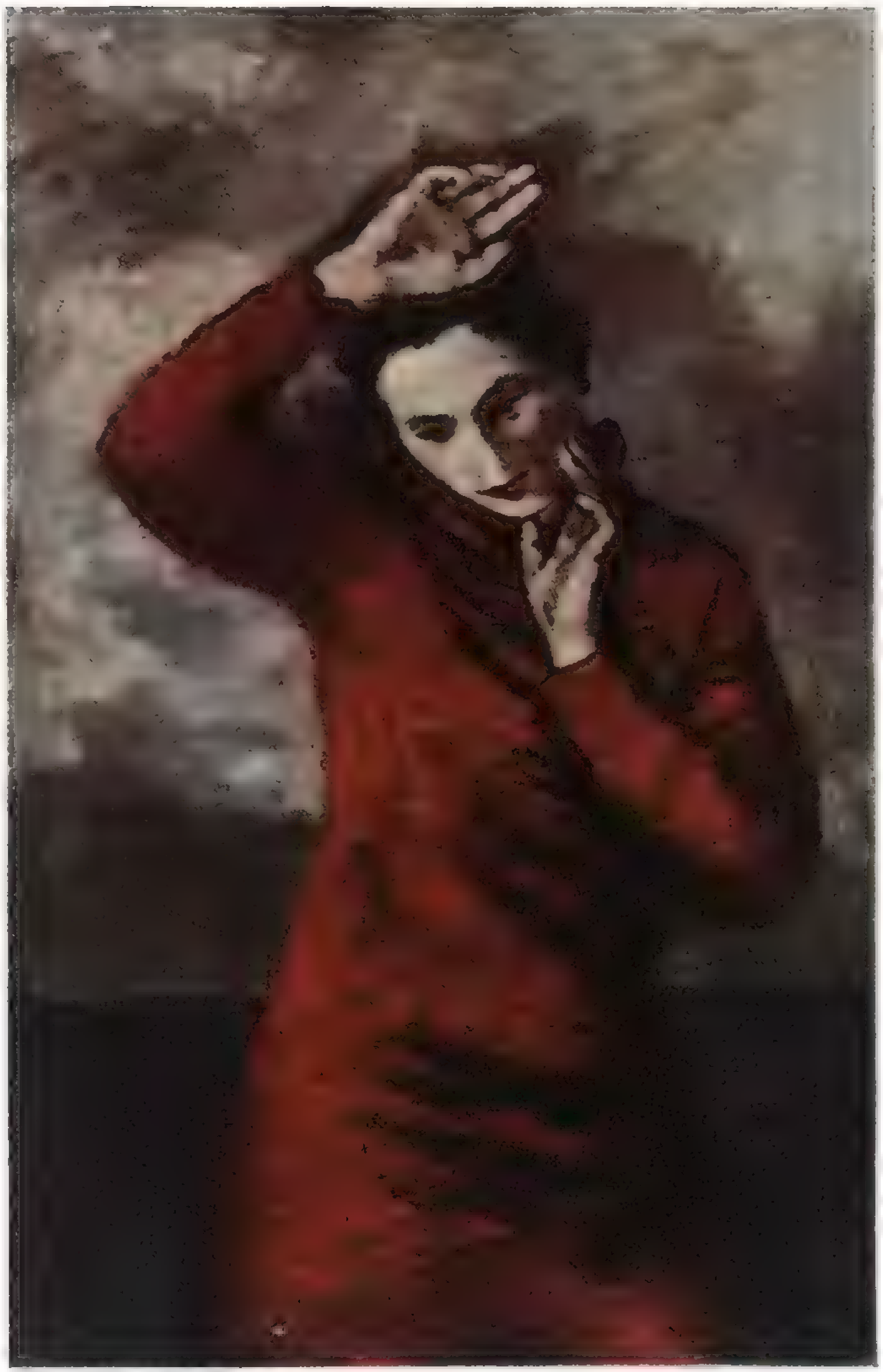
The artist's life has been one long waltz for Alex Brook, from crag to crag of old Mt. Success

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

ALEXANDER BROOK is the art student's idea of a happy and successful painter. Not successful in the fashionable portrait painter's sense of the word, nor in that of the illustrator whose advertising posters may net him a cool and annual hundred thousand, but then, what art student at the outset of his starry-eyed struggle to conquer canvas wants to grow up to be a Frank O. Salisbury or a McClelland Barclay? Alexander Brook is what they want to grow up to be.

In the first place he's healthy and he's not sixty and even when he's sixty he'll be healthy. Thirty-eight years of age, he is in his full and confident stride. He began tasting what art students call success seven years ago, in 1929, when at the Art Institute of Chicago a picture of his won a $2,500 prize, and the consequent kudos. The next year at the Carnegie International in Pittsburgh he won two prizes totalling $3,500, besides the purchase price of the painting. He is happy and successful because he has organized his life on his own and on no one else's terms. No intractable anarchist he, collectors and museums buy his pictures because they're his and no one else's. He produces what he desires and as he desires and he sells what he produces—although he attempts to lower the key of this report by pointing out that he has sold only 100 paintings during his entire career. In any event he has never had to grit his teeth and prostitute his art in order to give the public what it wants. The public takes what he gives. As an artist, he has a style; as a man, a personality. He seems to have been spared the torments of struggle toward a manner, or, at least, he has not made those torments public in his exhibited pictures. He dares to deny the debt of influence to any artist, living or dead. He acknowledges no influence because he is aware of none. Even the envious grant him the possession of technical competence and the virulence of the battle contemporaries wage over him, for and against, argues his living influence. Painters who do not sell suspect him of pandering to middle class taste and of repeating mannerisms that have been found trickily pleasing but they might be the very ones who would rush to his defense if he were not the vogue that he is.



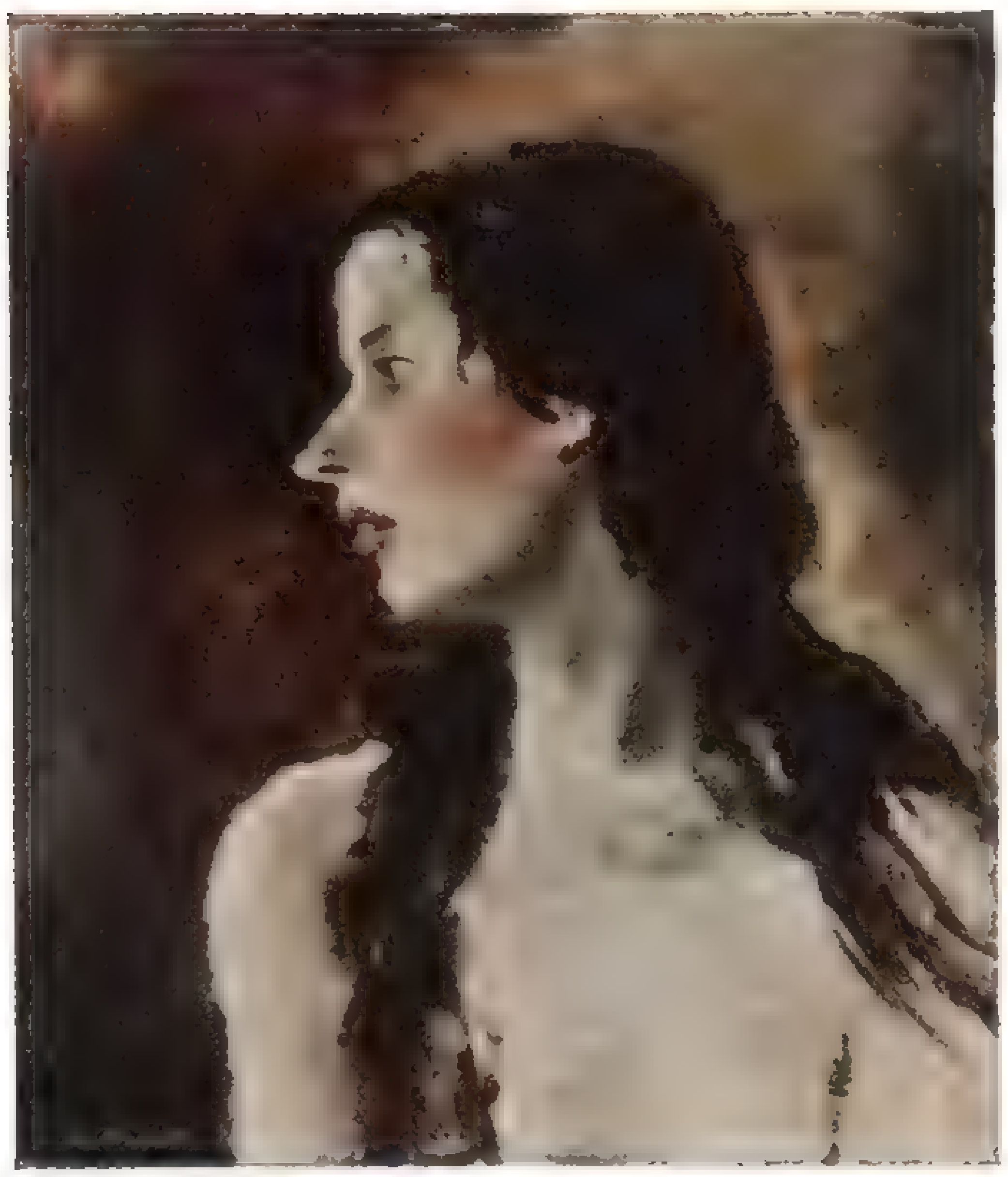
TRAGIC MUSE

As husband and father his personal life is on an even keel. He is the husband of Peggy Bacon, poet, etcher and caricaturist, or should one say that Peggy Bacon is the wife of Alex Brook? In either event, he has the pleasure, while still in his early prime, of seeing son and daughter shoot up into their teens. Belinda, at fifteen, is showing delightful promise as an artist, while Sandy is the normal American lad of about thirteen, interested in fishing and baseball, stamp and butterfly collections, but without promise of aptitudes, except as a model, for there are portraits of him by his father in both the Metropolitan and Whitney museums.

It is Alex Brook who is the architect of Alex Brook's destiny; it is he who takes the reins. "Are you a good manager?" I asked. "You bet I am," he replied, with a confident and challenging gleam in his bright, unclouded eyes. He is the kind of man who makes decisions, takes the initiative and has the courage of his intuitions. He doesn't drift and hope for the best. He is not restrained by the memory of past favors from terminating a business relationship which has become burdensome. While the average painter may say that things could be much worse, he will wonder why they are not much better—and try to do something about making them better. He is not bound by hoops of steel to any dealer. If his current teaching job is unsatisfactory, for whatever private reason, he acquires another that is less so. If there's a thorn in the rose that can be plucked out, he'll pluck it out. A painter no less important than he, but somewhat less exacting, remarked recently that Alex Brook had been crying all over town because he had sold *only* fourteen paintings out of his latest one-man show.

His health and his vitality have gone into art and all else is incidental. His business in life is to paint, his avocation is to paint, his habit is to paint. He denies all hobbies and interests that are not subservient to art. Even his family is subject matter for painting. He is so habitless, he tells me, that he will go days without smoking a cigarette. He enjoys good food and good liquor but neither is essential to his happiness and he wouldn't call his drinking a habit. He doesn't read much. He isn't intensely interested in art that isn't his own or his friends' and is too self-sufficient and self-assured to be anxious to see what painters of less consequence than himself are exhibiting. He is just as ready to stay home of nights drinking beer by himself or playing Russian bank with his wife as to go out—and he may go out eight times a week, if the invitations are sufficiently pressing and interesting and his hosts' hospitality is worth sampling on New Year's Eve. I am informed, he prefers champagne. And wherever he goes he is the life of the party, with the license to be witty and sarcastic,

Continued in center of page 115

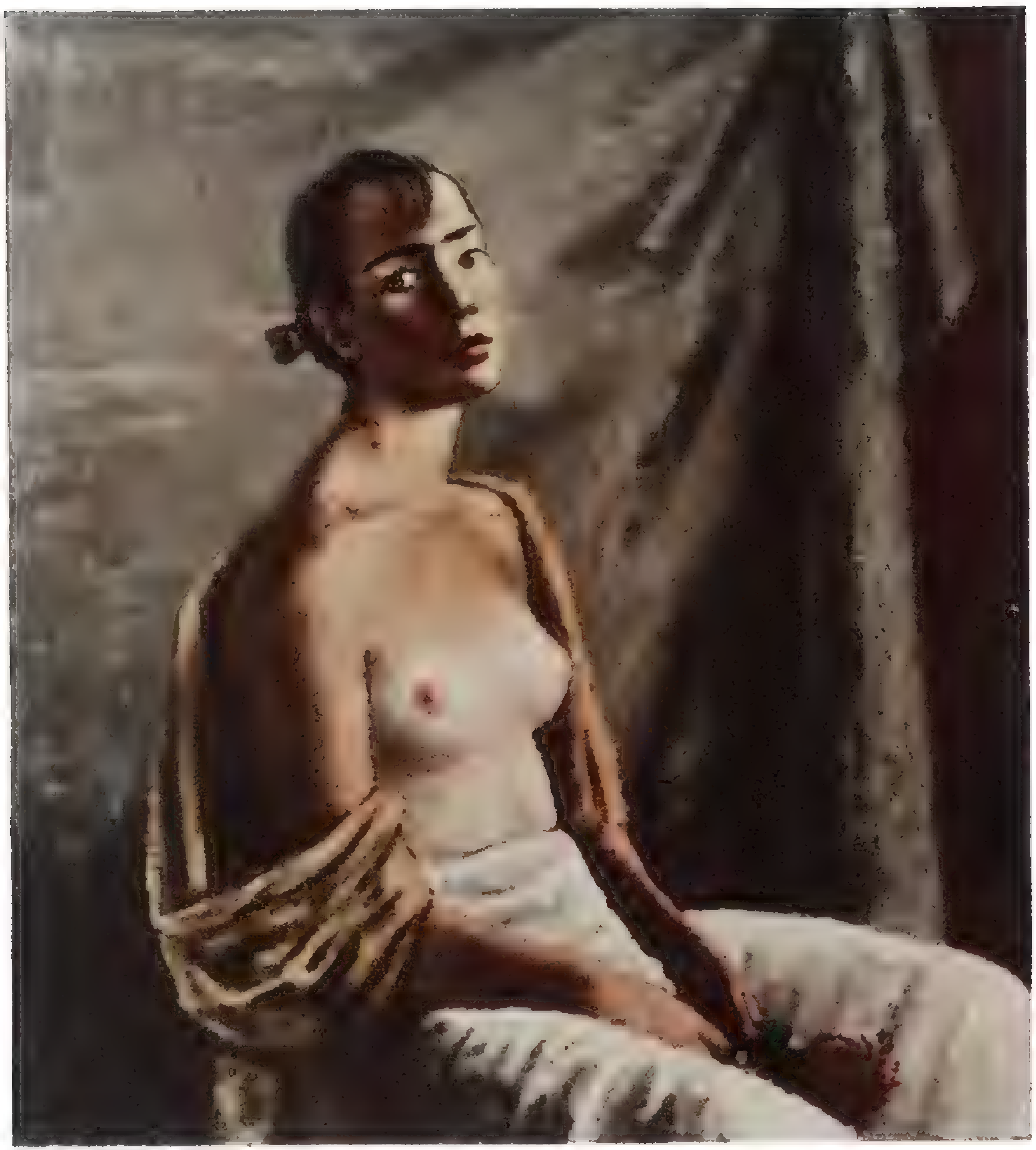


THE MODEL

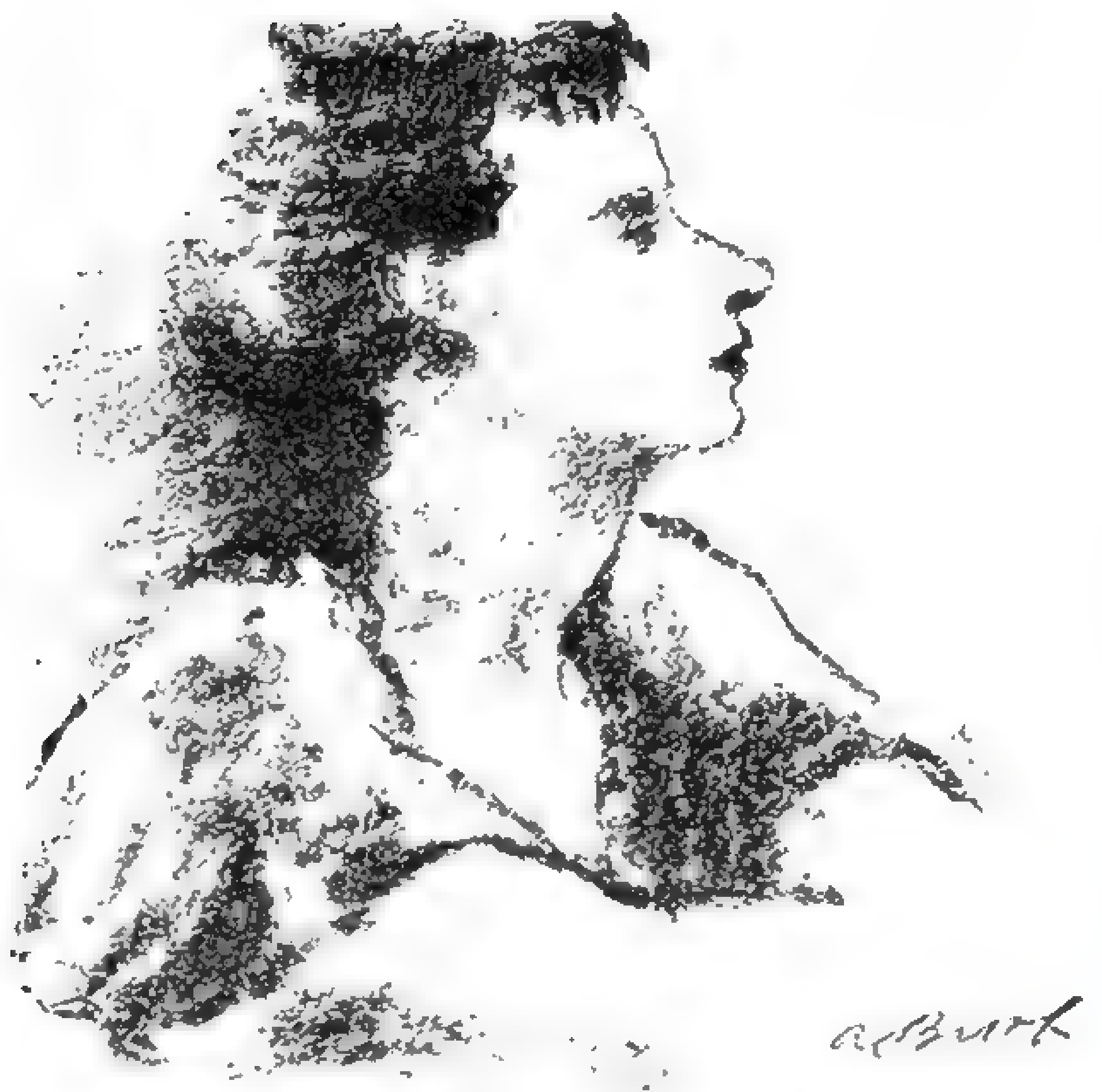
Representative Examples of

THE ART OF ALEXANDER BROOK

At the age of 38, Alexander Brook has already received the following awards open to American artists: Logan medal and purchase prize at the Art Institute of Chicago, 1929; second prize and Lehman award and purchase prize at the Carnegie International, 1930; Temple gold medal of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, 1931; Guggenheim Fellowship, 1931, and first prize at the Los Angeles Museum, 1934. And his pictures are in the following museums: The Metropolitan Museum, the Whitney Museum, the Gallery of Living Art, the Field Foundation and the Museum of Modern Art, all in New York; the Art Institute of Chicago, the Detroit Institute of Art, the Corcoran Gallery of Washington, D. C., the Boston Museum of Art, the City Art Museum of St. Louis, the Albright Gallery of Buffalo, N. Y., the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, Ann Arbor Art Association, Columbus Museum, Carnegie Institute. His pictures are also in dozens of private collections, including those of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Dr. B. D. Saklatwalla. Yet there are not many artists in the United States of whom more has been written and less is known. Mr. Salpeter's obbligato to this portfolio, in the form of the article beginning on the preceding page, may be regarded as the nearest approach in print to a portrait of Alexander Brook as man and as artist.



SOUTHERN GIRL



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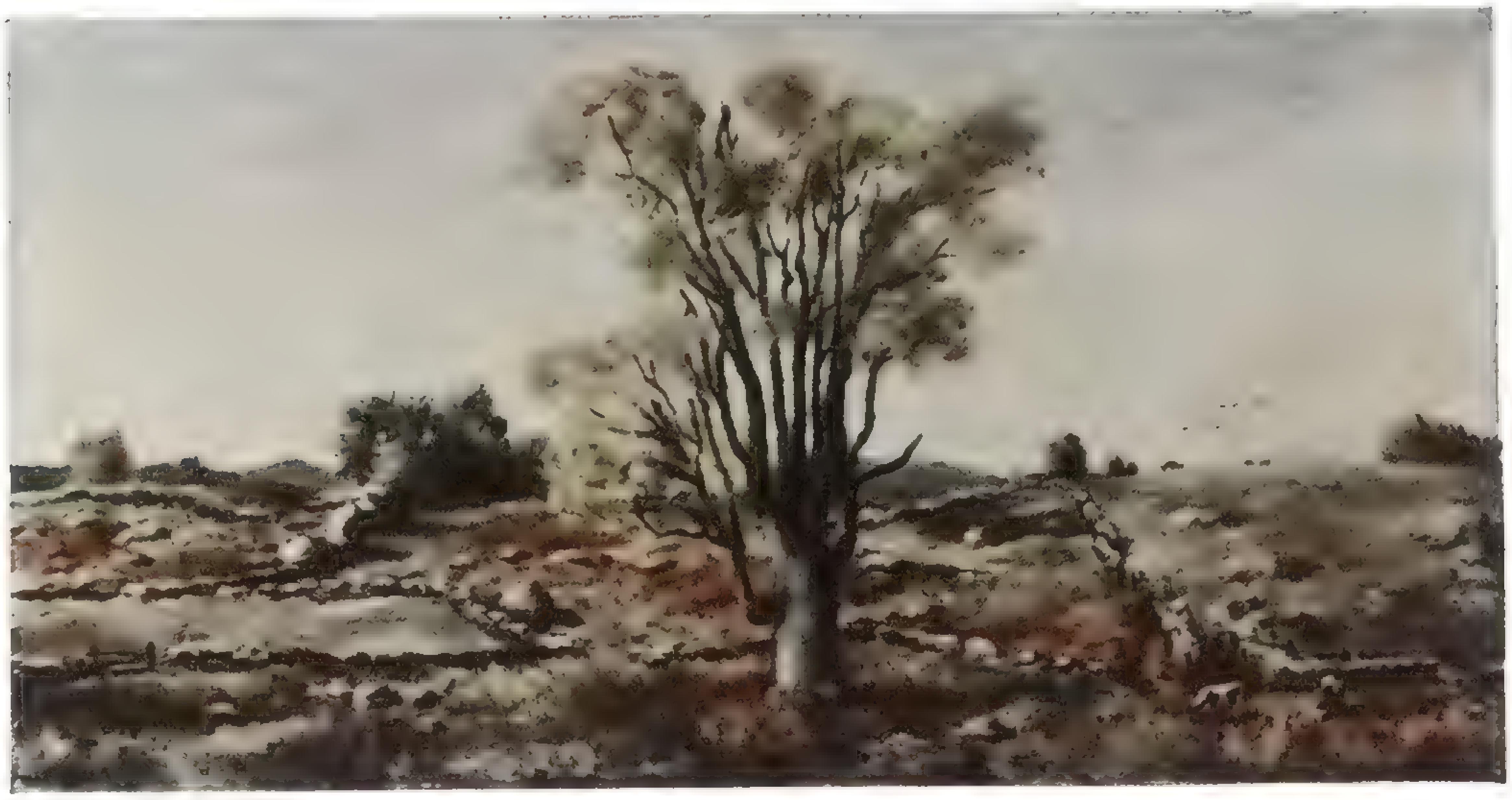
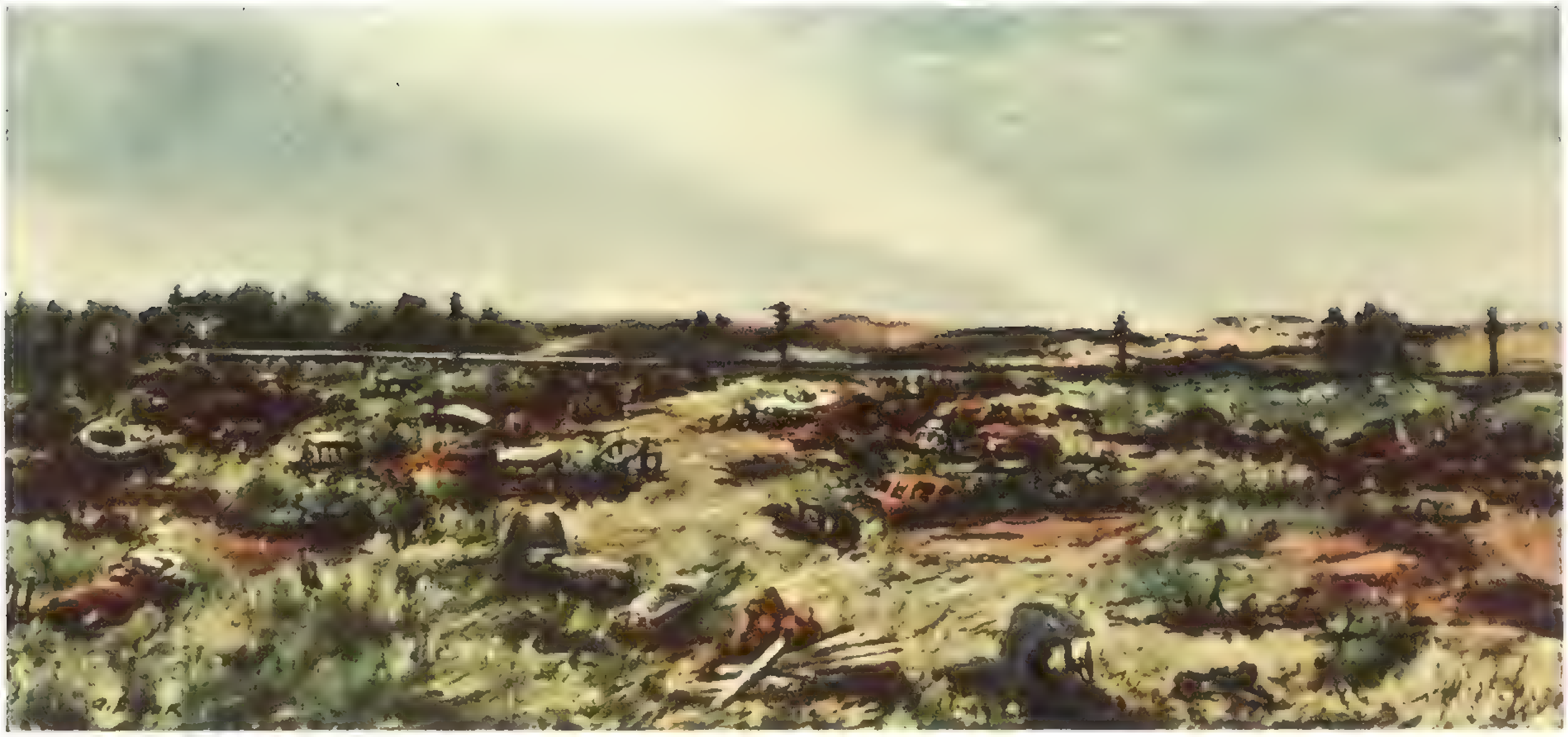
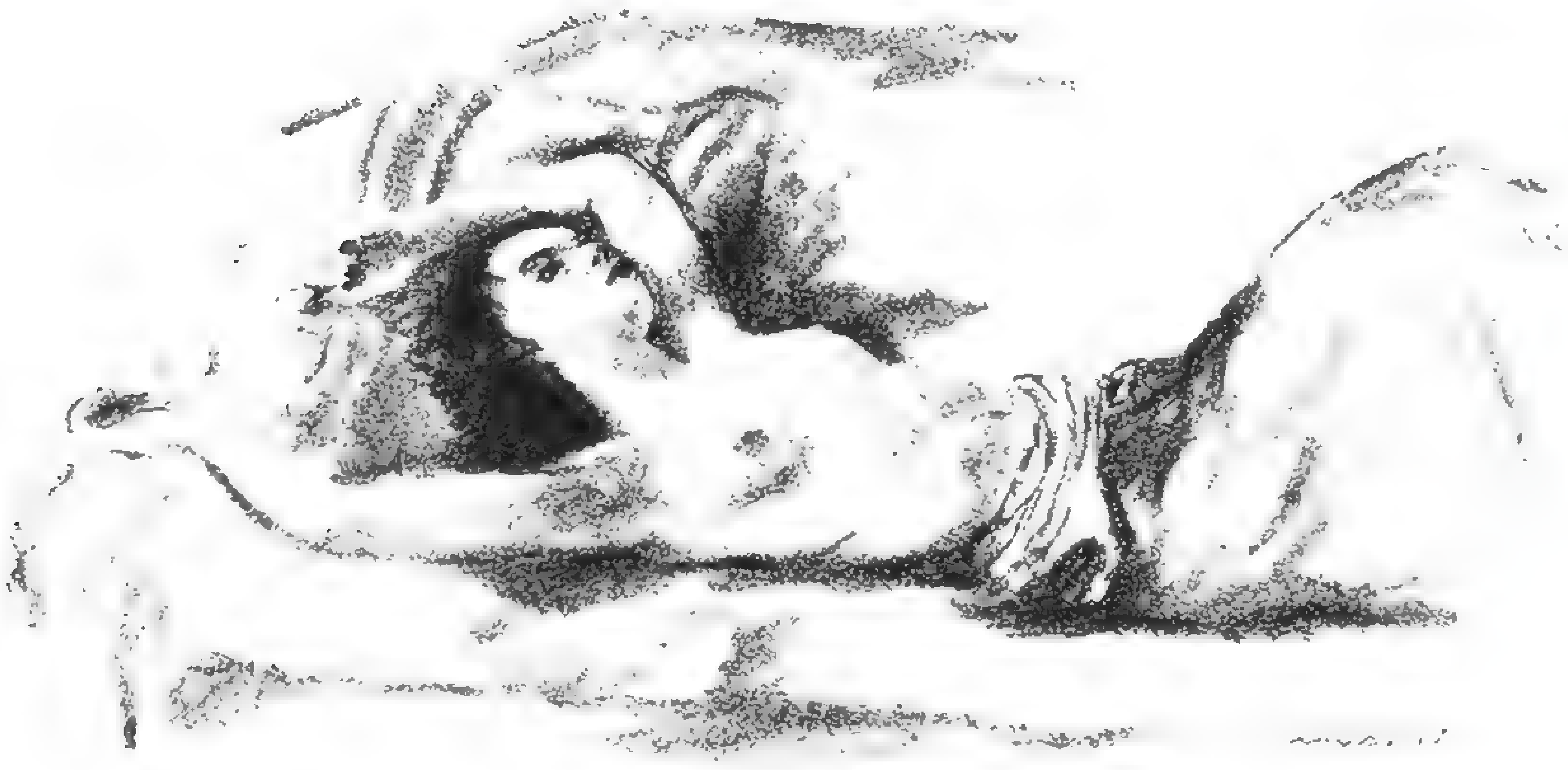


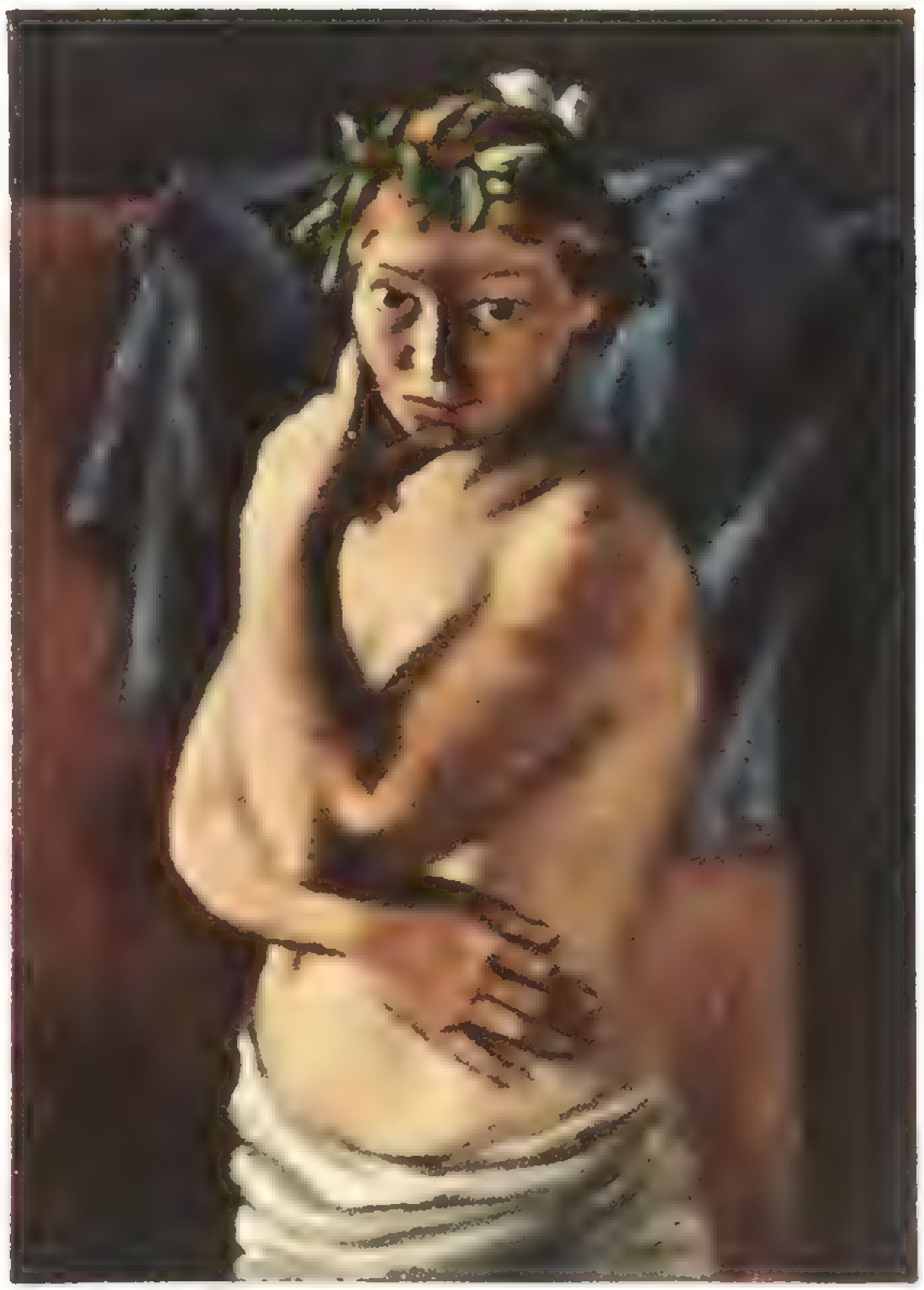
STONY PASTURES



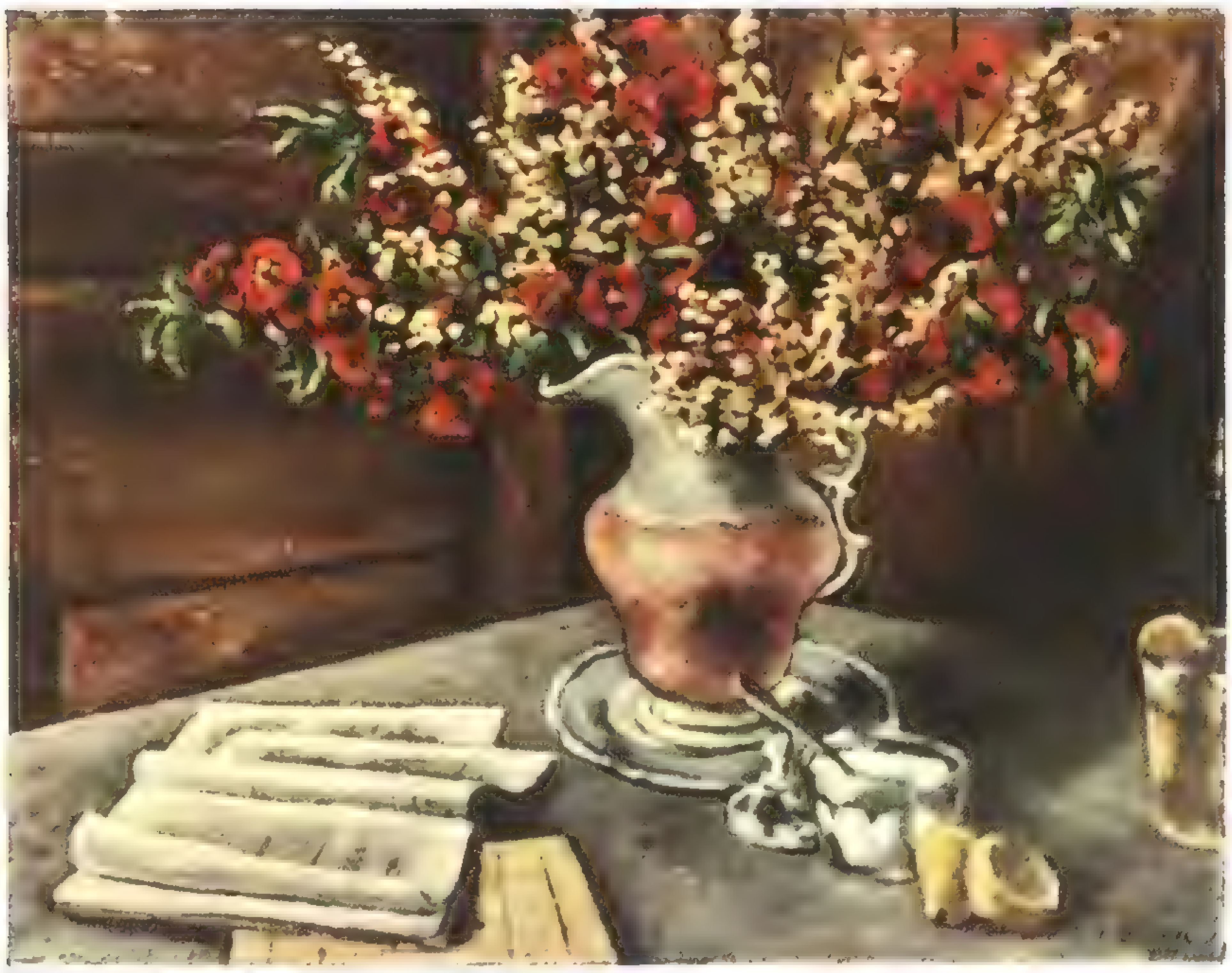
APPROACH TO MT. KISCO



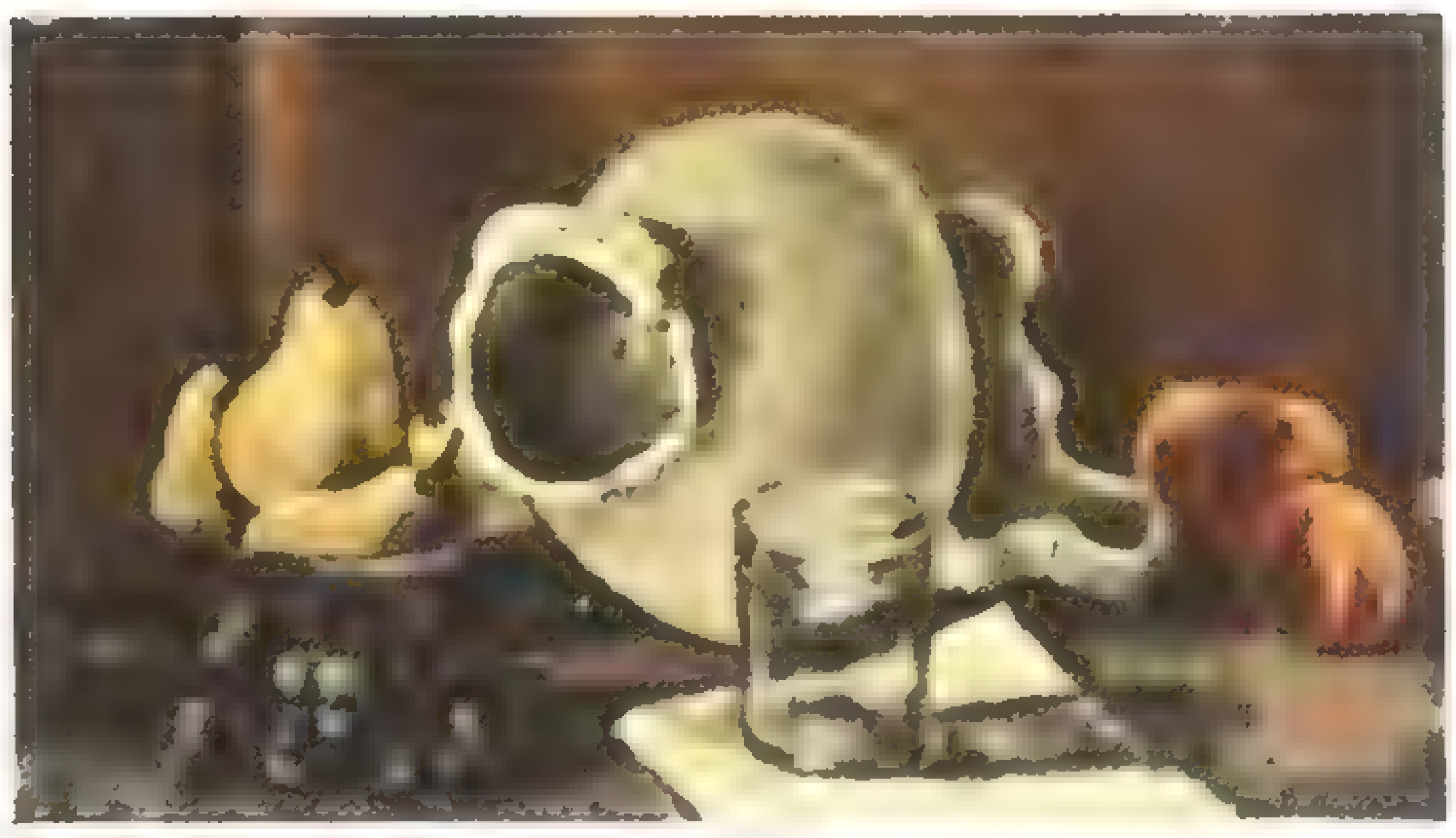
SUPINE



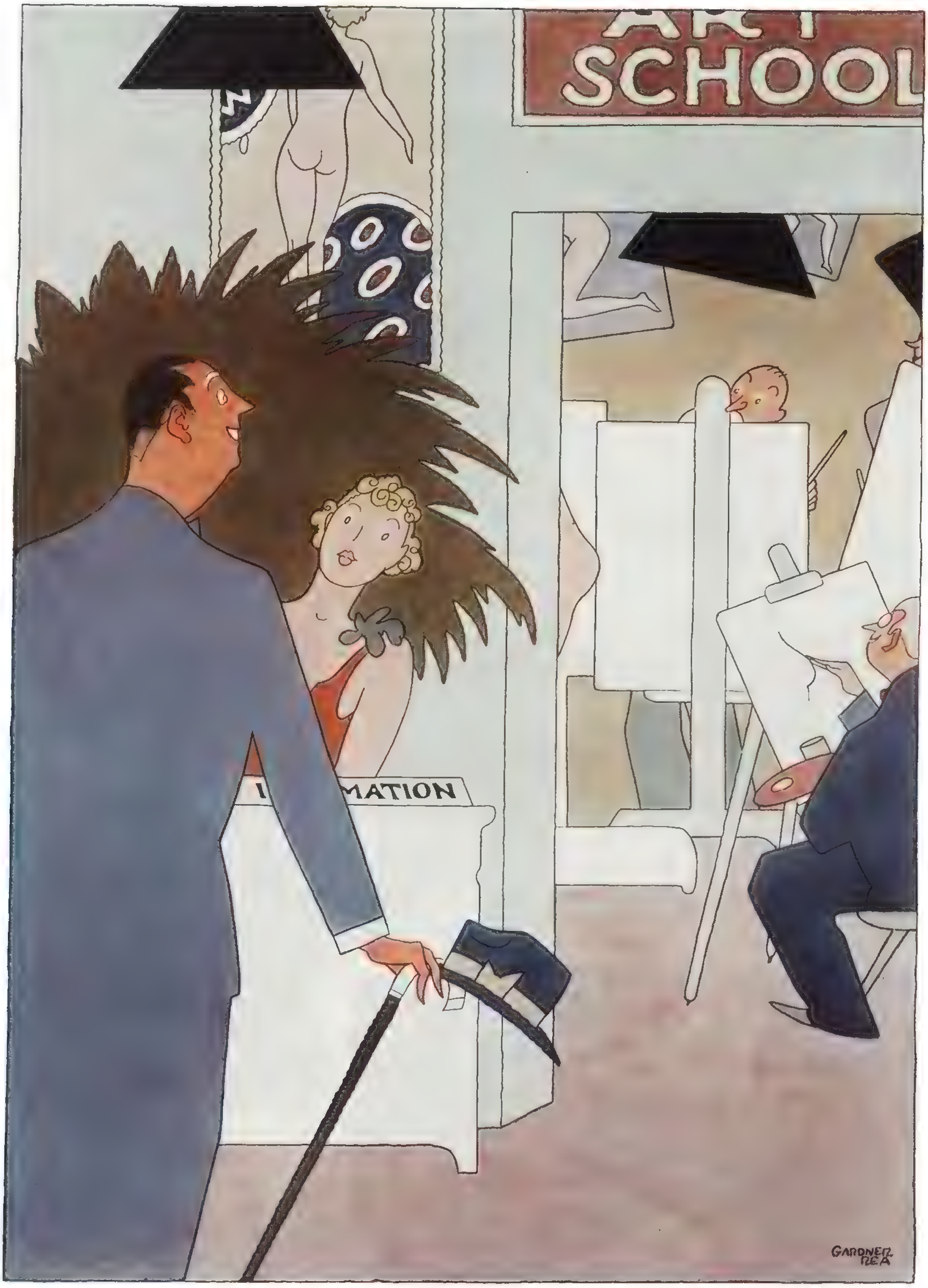
BACCHANTE



BRIDAL WREATH AND JAPONICA



THE BROKEN PITCHER


ART SCHOOL
I MATION
GARDNER REA

"I don't want to take a course right now—I thought I'd just shop around"

The Candid Cameraman

An intimate letter from a critic on a busman's holiday in the land of true illusion

by MEYER LEVIN

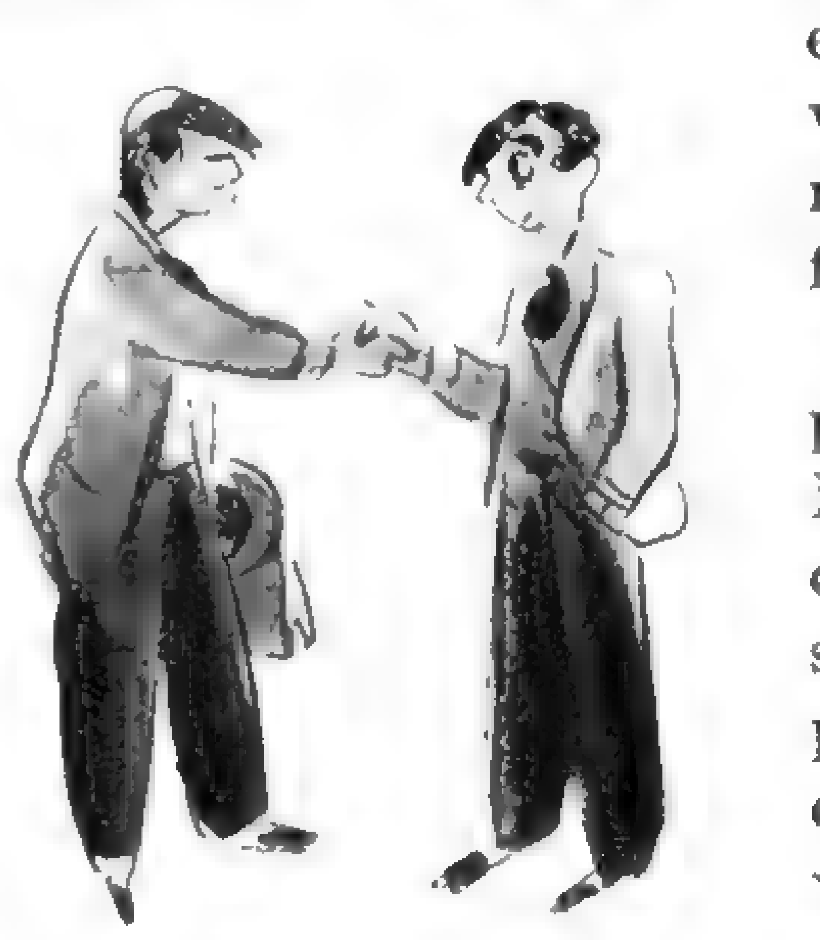
• MOVIES •

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

ROMEO AND JULIET: This is truly a perfect motion picture production. It should become a standard classic. The Shakespearean work is translated to the cinema form with such ease and beauty that it is difficult to believe it was not originally written for the screen. And in fact it might have been, as the quick succession of short scenes in Shakespeare's plays, feasible because there was no shifting of scenery in his time, is again feasible on the screen, which fills in the backgrounds that Shakespeare had to leave to the imagination. *Romeo and Juliet* is less pretentious, more unified in style, and altogether more pleasing as a Shakespearean production than was *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Most important, *Romeo and Juliet* is consistently absorbing, and its poetry emerges through the intimately spoken word rather than through a director's visualization of the word. Which is not to say that the production lacks visual beauty. It is a richly beautiful composition from beginning to end, shot through with occasional intensely imaginative effects, such as the scene when Juliet's house is put into mourning: a long shot of figures handling black weaves, the soft black squares folding and lifting and passing against each other like an expressionistic use of moving black screens.

The performances are all splendid, but fortunately none of them breaks through the unity of the production. John Barrymore's Mercutio is a small masterpiece in itself. Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard enact the star-crossed lovers with deep gravity and reverence, and sustained beauty. There is always doubt as to whether it is better to have the lovers played by youngsters flush with adolescent passion, or by seasoned players who can endow the part with their mature skill. Unless two perfect young geniuses are found, the latter course is usually the wiser. Miss Shearer and Mr. Howard are really worthy of the production and of the play.



GO ALONG TO SEE

MARY OF SCOTLAND: There are scenes of Shelley-like grandeur in this disturbingly gallant production. Mary's trial before Elizabeth's high court is a sequence on the truest plane of creative cinema. Miss Hepburn's performance, throughout, is more worthy than any of her recent offerings, and Frederic March is swell. But the photoplay as a whole falls short of the greatness

Continued in center of page 193

MY HOLLYWOOD

THE boss said there was no sense in my going to Hollywood because after all the mean cracks I have taken at picture people I would never get inside a studio, but I pointed out that he might be exaggerating the importance which the movie industry attached to my reviews (a dangerous point for a critic to make to his boss), and that even if the movie folks did follow my stuff, they would be most likely to try to impress me with kindness, that I might mend my ways.

Besides, I said, there are a couple of people whom I have consistently praised. And I don't have to meet Dick Powell.

Well anyway you can write about the plane trip, he capitulated.

So I have to report that it's true about airplane stewardesses. There were three of them in relays and aside from their faces they might have been pressed out of the same mold. This mold should be preserved in history as the tangible form of the American Idea. Not the American idea of Venus or of femininity or of pulchritude; just a pure idea. Trig, neat, brisk, small-hipped, impersonal but not unfriendly, the stewardess is the incarnation of a wish that is very similar to the movie-going wish. Romance in a daily routine.

I spent the entire eleven or twelve hours dutifully reading a French book on the history of the cinema. It proved that movies are a French invention and that every truly important development in cinema technique stems from French films.

It may be that I am trespassing upon the domain of Mr. Gilbert Seldes in discussing the aesthetics of stewardesses and of airplanes; but most of us do our airplane traveling vicariously in the films, and no camera has ever transmitted the strange spaceless precision of an airplane landing. There is a landing at night on the desert at Las Vegas. The ship comes out of all space to land mysteriously and exactly upon a square of concrete no longer than the plane, before a pink cottage that stands weirdly isolated, in the night, upon the desert.

There is a fearful sense of power.

The first thing I did in Hollywood was to go into a drug-store-lunch and look at the waitresses. It's not true what they say about all the working girls in Hollywood. The proportion of beauties behind lunch counters and in the five and ten is about the same as in Valparaiso, Indiana.

The studios promptly sent around their limousines, and like I predicted to the boss, I was just another reviewer who had to be taken around and shown how pictures were made, and I could sympathize with the press agents because I used to be one myself. Showing people around must be a major curse of the industry, as the town is overrun with reviewers and with tourists and parties of women whose husbands are vaguely related to the show business. Only Garbo and Hepburn seem to be able to work in privacy.

It was pretty tough, but nobody seemed to bear me any hard feelings. I even shook hands with Mr. Eddie Cantor, whose demise as a comedian I have announced several times. If he read my remarks at all, he must have contented himself with the reflection that he could still make a million a year while that poor sucker of a reviewer was probably working for buttons. That's the expression out here, working for buttons.

Mr. Cantor's mask has grown onto his face; I think he probably suffers from the necessity of always being "in character." As he walks around the Goldwyn lot he is surrounded by a coterie of tense-faced managers and gagmen, and the conversation with acquaintances casually met on the studio street is a strained succession of semi-gags, with the participants checking off and scoring and tabulating and filing each other's slight chance remarks in their private minds. It must be awfully wearying to keep up this gog-eyed, frenzied masque while deeper things of great portent are going on behind the scenes. For instance, at the moment when I met Mr. Cantor, tossing stiff-legged gags on the studio street, his whole camp was seething with secret war. The very next day, the Los Angeles papers carried a front page story about Mr. Cantor suing Mr. Goldwyn because Mr. Goldwyn was too sick to get Mr. Cantor's picture started and Mr. Cantor was losing hundreds of thousands of dollars, waiting.

On the same page but less prominently headlined was a story about the local fruit

Continued on page 191

Electric Fly Paper

The ingenuity of bank robbers kept pace with the skill of safe makers until alarms came

by WILLIAM EVANS

• ARTICLE •

Late one Saturday night a squad of eight men with badges and drawn revolvers started knocking on the doors of a modest Chicago apartment. As each wondering householder appeared he was informed that they were Federal agents seeking a fugitive and that it would be necessary for them to scrutinize every occupant of the flat. As the frightened tenants appeared they were herded downstairs to an apartment on the second floor—about fourteen of them in all—and in due time they learned what was really afoot.

The eight men were modern bank burglars. Directly under the "concentration apartment" was the safe deposit vault of a large private bank, bulging with money jerked from public banks by panicky depositors, gold hoarders and the like. So while the fourteen hostages made themselves as comfortable as possible under the guns of two alert but genial guards, the rest of the band proceeded with the business in hand.

That entailed the unlimbering of several oxy-acetylene torches and their application to the floor of the apartment, the ceiling of the bank and, presently, the ceiling of the vault itself. They worked steadily in relays for fourteen hours, kidding among themselves, chatting jovially with their prisoners, even bringing in ample food and beverages for a late supper and an early breakfast for the entire company. In the interim they relentlessly bored their way through a 20-inch floor, a reenforced concrete ceiling and a multiple-layered steel and copper vault roof. Having achieved their goal they proceeded, with the help of the card index file, to tear open the most likely boxes, helping themselves to all available money and shrewdly discarding securities and jewelry which would have to be fenced. The net profit on that night's industry has never been definitely determined, but it ran somewhere between a half-million and a million dollars, cold cash.

In point of return, this is an outstanding case, to be sure, but in method and procedure it is not at all uncommon. Run-of-mine jobs net from $5,000 to $25,000 apiece, and these are spiced at intervals by burglaries like the $175,000 one in Minneapolis, the $200,000 job in St. Paul, and others which run the annual toll from banks alone to many millions a year quite apart from jewelry and fur storage operations along similar lines.

The prevalence of this activity usually surprises the peaceful citizen because nothing seems quite so invulnerable as the typical American bank. Yet in the past two years over 1200 have been successfully attacked in one manner or another simply because money draws bandits just as honey attracts flies. Nor does the analogy end there: the monumental doors and massive iron bars with which we garnish these buildings are very impressive to the naked eye but, like the screen doors and window nettings at home, they don't seem to keep out the vermin!

The truth is that the safeguarding of wealth has been a nip and tuck battle between those who would keep it and those who would take it, with the skill, intelligence and ingenuity pretty well distributed between both factions. After all, it was only a hundred years ago that the wooden strong box began to give way to the iron one, not so much because of the slight increase in security provided by the latter but rather because of the beauty of workmanship that was lavished on the metal safe. Fire was considered a greater menace than theft so, despite their heft, these new safes were no stronger than their locks, which weren't so hot. But it wasn't until the inventive Mr. Hobbs startled respectable London around the year 1851 by publicly picking all of the better locks of the day that the public caught up with the facts. And it wasn't until our own Mr. Linus Yale, Jr., began to pick publicly the improved locks of Mr. Hobbs that the general acceptance of keyless or combination locks took hold. These, having no key and hence no keyhole, could not be picked—and so as far back as 1865 the nasty burglars were already frustrated.

The only difficulty was they didn't believe it. They quickly saw that there was a key to this new-fangled keyless lock—a mental key in the head of the man who knew the combination. And all you had to do to get it was hold a lighted candle to his bare feet and he'd wax very confidential! Thus the great wave of bank burglaries which swept the country in 1874 came directly in the wake of the most ingenious invention yet made to balk the lawbreaker.

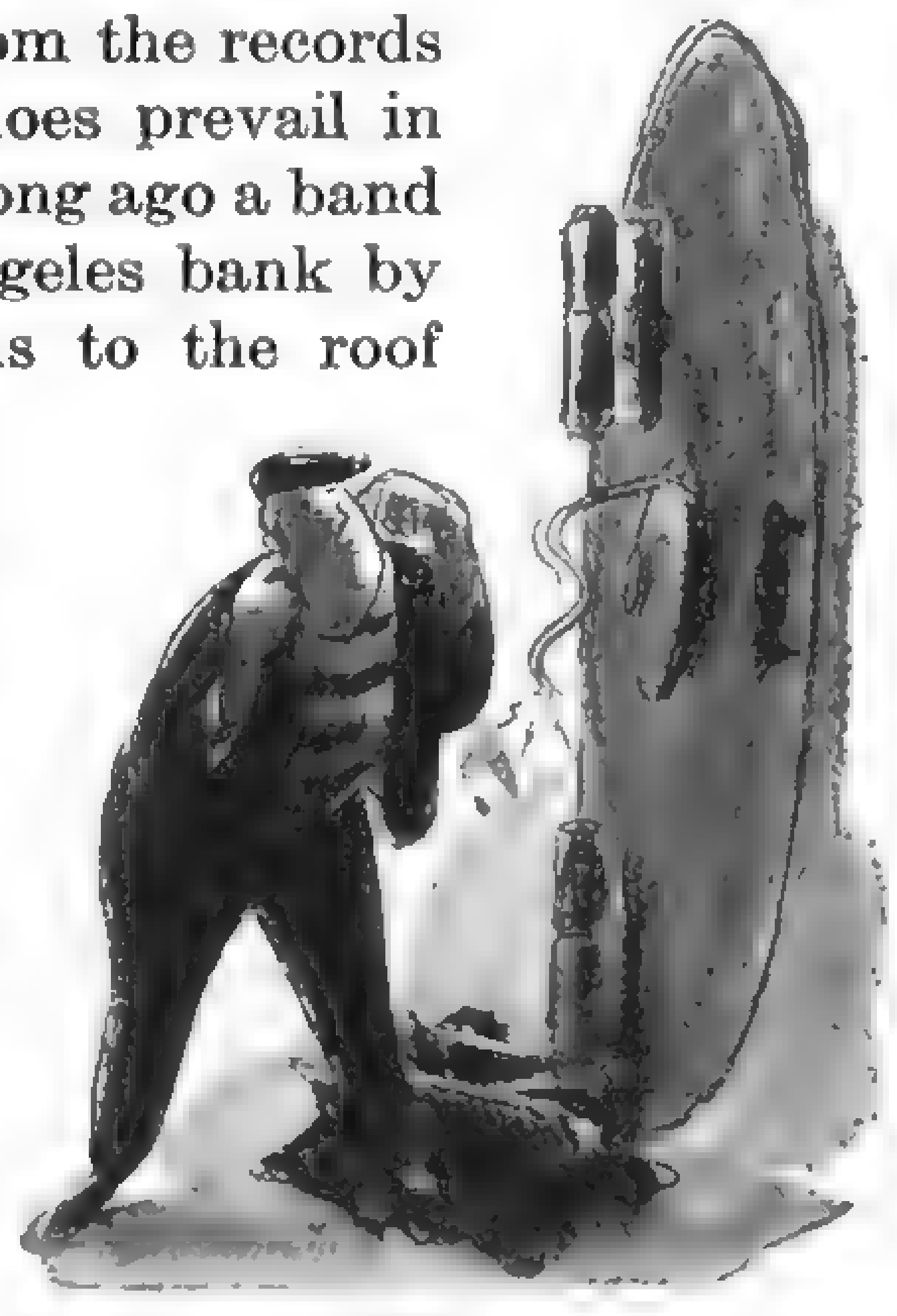
And so it has been all along the line. Time locks came in to defeat the torture method of obtaining the "mental key"—and promptly the yeggs began to force wedges in the hinge side of the door and pry it off. They tightened them up to resist wedges—and the boys began to pour nitroglycerine into the hair-line cracks and blow the doors off. When they made the joints even smaller, the petemen thinned their soup with liquefied ether and went on their merry way.

But the safe makers aren't dumb. Along came the liquid-proof safe which could be soaked in any fluid without letting a drop seep in—and what did the cracksmen do? They did something very smart: they dropped the front of the safe and went around to the rear. And with magnified adaptations of the kitchen can opener, they began ripping open the backs as if they were tin!

Thus has the contest progressed, nip and tuck, each side extremely alert to every new idea which comes out of the laboratories. The old-time 8-inch door has grown to 28 or 30 inches in thickness; the antique hand-wrought bolts have been supplanted by the most intricate time locks keyed in series of four or more, each safeguarding the other; the romantic oak strong box has evolved into the modern vault with its 100 ton door and its walls of multiple-layered high-tensile-strength steel alternated with five-ply, drill-proof plates of welded iron and steel, all bound together, rolled to perfect planes and ground to liquid-proof fit. And still we have bank burglaries!

The explanation is that what man can make, man can break—with one proviso which will be reached in due time. Suffice it to say now that if municipal fire departments can get into bank vaults to rescue trapped employees in a half-hour or so (as they do periodically), then others seeking to liberate imprisoned money can accomplish the same thing with a little preliminary training in the use of the oxy-acetylene torch! Before you start getting prices on acetylene torches, however, remember that there is one other essential element required: the time to work unmolested. And that is the crux of the matter.

It is obvious from the records that this factor does prevail in many cases. Not long ago a band entered a Los Angeles bank by lugging their tools to the roof and working downward, undetected in the open air. In New York another gang of "machine men" cut through the 12-inch brick wall of an adjoining building and then the 18-inch concrete



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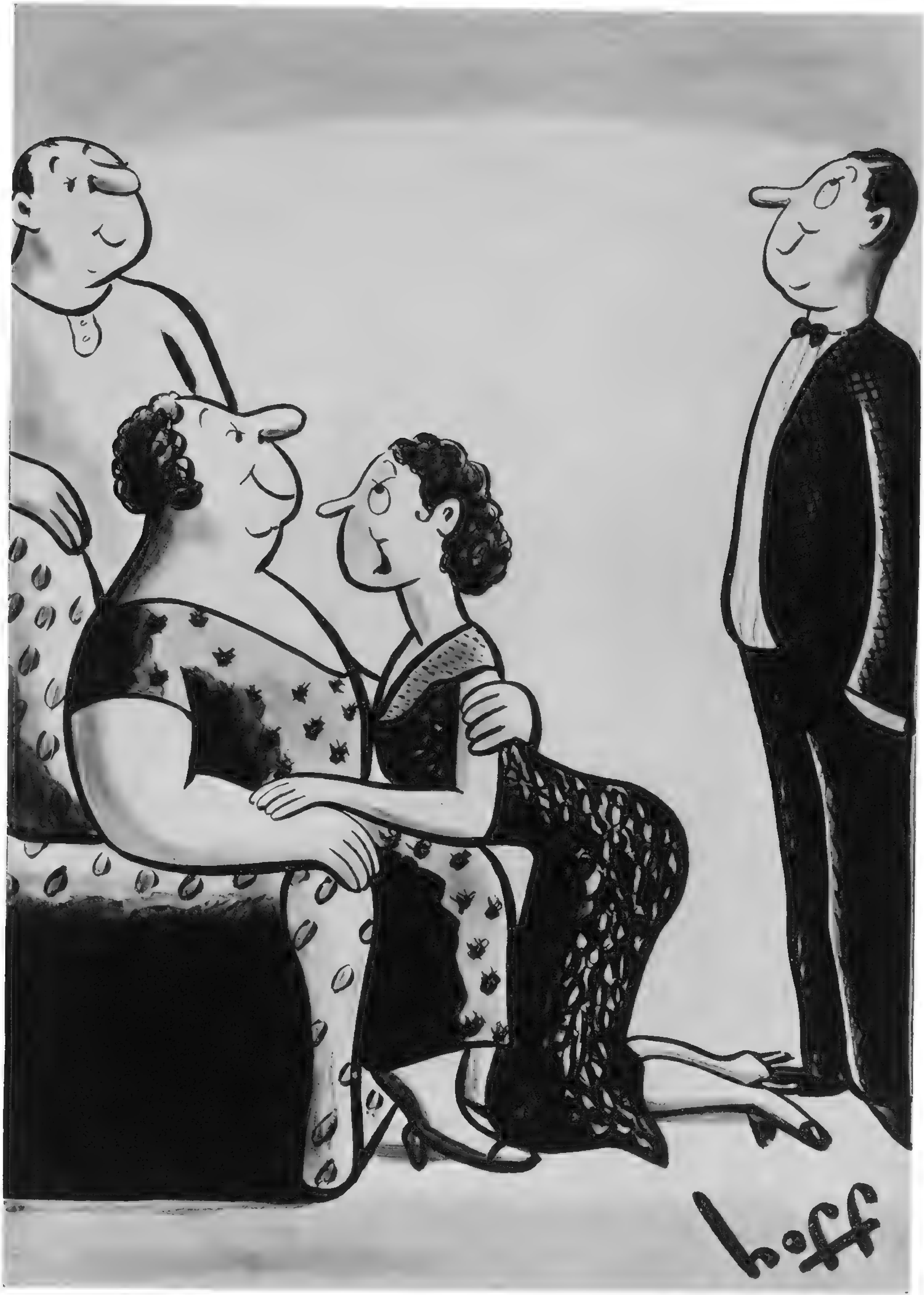


"Mother, whoever dreamed that some day I'd be an O'Reilly?"

Dinner Bites Man

Continued from page 46

Well, they are exactly alike. Those are the fruit salads. Three nice fruit salads for each and every diner!

You see we had company for dinner yesterday, and so today we have three fruit salads apiece.

Now here are some dishes of peas. Notice how they've been made to resemble hard little pellets of Paris green? That takes brains, kids. No common peas for our readers! Nothing but the swellest kind of peas, each little pea an event in itself . . . And over here are cold buns with stuffed olives fastened to them so they'll resemble lobsters. What was that, Elizabeth? No, we have no lobsters made to resemble olives. But the Research Editor is working. Now we come to the grand finale, the piece de resistance, as the old German housewives used to say. It's a dish of sliced pineapple, flanked with prunes stripped with pimiento and filled with custard pie, while across the pineapple rest thin strips of cucumber that have been dipped in cracker crumbs and smelling salts, each one supporting a nice red cherry made of wool yarn and crusted over with the yolk of an egg Cleverly cut from a cantaloupe made of colored ice cream—

Enough! I no longer will be Cleverness Editor. Another abomination of food promotion on the grand scale just has occurred to me. It is the Week. I found four Weeks in one issue of a single magazine: Prune week, Orange week, little red Apple week, and Walnut week. I have been through one Walnut week, and don't want another. I like walnuts, as who doesn't, but I do not like them in the shape of Weeks. Our steak (made to resemble a slice of ham made of taffy candy) was garnished with burnt walnuts. The damned things were in the pie. A half of a walnut was pressed into each potato. There were walnuts steamed in the gravy and walnuts floating around in the coffee and walnuts ground up in my tobacco. I took it in stride, feeling my wife had found a great bargain in walnuts, or that some other domestic coup had brought this onslaught. I did not know, then, that I was simply a victim of Walnut Week.

I know now. I know a whole lot of things now. From now on we read only the *New Masses* and other journals not directed at people who have enough money to buy food. We'll have steak that looks like steak and pot roast and fowl that you can smell when you're still coming up the stairs. We'll have carrots that have a carrot flavor, and prunes that assail the nostrils with the aroma of prunes. We'll have baked potatoes in their own skins, rice in its own bowls, and bananas unashamed before their Creator in the likeness of bananas.

A bowl of apples will fool nobody that hates apples; no trickery will lure the unsuspecting to jab a tentative fork into a creation that turns out to be spinach after all. And as for fruit salad—phuey! Perish the thought of fruit salad. We have decided that hereafter no Odds-and-Ends Editor will prevent us from throwing out our leftovers on the first bounce. #

Summer's Lease

Continued from page 57

really, had he thought about their meaning. Hearing them then, they were like a small rocket ripping the night. Love—somehow he had never considered it.

He was startled, but not for long. "I love you, too," he had told her. Probably he did, and just hadn't known it. Anyway, he was, for the next few weeks, convinced that he was in love with her. They seemed, in review, practically perfect. Had it been, Philip Coleman demanded of himself, the real thing? The puzzling part about love was that when it was over it seemed never to have existed.

His not loving her any more, Philip Coleman believed, was connected, in some peculiar and ironic way, with the smartness of the girl standing before him. Each man kills the things he loves, he recalled; the brave man with a knife, the coward with a smile. Will not a scissors, he ventured, do as well? A scissors cutting out a very fashionable pattern—a pattern so perfect, so little unexpected, so damned smart that you get rather bored with it. It was strange about a finished pattern; you recognized its completeness, but you no longer wanted it. The perfection, because it had been acquired carefully, especially for you, was subtly, somehow contemptible, and not what you wanted at all.

"We've eight minutes left," she announced. "The sands are running low."

"Practical and poetic, you are," he informed her. "A rare combination."

The sands are running low. Mysteriously, the words pleased him and, at the same time, annoyed him. They said something he could not have said, would not have dared to say, even if they did express it too melodramatically. He wished, also, that she would stop calling out the time, as though he were taking a two-hour examination. She was hoarding these last minutes, and he hated her for it. Her greediness in holding onto time embarrassed him, made him feel that he should turn away from so intimate a self-betrayal. He should be, her attitude implied, also counting the minutes. It all made him feel as though he had let go a rocket, and it had splashed on the sky, but had not dropped away decently, suitably.

She was saying it again. "I'm going to miss you terribly."

"Please try not to act like someone out of a cheap movie." He clipped out the words.

Their cruelty stung him to greater anger. He was, he knew, behaving badly, and it was Alva's fault. Why did women insist, perversely and consistently, on driving past the stopping point, and how did they always manage to put the man into one hell of a position? Alva drew back as if he had struck her, and her face assumed an expression he had seen once before—when? There was the same medley of pain and appeal he had seen, surely, not very long ago. Then, in the rush of the blind rage he had felt on that earlier occasion, he knew. It was the night he had ceased, altogether, to love her; perhaps the night he had begun to hate her a little. One of the club's Saturday dances had been nearly over, and the orchestra had been finishing the evening with request numbers —*More Than You Know*, *Time on My Hands*, *Valse Huguette*—and he had been listening, and dancing better than he had all evening. He had had no wish to talk to Alva; it seemed entirely immaterial to him that he was dancing with her, rather than with someone else. Probably, he understood later, she sensed this, and wished to get closer to him. Anyway, she did something she had done once or twice before, and which had given him a tremendous kick—she stretched her neck a little, and bit his ear.

He would never have believed it could affect him as it did.

It left him cold and quiet with fury; his anger was so great he could not have expressed it without stuttering. He kept his mouth sealed and went on dancing, though at the moment he hated her so absolutely he could have walked off the floor and left her completely. They continued to move slowly about the floor and, entreatingly, she tried to meet his eyes. He refused to look at her, but he felt the expression of her face.

"I'm sorry, Philip," she had said. "That was crude of me." He hadn't answered. He had known, finally, that it was all over.

To Philip Coleman it had seemed, after that night, that she could not behave in a manner that was not second-rate, appallingly tiresome. He began to notice when she repeated things, when her voice became the least bit too high for a restaurant, when she played tennis badly. He knew that he was playing the critical audience, and the knowledge made him feel cheap. It made him hate himself, and hate Alva for having created such a situation. He was, he felt, being constantly snared by a trap of his own invention. Yet he could not break off the affair sharply, cruelly, when, he hoped, he could taper it off gently, going back to college. Therefore he had continued to tell Alva that he loved her. What else was there to do? It was all, he was convinced now, standing in the stuffy station, a mess, but soon over. If he could only act now, a gentle let-down was possible. It was better, he supposed, to act than to discuss, because there would never be understanding, whichever way he chose. She would never, either way, know how damned badly he felt.

The train roared into the station.

"Be sure and write," Alva said, abstractedly.

"Sure thing, darling." There was no trace of emotion in his voice. How soon, he was wondering, will she begin to hate me?

"Try to remember the hometown girl."

That, Philip Coleman determined, was intended to be gay, flippant. It was pretty flat. Yes, he would remember. No one else had ever made him feel quite like this. They would both remember, but they would both forget what they meant to remember.

She picked up his magazines and handed them to him.

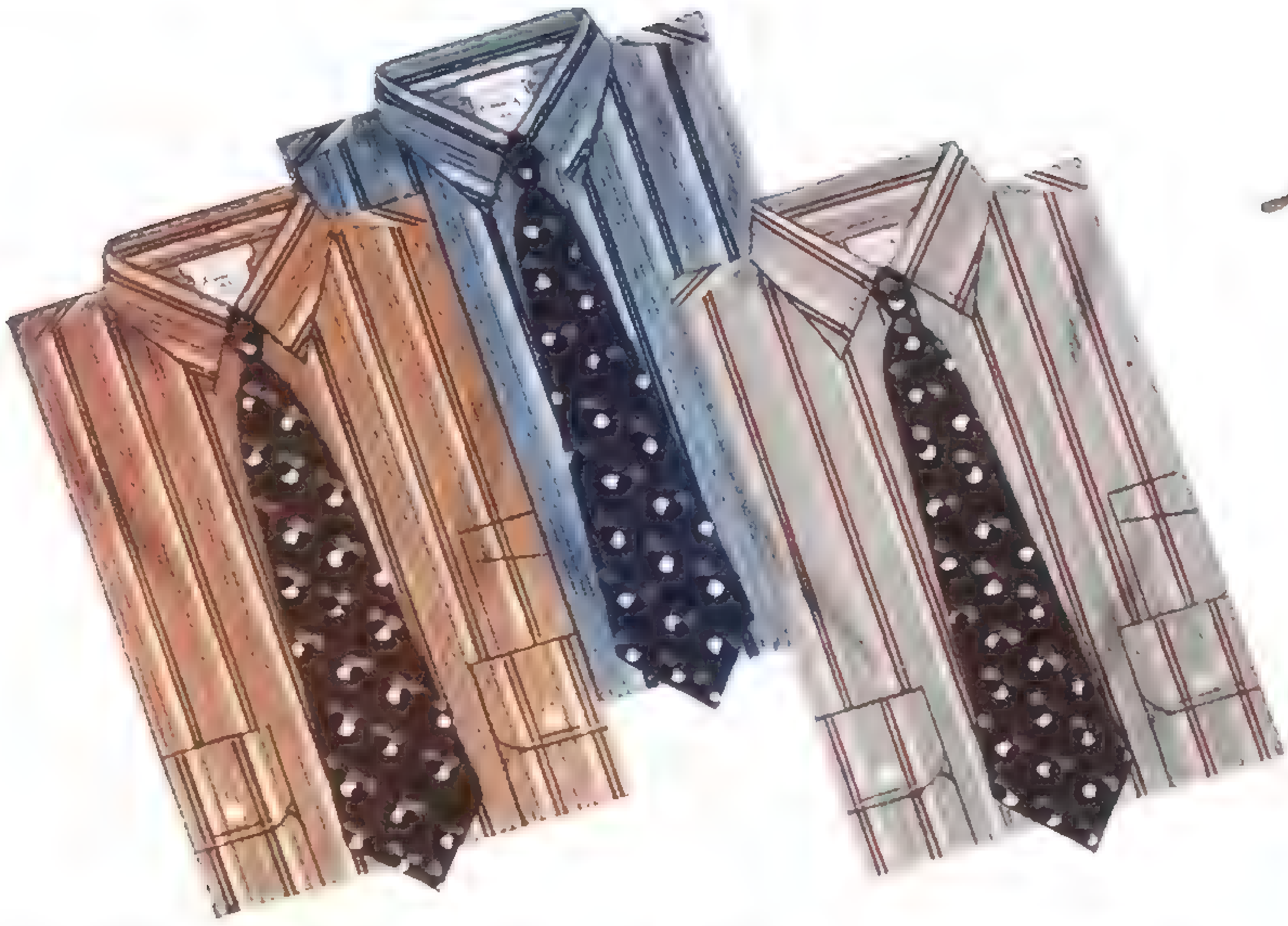
"Well good-by, Dr. Frankenstein," she said. "Your monster's down to see you off."

Startled, he answered, "We've only a minute." He drew her to him, kissed her, distantly. She drew back, stared into his face for a second, then pulled his head down and kissed him fiercely, hungrily, as though this kiss would have to serve a long need. Then she pushed him away.

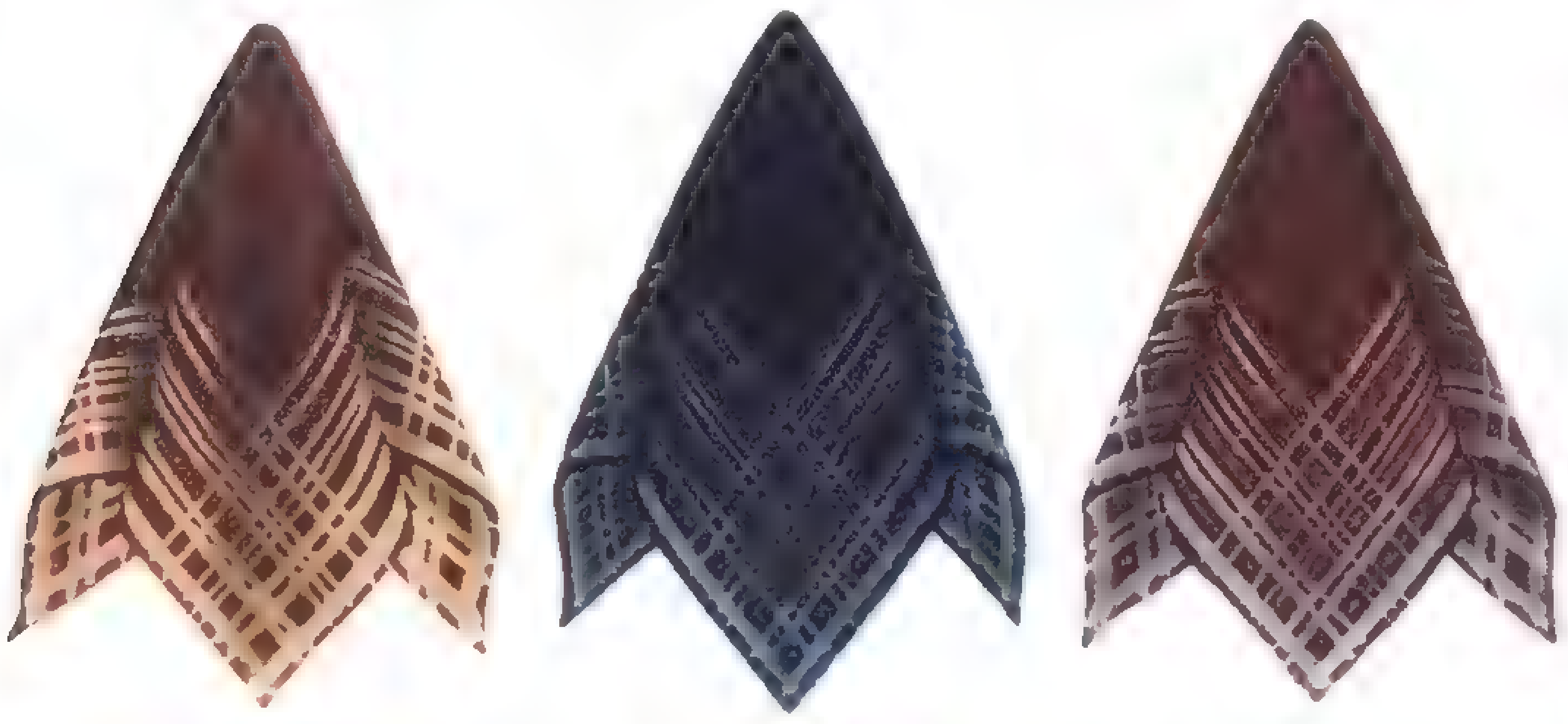
"Be sure and write," she repeated, mechanically.

He dropped one of the magazines, blundered, recovering it. "I've got to run," he said. In the sheltering confusion of luggage he left her. Alva Scott did not wait till the train pulled out. She turned, quite definitely, and walked out of the station very fast. Philip Coleman, looking after her, observed that she did not look back.

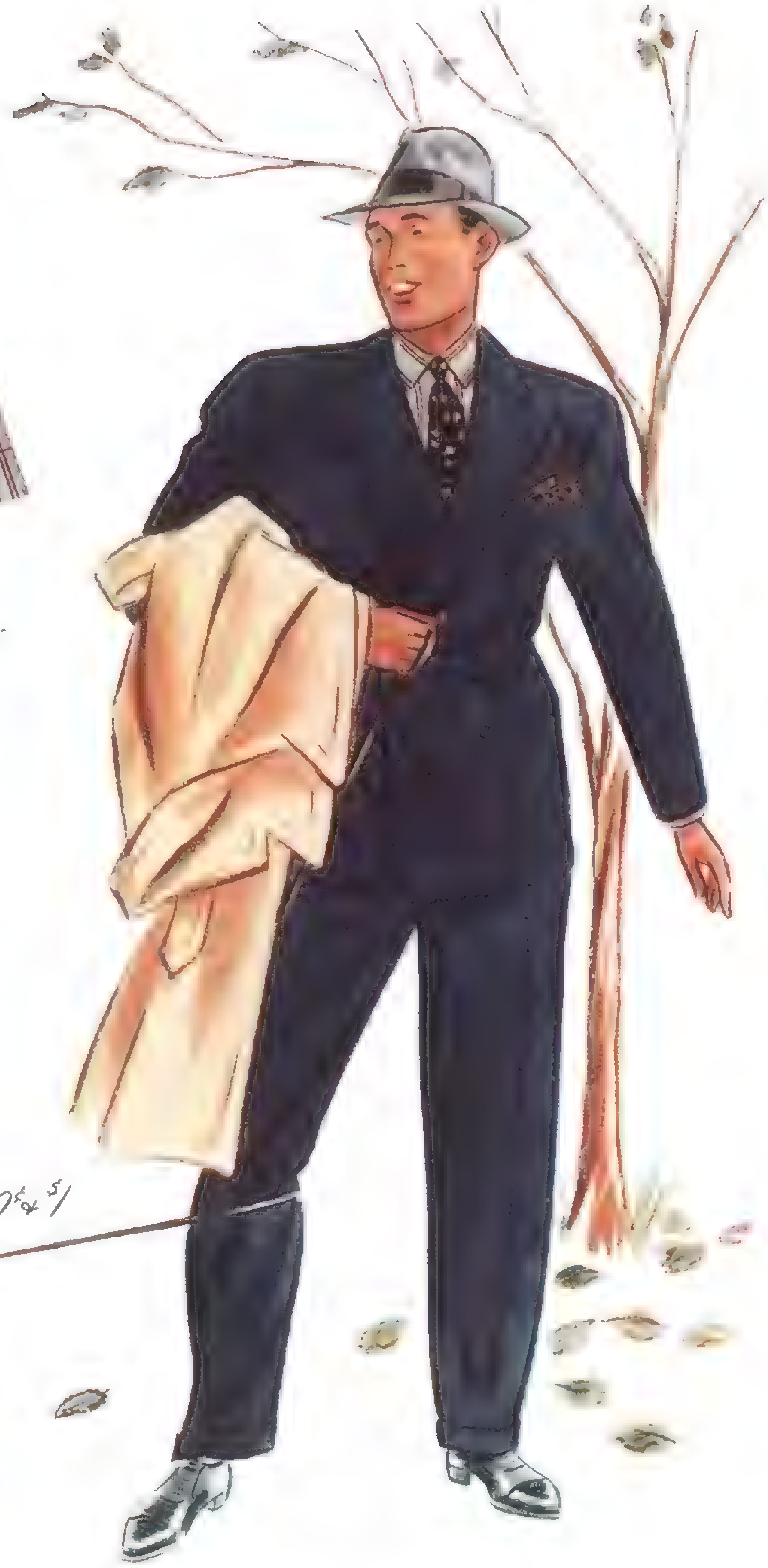
He settled himself in his seat, tired and unthinking. The train shivered, steam hissed, wheels moved. Slowly, the drawl of the steam became compact, assumed meaning. "She knows," it intoned, "she knows." Faster, faster, speeding swifter and swifter, the train rushed on and the wheels, growing, mounting, hysterical, shrilled ever louder, faster, harder, "She knows, she knows, she knows." #



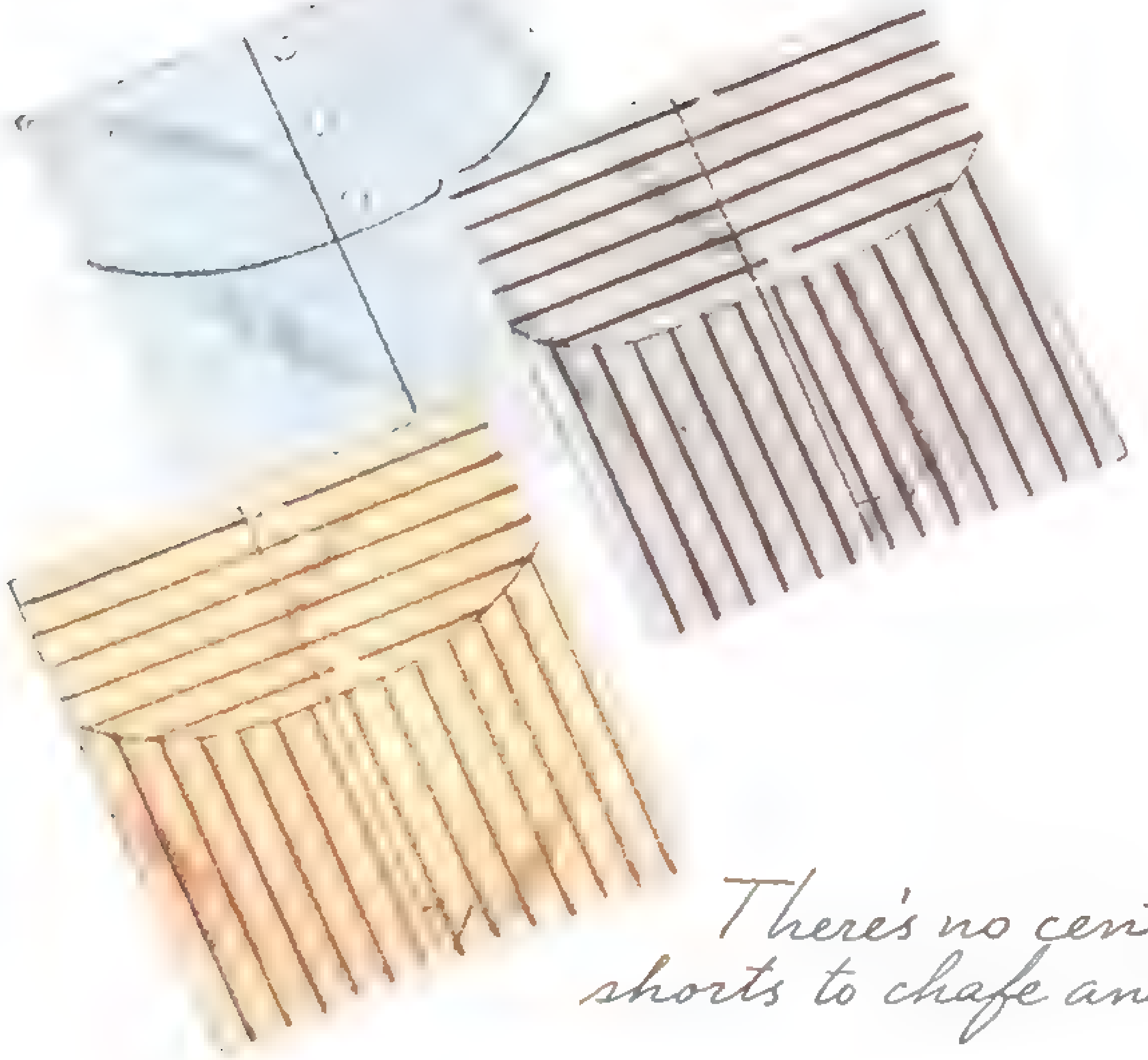
Huddle Stripes by Arrow Something right, but not trite, in a striped shirt. Mitoga form-fit. Sanforized. $2.00 (Arrow ties to club up with them $1.00) Other Arrow shirts to $3.50.



Arrow Huddle-Stripe handkerchiefs-specially designed as consorts for the shirts. 35¢ Other Arrow Handkerchiefs 50¢ & $1

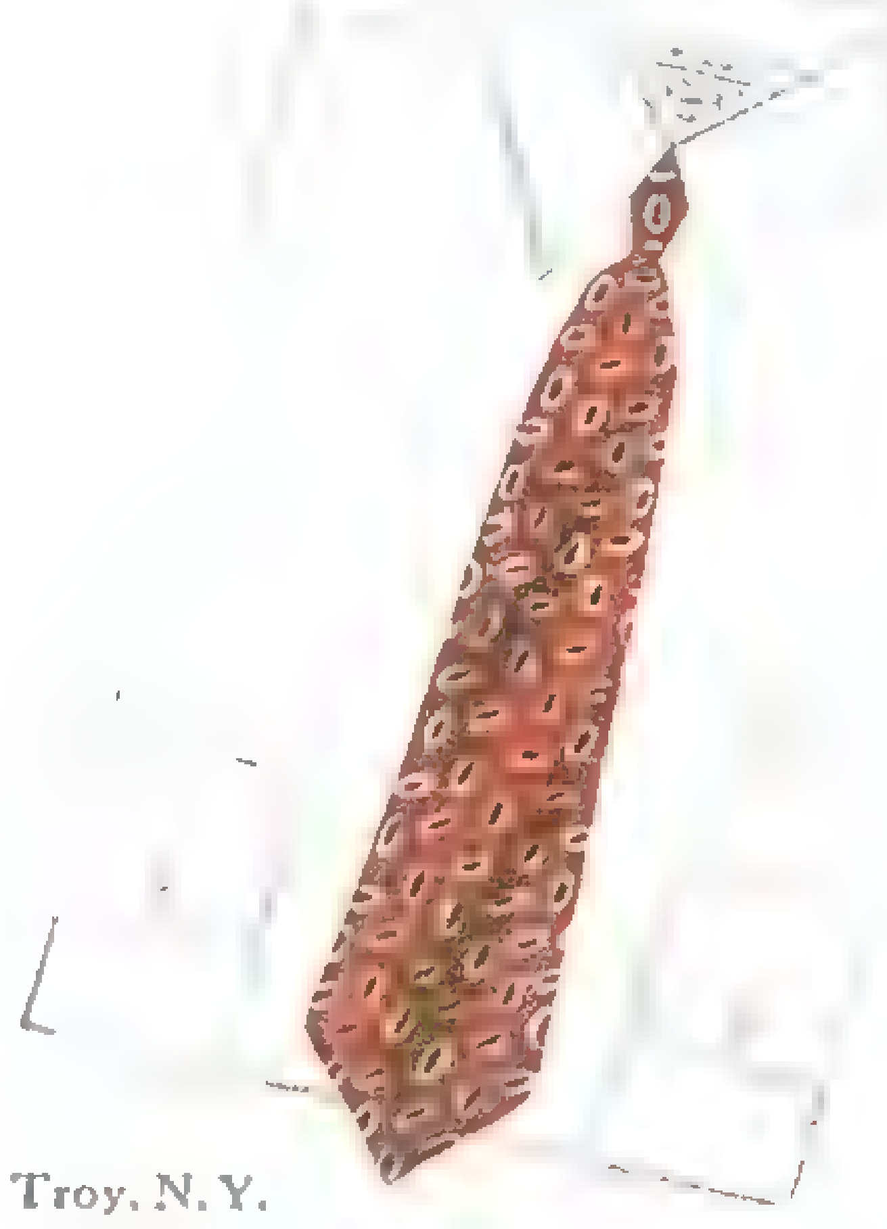


Arrow Hitt (below) whose dressier Aroset collar recommends it for business wear. This collar looks starched, but isn't. Hitt is $2. (Dale, of an even finer fabric, $2.50.)



If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow

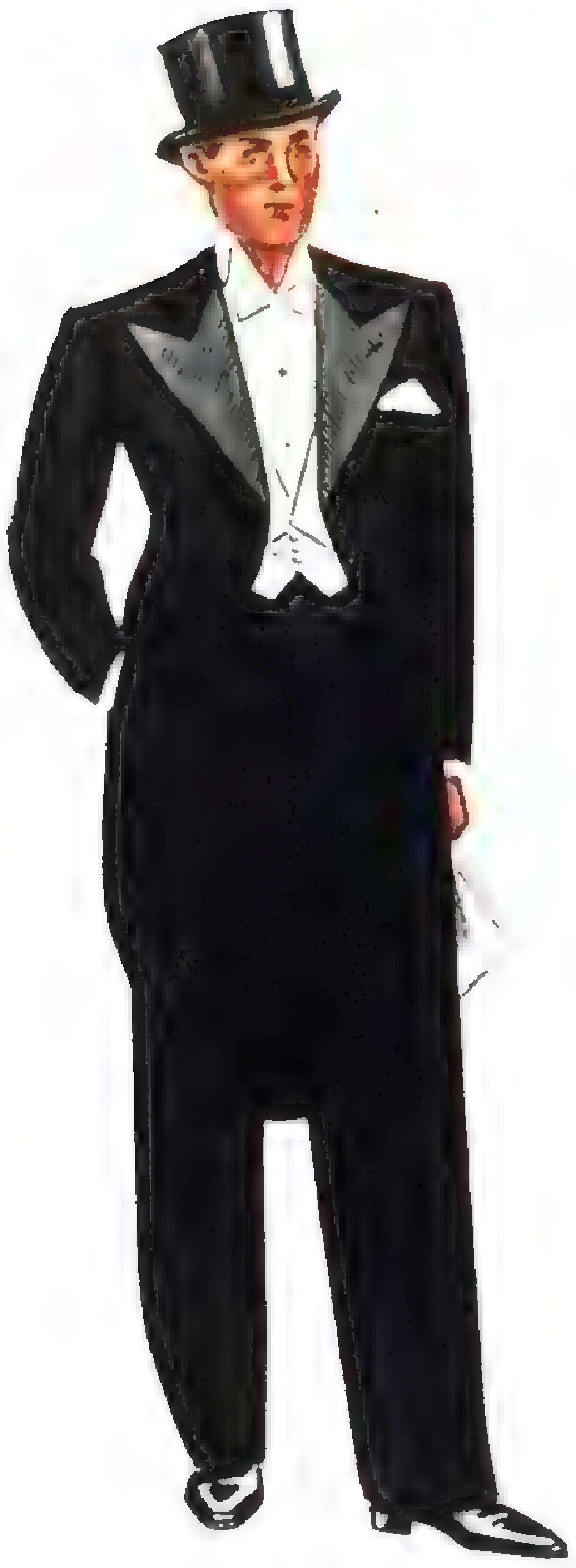
ARROW
SANFORIZED



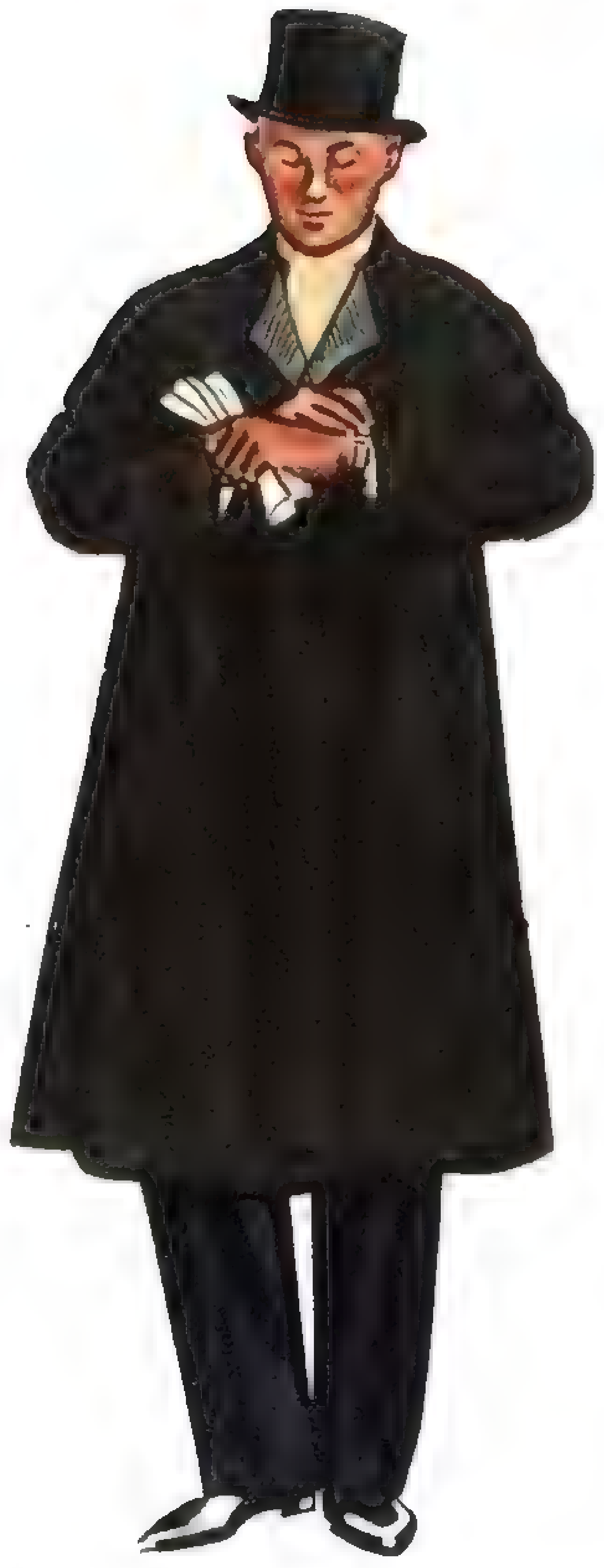
There's no center seam lurking in Arrow shorts to chafe and torment your crotch. 65¢ 75¢ $1 & $1.50

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.

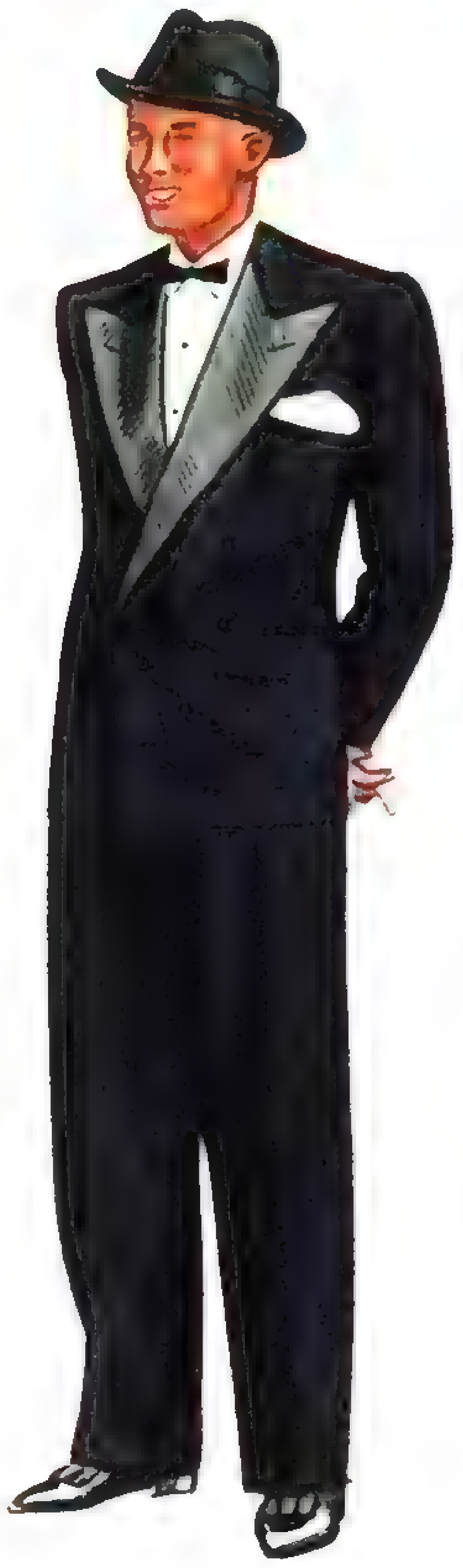
Young Men's Fashions in Evening Clothes



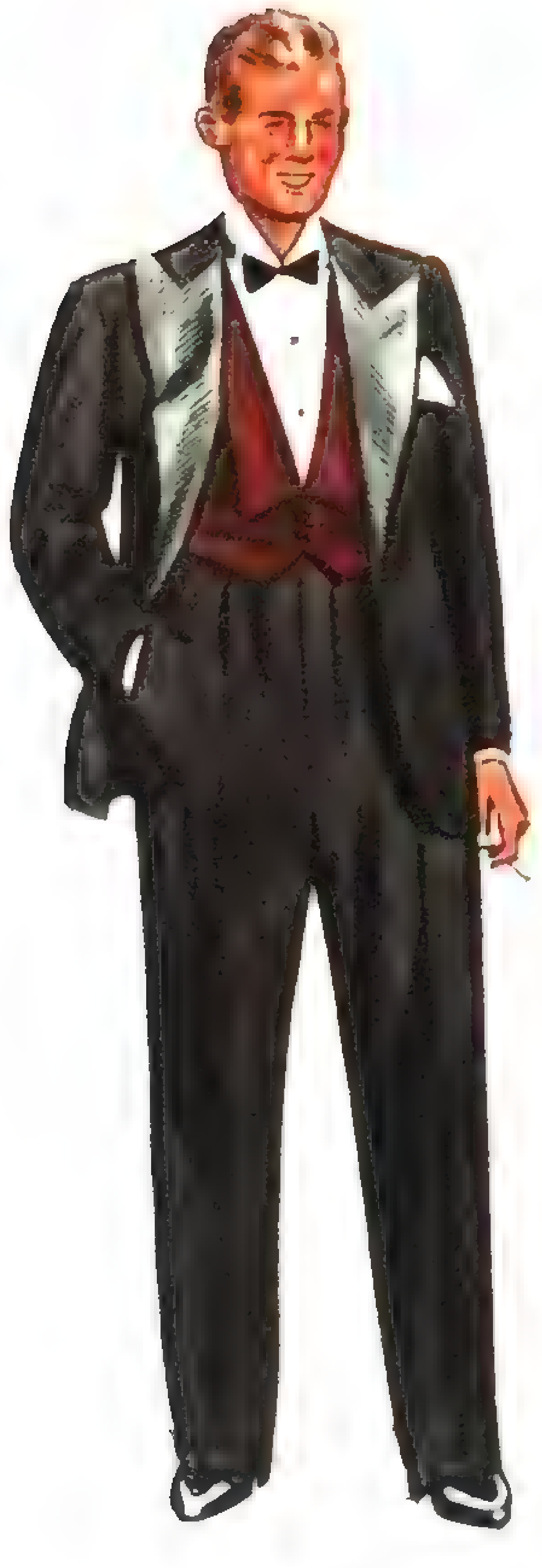
Correct midnight blue tailcoat for young men, with tails that stop at the bend of the knee, and silk covered buttons. Note the high wing collar, semi-butterfly tie and silk top hat. The V front waistcoat is backless.



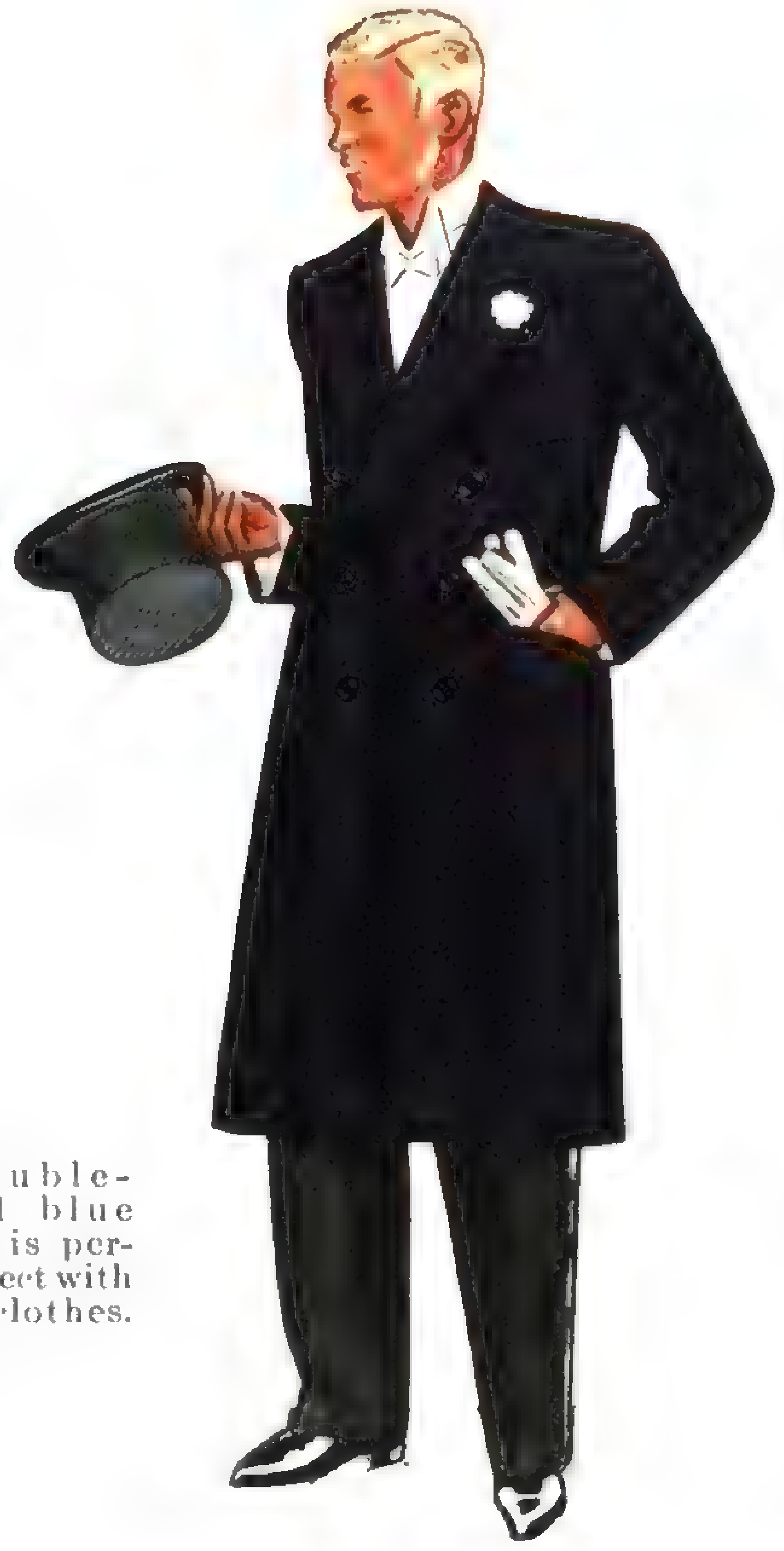
The silk-lined evening balmacaan has become a favorite with men of all ages and is particularly well liked by the younger generation.



For fraternity and stag dinners as well as dinner parties at home the double-breasted midnight blue dinner coat is suggested. It may be worn with turn down collar, black tie and Homburg hat, as shown here. Note the pumps.



The single-breasted one-button dinner coat with silk ribbed lapels is always correct. The colored silk waistcoat adds a new note.



The double-breasted blue overcoat is perfectly correct with evening clothes.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Tintypes and Tenderness

Continued from page 98

we cannot actually see it as a single solid, completely; so the camera-angle corresponds to our way of vision.) Nevertheless, the slant did not inject soul into the object taken. Ralph Steiner tried for soul in his first experimental movies, but his magnificent still photographs are best when they render the object most directly; the superb series of American façades made by Walker Evans are records of fact; Miss Bourke-White has the selective eye for the illuminating detail, but she does not interfere with her subject. All of these, and hundreds of others, have learned to take pictures for specific purposes, often advertising or illustration. For those purposes, you must learn not to let your own exultation get between the lens and the thing out there which you have to bring back alive.

The time is coming when we'll get tired of angled pictures—we are already irritated when the angle makes it impossible to identify the object taken. The advertiser is a constant check to extravagance; if the object has to be clearly seen, the photographer has to face it before he can make us face it. Magazine illustration can take chances. The newspaper doesn't, until it gets a rotogravure. At the moment, you get good instant shots in the dailies, except for those wirelessed around the country or overseas which still look, although you can identify the King of England, like the pictures nuts make on their typewriters. The only place left for the soulful photograph is in the gallery of the exhibitor.

And that is precisely where no photography ever should rest for long. Remember that the photo, like the reel of movie-film, is infinitely reproducible. There isn't the one master copy and all the others imitations; there oughtn't to be a limited edition. So, as the photograph can be seen conveniently, in your home or the home of a friend, the idea of a permanent exhibition becomes absurd. People do buy photographs for their beauty, regardless of personal indifference to the subject. I have a Walker Evans which is one of my greatest pleasures. But I don't get much out of photographic exhibits, except as a sort of sample room of interesting objects.

So I return to my original question. Were the aesthetes frightened by the rude energy of the movies when they suddenly found that photography was an art? Did the arrival of a few delicate photographers and the vast skilful publicity of Steiglitz merely coincide with the coming of the cinema? And now that the course of the photograph has not been the direction set down by the aesthetes, what are they going to choose for their next enthusiasm?

Andre Breton, the surrealist, said that any man who can't see a horse riding on a tomato is a cretin. Will the only photographs available for aesthetic prizes become surrealist? ###

Unstruggling Artist

Continued from page 105

and maybe a little offensive. That is, he would be offensive if he weren't Alex Brook, to whom much is permitted because much is taken. Nor does he play the social game to sell pictures. He is in the happy state of being self-sufficing but enjoying the people who enjoy him. His social vitality exhausts everyone but himself and at the verge of forty he can say that he has not yet known what it is to be tired. A few years ago he and Louis Bouché, a painter and still a friend, were known as "the bad boys" and could be counted on, with the help of a little liquor to turn any party to which they were invited into a riot. Those days are waning.

People seek him out, it is he who seems to keep them at arm's length. He has fulfilled costly portrait commissions, but he hasn't won them by bowing and scraping and playing the courtier, although there is something of the servility of the 18th century "face-painter" in almost every artist in his relations with the picture-purchasing wealthy. Painters who are not successful or not in present fashion may refuse to believe that he does not pull wires for his publicity but he doesn't. His very indifference may be a bid for public attention. There are not many artists in the United States of whom more has been written and less is known. He insists that there is nothing about him to know. He will say, in effect: All my biography is in my pictures; I have no life outside my work, so far as the public is concerned. He presents a picture of the most deceptive candor but he will tell you nothing or as little as possible. One might surmise that he was diplomatically refusing to let you have the key which opened the closet containing the skeleton, but he will dispute or diminish reports that are to his credit and to his glory—reports from the beneficiaries of his enterprise, young neglected artists for whom he has sold pictures, established connections with dealers and obtained teaching posts. Because there aren't many more than a few needles of information in a haystack of printed matter, this article may be regarded as the nearest approach in print to a portrait of Alexander Brook, as man and as artist.

He was born in Brooklyn, July 14, 1898. His parents endowed him with little here below, except vitality and, on his father's side, the probability of a long life. He is an ideal insurance risk without an insurance policy. He quotes with almost childlike glee the recent conclusion of a fortune teller: "You'd better go away and hibernate. What are you going to do with the remaining sixty years of your life?" His great-grandmother died at the age of 113, while dancing at a wedding. Her daughter died in the 90's. That is why when Brook worries, he worries not about next year but about 1946 or 1950.

Alex was no great shakes as a scholar, nor was he particularly wild. He wasn't a good boy, he says, but he was a moral boy, for he came of a moral family. The thing that made him different was that he liked to go off by himself and draw. He recalls that he was teacher's pet in drawing and that around Thanksgiving time he was chosen to put the turkey on the blackboard.

When he was about twelve he was struck down by an attack of infantile paralysis, which kept him bedridden for months and as a consequence of which he has a slight limp in one foot. He asked for paints and they were brought to him, together with the palette he uses today by a Van Dycked and frock-coated neighbor, an Academician of the old school who made his living by painting portraits in oil from photographs of loved ones, deceased and otherwise. The first Brook oil on canvas, painted under this gentleman's direction, was of a battleship with a bit of land in the background. From then on Brook's course was set and Ernest Brace, writer on art, puts his finger on the pulse of the matter by suggesting that the quality of Brook's work may be explained by the introversion and concentration in art of a powerful vitality that might otherwise have been scattered, if not wasted, in physical enterprises and adventures.

One of Brook's advantages was that he learned early and unlearned pretty soon thereafter. While still a mere kid young Brook studied for awhile at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, which soon invited him to go elsewhere, following the elevator operator's tale-bearing to the authorities that he had seen Brook smuggle a can of beer into the building. They didn't believe Brook when he explained that he had only wanted to paint the beer, which may have been only half the story, for Brook, at a later age, has been known to find warm beer tolerable. In 1915, when a mere boy of seventeen, he enrolled at the Art Students' League, one of the youngest and most precocious students ever accepted by it (Two years hence Belinda Brook, 17, will repeat history by enrolling at the League and there will be stories in the papers about it, in all probability). During his four years of study he won a scholarship and almost every prize within reach of a student, studying chiefly with Kenneth Hayes Miller, who may be regarded as the tutorial father of modern American art.

Half-way through the League, in 1917, Brook sold his first painting, *The Widow*. The occasion was an auction at the Penguin Club, on 15th Street east of Fifth Avenue, the price was $12.50 and the purchaser was Jules Pascin, a most gratifying detail to an art student. Two years later he made his second sale, this time of a landscape for $50 to an anonymous purchaser later discovered to be one of America's leading painters. In that year also he left the League, married Peggy Bacon and started on the troublous and hazardous business of trying to make a living as an artist.

He sipped again in the cup of illness and suffering. When his health improved he painted and sent pictures around to exhibitions. Brummer, connoisseur of art as well as dealer, saw one of Brook's things at the Independents exhibition and arranged a man and wife show for the Brooks in 1923. In 1925, '26 and '27 his pictures were shown in the gallery of Daniel. Later the Valentine Gallery showed Brooks and more recently his work has been exhibited at the Downtown Gallery, with which he has recently severed connections. In museums scattered throughout the country Brook has had more one-man shows than any other living American and there are single pictures which have been shown up to five and six times apiece. He is probably the most exhibited painter today.

But the art world became aware of Brook as a man with his own way of seeing the world and saying things even when he wasn't too sure of his next meal. In all the arts prestige has a way of running ahead of even a living wage. Some time in 1923 Brook heard that Forbes Watson, editor of *The Arts*, wanted to write a piece about him and had asked to see him. Brook called and indicated that grateful as he would be for editorial attention, he would prefer to do a little writing himself at space rates—this is Brook the realist and the good manager in action—and it was done. It is also typical of him that his first article, on *Toulouse-Lautrec*, was not so much an article in admiration of that painter as a blast against studio preciosity, Lautrec being presented as an artist whose life was inextricably woven into his work, and

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Unstruggling Artist

Continued from pages 105-115

his work into his life. It is ironical that Brook today is sometimes obliged to defend himself against the charge of being a studio painter whose work, rich and lyrical as it is, consists largely in the arrangements of still life objects and in the posing of professional models. However, Brook wrote a series of articles for *The Arts*, one on Peggy Bacon, another on Andrew Dasburg and on Yasuo Yuniyoshi, among others, and reviewed picture exhibitions, finding Mr. Watson's editorial checks most welcome. And Mr. Watson wrote his article of appreciation after all and published a portfolio of reproductions.

During 1924-27 he held the post of assistant director of the Whitney Studio Club, precursor to the Whitney Museum. He helped to select paintings for exhibitions and organized one-man shows, closely scanning the walls of galleries to discover unknown talent. At no time, says he, did he do more for artists than his duties required. But there are half a dozen painters in New York alone, not to mention others in such places as Woodstock, who have reason to be grateful for his enterprise on their behalf. What he could not do for them as assistant director of the Club he did as Alexander Brook. Having been encouraged at the beginning of his own career by the fact that painters bought his pictures, he dug into his own breeches to buy the canvases of the succeeding line of struggling painters. Raphael Soyer, for example, owes to Brook nothing less than the beginning of his own career, and this is the story, according to Soyer.

When he was working in a shop and painting during his narrow leisure he sent a picture to the Salons of America, a no-prize, no-jury show. Soyer remembers only that it was a street scene. Brook, then scouting for new talent, spotted the picture and wrote to the unknown artist, on whom he then called. Brook consummated Soyer's first picture sale, brought collectors to his studio to admire and to buy, encouraged the timid soul that Soyer then was to quit his shop job and devote himself exclusively to painting. He introduced him to the Whitney Studio Club where for the first time in his life Soyer met and made contact with fellow-artists. Through Brook also Soyer made gallery connections which he could not have effected otherwise. For other painters Brook has bestirred himself to find them jobs and to give them opportunities to exhibit and sell their pictures. Brook attempts to laugh down this phase of his activity, for he is the hard-boiled guy who mustn't be caught going soft. This activity belies also his apparent aloofness from, if not contempt for, the strugglers in art less sure-footed than he.

There is also the probability that he thought, if he did not say, "There but for the grace of God go I," or recalled how recently he was in the same boat and how soon he might be in it again. Upon his leaving the Studio Club, the Brooks put what surplus they had into a house at Cross River, N. Y., so that in case bad days befell they would have that refuge, at least, and lived in it for two summers and a winter, and today Sandy has a reservoir less than a stone's throw away in which he can fish for bass and perch. Happy and successful Brook may be even today and with more possibilities and sources of revenue than most painters, none of whom has a Peggy Bacon, but not so happy and successful that he dare abandon teaching which he detests, as he detests any sustained activity and thought which deflects him from painting. If he could count on $5,000 a year for some years to come, he says, he wouldn't be teaching. "Whenever I sell a picture," he declares, "I feel it's the last picture I'm going to sell," and if he does feel that way one can understand why he wants to exact for each canvas all that the traffic will bear. He is hopeful, however, that some part of the fortunes being made in America will go into art, into American art and then into pictures by Brook; hopeful but not sure, for there is no counting upon the direction that American taste will take during the next decade or even less or what direction his own development as a painter may follow. The white-headed boy of American art—he will dispute this—may turn grey.

Prizes, medals, purchases, fellowships, commissions, exhibitions, monographs, publicity, the acclaim of critics and the delighted "Ahs!" of gallery visitors from New York to Los Angeles have not made him either slick or complacent. His palette, which used to be gaudy and riotous, achieves greater richness, depth and suavity within a narrow range of earth colors. He has a way of making the browns and the reds of earth glow and of giving human flesh luminous transparency. Explorative and experimental, he will attack the problem of landscape after winning a juicy prize for figure painting and then attack still life after winning a prize for landscape. He dares to be lyrical, as in *Bacchante* and *Summer Wind;* dramatic, as in the Whitney still life, *The Sentinels;* warmly satiric, as in *The Approach to Mount Kisco;* dreamlike, as in *Girl with Flower*, and affectionately understanding as in his portraits of his own son and daughter and of Jane, the daughter of the Louis Bouchés. His painting is about a mile from the sentimental and yet is human. His technical competence makes it easier for him to say more things more quickly than most painters his age. He is more clear in his direction than most and doesn't seem to fumble. He doesn't permit himself to relax in mediums other than painting and doesn't play with water color, pastel or etching and the few lithographs he does each year are done not on the exacting surface of stone but on transfer paper. He works fast when he works but he may gestate a picture for weeks before he takes brush in hand. He doesn't always make many preliminary sketches, often none beyond a few freely-drawn lines on the canvas itself, but sometimes he may work much longer on the preliminary drawing than on the painting itself. One model testifies to his painting with both hands simultaneously and another to his singing at his work. He has an avid eye for the translation of chance effects into paintings, such as his now famous *Ann*, the capture of a model's back in a dramatic late afternoon light, a picture which the Metropolitan Museum practically snapped up out of his latest one-man show. He has an eye also for the humorous and the pathetic, as in his *Juggernaut*, an humble steam roller, and *Rosinante in New England*, a broken down nag seated on its haunches, titles which testify to a pretty wit in the painter. Also, he can be serious, if not actually ominous, as in *Gas Works, Connecticut*, wherein he proves the capacity, if not the frequent desire, to regard the unsmiling aspects that may be seen at some distance from his studio. His pictures, on the whole, show how a strong man may seize upon and express moods of the most lyrical and evanescent delicacy.

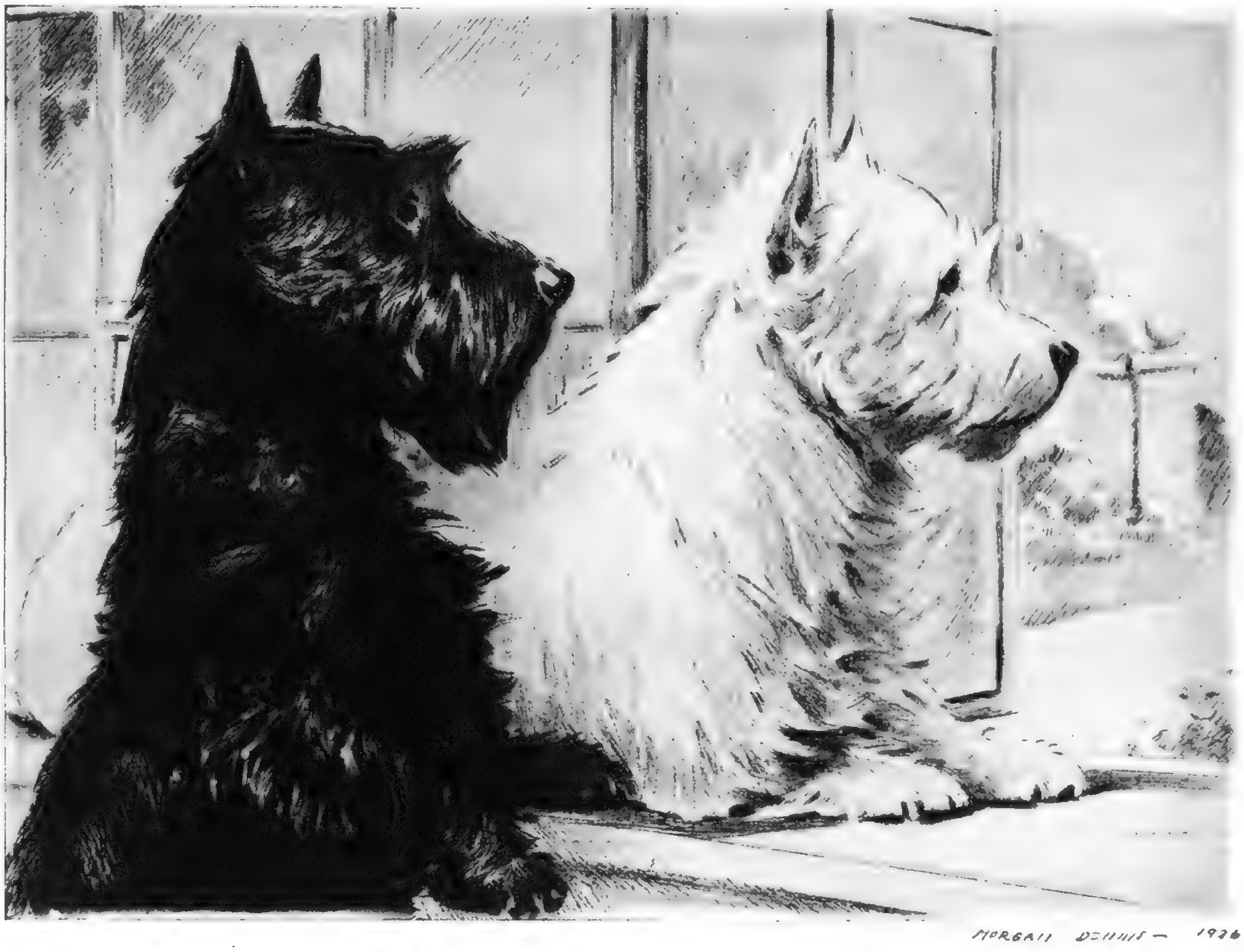
He has been called, in reproachful print, a studio painter and he refuses to regard it as a reproach. "I think it's true, but I can't help it. A painter can be a good painter if he's true to himself. Then it doesn't matter whether you're a studio painter, or an outdoor painter, or a social painter. One generation might consider Ryder a studio painter and another a romantic painter." He admits that he has facility but adds that his facility is not an end in itself but a means, like his brushes. Forbes Watson explains the fortunate absence of struggle in Brook's means of expression by the date of his birth and the date of his apprenticeship to art. Having come of age after the modern movement in art had been established, Brook employed "a modern idiom as his natural birthright without having experienced the need for the readjustments which were forced upon the artists of the generation preceding him." And already it is becoming patent that this artist who cannot acknowledge the debt of influence to any predecessor is himself becoming an object of emulation, in method, among a group of painters junior to him.

The leading authority on Alexander Brook is of course Peggy Bacon, whose writing pen is no less brilliantly pointed than her drawing pencil and etching needle, but she won't talk. But in a book of caricatures, *Off with Their Heads!* containing text and pictures, she has described Brook thus:

"Small, hard, continentally backless head, coated with a short thatch of light brown hair like a piece of beaver fur. Big hooked nose like a weapon. Fierce blue eyes beneath a cliff of brow, with the black look of an animal glaring from its lair, a violent stare compound of rage and gaiety, slightly berserk. Bull neck, broad shoulders and an air of force and energy. Mercurial, overbearing and intense. A stiff proposition." A small sketch underneath this text shows him delightedly dancing before his easel, a half-filled glass of booze held teetering in his left hand, his right brush hand dipping at his palette flat on a stool, while the main caricature, on the opposite page, shows a cross between an intelligent gorilla and a Roman Senator. During our interviews his bright, but cold, blue eyes looked at me as if the brain behind were meditating my slaughter at some more convenient opportunity or enjoying my comic negligibility. With his force and bulk and eyes turned on at full vindictive power Brook could scare anyone. Another woman, Ernestine Evans, has summed him up as "a modern young rake and a dear old fogy" and by the latter phrase is suggested the Brook who pays his bills, keeps his appointments, subleases his studio in the summer time and his summer cottage in the late fall, Brook the manager and the arranger.

Happy is that nation that has no history and yes he'll admit that he is happy and successful, with minor reservations, and one reason is that he's had very little history. "I haven't jumped any freight cars, I haven't had any desire to go roaming about, I have had no adventures. I find that my life, like my painting, can be realized on the back porch." Here is a painter who can put together a bit of string, a pair of scissors, a dinner bell, a piece of corrugated brown paper and some other odds and ends, make a picture of it, call it *A Number of Things*, hear some of the critics—not all—gush over it and then learn that the Boston Museum of Art has bought it. Perhaps his life can be realized within a narrower range even than the back porch and who dares to tell him it should be otherwise? Life on the back porch may be bad for publicity but it's good for art, at least for Brook's art.

"Honest friends.." William Shakespeare, 1564



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The Red Menace

Continued from page 70

he spoke. He addressed the little man who still clung, barnacle-like, to the rail.

"Well, little man, what now?" he said.

He smiled as he saw the little man tighten his grip on the railing. Schneider answered.

"This little guy won't move, officer," he said. "He says he won't move till his mind's made up what he should eat. He's been there already fifteen, twenty minutes, and a lot of people walked out on us. He's hurting our business, sergeant!"

The policeman put his cap back on his head, placed his hands on his hips and assumed a sage expression. He cocked an eye at Schneider.

"I happen not to be a sergeant, as you can see very well," he said. "I'm just an ordinary patrolman. As to this man here—the defendant—who told him to move in the first place?"

"Dis girl here," the barnacle spoke up. "Keep moving, she yells at me, keep moving. Like as if I'm a dope or somet'ing!"

The policeman looked at him thoughtfully. "So ye got your Irish up and ye wouldn't move at all at all?" he suggested.

"Sure," said the unkempt man, glaring at him defiantly. "Am I a sheep or a goat or somet'ing? I'm a customer here y'understand me? It's ME, HE should go out of his way to please ain't it? Not I should try to please HIM. He's afraid if a man takes a little time to make up his mind what kind food he wants, he'll serve only a hundred customers an hour instead of a hundred and fifty or somet'ing see? He figures a customer should keep all the time going fast to make HIM happy! Is dis a race track, I'm asking? Maybe he should hand out little running pants to his customers. Maybe dey should chase a little tin rabbit on a track around de food counters like at de dog races! He should woik to satisfy ME, not I should run around like a dope to make profits for him! Am I a man yet—or a dog?" He paused for breath.

The broad Irish grin of the policeman had been gradually widening as the excited little man talked.

Now he burst into a roar of hearty and unrestrained laughter.

"Ha-ha-ha," he roared. "Sure and that's good sound sense you're talking!" He turned to Mr. Schneider whose naturally sour expression had been growing positively acidulous during the little man's flight into the field of higher economics and social justice.

"You've got your nerve with you, Schneider!" the cop said sharply. "Calling me in here to help you run your business. A hell of a nerve you've got and it's YOU I ought to bounce on the dome with me night-stick once or twice for luck!" He turned his attention back to the barnacle.

"Go on and pick out your food now," he said. "And take your own sweet time about it too."

The campaigner for social justice stared at the big Irish policeman.

His mouth opened and his jaw dropped. He looked like an actor who has just proudly advanced to a position in the wings, knowing that he has his lines letter-perfect. Like an actor who has just heard his entrance cue and taken a deep breath—and who has then been told by the management that he is not going on tonight. The little fellow looked about for support. This was heresy. It was unheard of. Unspoken and beautiful lines regarding the viciousness of Mayor La Guardia's Cossacks and the injustice of the entire social structure were breaking into shattered fragments within him. Desperately he mustered his fast slipping dignity and drew himself up to his full five feet one.

"I should eat HERE?" he demanded with indignation. "I should eat in SUCH a place, after de way I've been treated? I should say NOT!" He made his way to the door, his head held high, the picture of outraged virtue.

The plot of his favorite drama had slipped out from under him. At the door he turned.

"PHOOEY on such a STEEPLECHASE!" he said—but the old spirit was gone.

He made his exit—unpursued and ignoble.

He was now an unemployed martyr, thanks to the superior intelligence of one of the finest. #

The First Client

Continued from page 68

while he planed and nailed and built at the bench with the long vise-handles. He recalled how his father sat and carved claws on thick table-legs, how he turned lamp-shafts at his foot-lathe, how he countersunk screw-heads and covered them with bits of dowel-rods so they would not show. Jonas sanded his work until the wood was as slippery as ice and fine yellow silt floated in the air and into his nostrils and on his eyebrows. From afar Will was allowed to watch him when the naked furniture was stained and shellacked and varnished. He remembered the beeswax in bars resembling laundry soap. The smell of glue warming, the piercing odor of raw shellac, the fragrance of pine shavings, the sunlight coming in and sliding down the mahogany and gum and maple on the lumber rack—

"No one calls on you today, Will!" Jonas suddenly cried. He sat up and his gray eyes widened.

Will grew red. He could feel the blood rushing up from his neck and back of his ears. "This must be an off day, father."

"An off day!" the old man shot a keen look at his son and grumbled to himself. He folded his hands and set the ball of one thumb against the other but he looked troubled.

"What bait do they set out that brings them in like flies to honey?" he muttered aloud and frowned at the law-books, at the admission to the bar certificate, at the *magna cum laude* diploma. So all this was not enough. Lures, catches—all he had done and all Will had done not enough? Gray hair, a wrinkled face, pince-nez on a black ribbon, the grand manner, and people talking—these, too, necessary?

"One case brings another," Will shrugged and played his fingers on his desk. He chewed at his underlip and looked studiously at his neatly-trimmed nails. The father need not have known, he would never have known had not the shop been closed and he lonesome—

Jonas let his hands rest on his knees and stared dead ahead of him. "One little stroke of fortune," he said half to himself, "one little stroke and all would be well."

The saw, the old man thought and shuddered, is a hostile beast that hates a man's fists and hates a man's fingers. When it began to scream it seemed to suck in its breath and draw his hands toward the steel teeth. Once a board had slipped and he had lost a sliver of flesh off the thick blunted fingers. There was no pain the first moment but a good warm feeling as the blood rushed out. Only later, when the wound began to close, did the pain commence.

The shop trembled from the roar of the machines. Nearby the band-saw sang nasally, the planer grunted and heaved, the shaper whistled to itself, the rip-saw opposite him screeched. Behind him a long belt slap-slapped on its pulley and the floor beneath him throbbed. From the hand-truck at his right he took the boards, thrust them against the steel gate and down the table toward the saw. *Eeee!* the blade screamed with metallic anguish. Jonas put the trimmed board on the hand-truck at his left. There was a fan system to suck away the dust and yet heaps formed on his table and auburn braids on either side of the spinning saw. The light bulb overhead was bearded with sawdust.

The foreman came up behind him and shouted orders into his ear. Jonas nodded and went on, leaning forward each time he thrust a board into the saw. From his eyes two rivulets dribbled and made gray lines in the reddish silt on his face.

Each time his hands neared the saw he could feel its breath fanning his fingers. Each scream spilled a new molten agony into his ears: *Eeee!* He thought of his son in his office. Better that he should sit there idle than work over such a snarling creature. When Will was a child he used to tell him stories of dragons that had never existed, yet here was a hungry dragon before him every day. *Eeee!*

He began to tremble. He halted and wiped at his face with the side of his thumb and steadied himself against the table. The shop was alive with a rhythmic throbbing that pounded like a great heart. His ears were funnels into which the cries of all the machines poured; his head flowed over with a soughing as though a wind were prowling around inside. His fingers ached, the joints were stiff and numb. Often in fitful dreams he faced that same saw. Then it was spinning silently, coming at him, growing larger and larger with a long row of white buck-teeth—the cutting edge of each tooth passed so close to him he jerked his head back in terror. *Eeee!*

He sent another board through. Will did not know what work like this was, thank God. But he'd know no work at all if he did not get cases soon. Poor boy—it wasn't his fault. Poor boy—he had urged him, urged him into the law, where he had thought men earned a living easily, raising and lowering their voices, turning pages in law books, smoothing the seams of the volume with clean fingers. If he could only do something more for the boy, something more—

The world was so cold a place, so cold a place. His hands closed about another board. The saw nipped viciously at it. *Eeee!* From the base of his neck an impulse crept along his shoulders: at his biceps it suddenly surged forward. He jerked involuntarily and choked a cry on his lips. No, the world was a warm place. His eyelids fluttered. *Warm*—In the crook of his arm a vein gave a sudden pulse.

The saw ended its weird cry. A crimson ring coated the cruel teeth.

Jonas held his hand up and stared at the gushing finger.

"Will, Will!" he muttered and mechanically reached his good hand to shut off the power. Sharp twinges began in his wrist. "A case, a case!" he gasped. One little stroke and a case for Will. #

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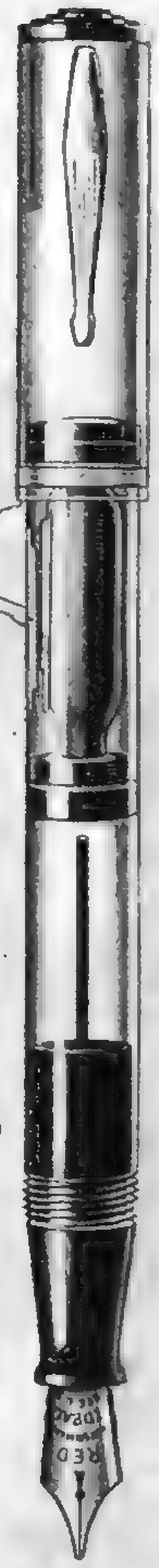

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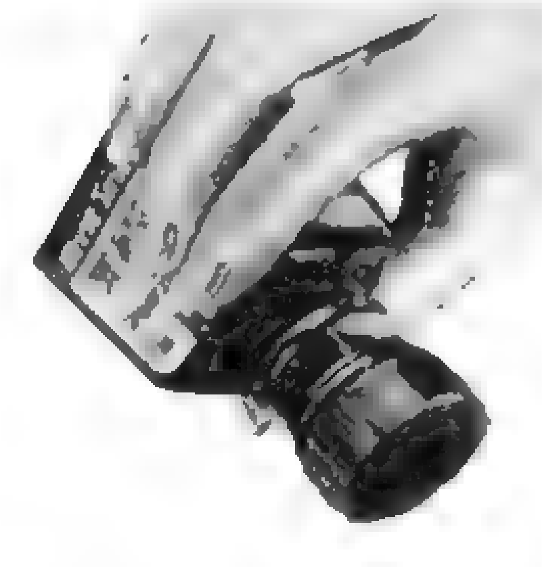

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Crazy Over Horses

Continued from page 73

sports pages. Far from it. Fully aware that practically all his readers are horseminded, the Irish editor gives them plenty of authoritative stuff written by specialists who know the King's English and employ it, in a lively, erudite, thoroughly enjoyable style. Even in covering a local horse show, Charles Reid of the Staff of the Irish *Independent*, for example, will turn in a two-column essay that is startlingly reminiscent of James Huneker.

All during that particular August, I diligently scanned the Irish dailies for news of the Blueshirts and the Civil War. Foreboding clouds hung low and heavy all over Dublin. In the courtyards of the Government buildings were quartered troops and batteries. Armored cars toured occasionally about the city. Folks were uneasy whenever politics were mentioned. Perhaps the people, like the editors, felt that politics and civil wars were boring topics while horses were eternally good gossipy material.

Anyway, according to my study of the Dublin newspapers that month, I found an average of one page of political and general news to seven of racing and horse show news. In brief, the front page told minutely how bad things were in dear old Erin with its constant rebellions and British persecutions while the other seven pages gave the real dope about today's entries and yesterday's finishes for every race in every country.

Several years ago, one of the leading Irish papers engaged an American editorial efficiency executive to come over and see what could be done about boosting this particular paper's circulation. One of the first changes the American expert made was to remove from the front page a racing feature entitled something like Tim's Tips. It ran in bold-face two-column width on the front page much in the manner of Mr. Hearst's own editorials in his own newspapers. Since the paper was supposedly read by the higher type of Irish citizenry, the Yank naturally figured such a column certainly belonged in the back of the paper with the sports. The front page he planned and did fill with what is traditionally accepted as page one copy in any country except Ireland.

The expert quickly discovered that Ireland is different. The week following his shunting of Tim's Tips to the inside pages, circulation dropped off by the thousands. In a panic, the American editorial authority restored this feature to its old roost on the front page. The lost circulation returned immediately. During his brief sojourn in the back of the paper, Writer Tim had lucrative offers for his "tips" from practically every other paper in Ireland.

"Indade," commented my old Donegal uncle, "why shouldn't all the papers be after Tim? Don't the horses thimselves tell him exactly what they are going to do every day? If they didn't, how would he be able to be such a good forecaster? Now, I ask ye? Any man whom horses will confide in is worth his weight in gold to any editor. Aye, for what else would a man be fool enough to buy a paper for if it wasn't to find out what's going to happen at the tracks at Limerick, Leopardstown, Galway or Phoenix Park?"

As a matter of record, Ireland today is one country in the world where they breed a horse that will not only do its daily work of pulling a plough or hauling a cart but that will also win an occasional race or garner the coveted green ribbon at a horse show. Consequently, it is not unusual for an Irish farmer's hunter to win a first place at the great Dublin Horse Show and bring a price of hundreds of guineas. Nor is it strange to witness a thoroughbred romping home first in a big purse meet whose racing a few months prior was confined to splashing mud on his belly as he pranced about the Connemara bogs.

It is possible for most Irish farmers to be successful horse breeders because they are especially favored in the raw materials—sound stock and suitability of soil and climate. Many parts of Ireland vividly remind you of the well-known bluegrass countryside of Kentucky—the section around Lexington where most of our famous American horses originate. That lush green Irish grass, tinctured with salt from the seas thereabouts, provides the natural fodder for those Irish types whose superiors cannot be found anywhere the world over, namely, the thoroughbred, the hunter, the light, active draught horse and the clean-legged mettled pony.

These four types of Irish horses have made history in their respective classes and are sought and prized by horsemen everywhere. When the Irish Military Team took part last year in international horsemanship competitions on the Continent, Canada, America, and England, they were confronted in each instance with Irish-bred opponents. In the Madison Square Garden Competition this past winter, the Irish military team headed by Captain F. A. Ahearn carried off first jumping honors in a most spectacular fashion against terrific competition from teams representing many nations. Not a few of these competitors had Irish mounts but none could jump them like Ahearn and his lads. Aye, it takes an Irishman to ride an Irish horse.

This intense national interest in horses is no new fangled idea launched through legislative conniving upon the part of the new Irish Free State Government nor is it a synthetic publicity measure concocted by the tourist associations to attract visitors. The innate Irish love for the horse dates back centuries.

About A. D. 1000, Fulartach wrote a very complete account in the Book of Leinster of the great provincial "aenach" or fair that was held every other year at Carman in Wexford. At this ancient fair, there were then as today at every Irish Fair, three markets, namely; one for food and clothes, one for livestock and a separate one for horses. And too, as today, there were horse races, or, as Fulartach described them, "the steed contest of the Assorians."

Apparently, it took the English nearly 500 years to discover what fun the Irish were having with their horse racing and to start holding races of their own. The reign of Henry VIII in 1500 is generally accepted as marking the first definite beginning of anything like organized race-meetings in England. The first English horse racing is believed to have taken place at Chester on what was called the "Rodhee" or "Roody," now known as the Roodee on which a three-day meeting each year flourishes to this day.

At that, five hundred years was pretty quick for the English to catch up with the Irish. You may not know this, Yank, but the Irish when they want to are fully capable of keeping a secret, especially from the English.

The modern counterpart of that ancient "aenach" is the annual Dublin Horse Show held at Ball's Bridge, usually the first week in August. This is staged under the auspices of the Royal Dublin Society founded in 1731 with a charter from the King. The horse show has been held regularly every year since 1868. Like everything else that has anything to do with horses in Ireland, the Royal Dublin Society is above and apart from politics. Its membership includes some of the most rabid unionists and republicans alike.

British-baiting President De Valera is a member of the Royal Dublin Society and attends the show every year. If Dev didn't, there is no telling what might happen. The Free State citizenry as a whole are not overbothered by any disrespect which DeValera might show His British Majesty. Should Dev not pay his respects in person to the Irish breeders and sportsmen and their horses at the Dublin Show, a real Civil War might result. For this Dublin Show isn't any spectacle put on just for the toffs such as most horse shows are in America. It is for every lover of the horse and that's every Irishman. Whenever discussing the Dublin Show with Yanks, Britishers and other foreigners, the average Hibernian always proudly refers to it as "Our Show."

Attendance annually runs to approximately 100,000 while the Horse that Ireland can breed is represented by more than 1700 animals.

Listening to an Irishman marvel, you do get the impression that a civil war is merely a sideshow in comparison. In fact, civil wars have actually been treated as such. In the early nineteen-twenties when Erin was going through a period of political bloodshed such as is poignantly portrayed in that recent movie masterpiece, *The Informer*, Irish Rebels and the British troops mutually agreed upon a temporary truce to permit the combatants both to participate in and to attend the Dublin Horse Show. In that particular show, the Irish Rebels competed in perfect harmony against their sworn enemy, the British military jumpers. In the stands, lads who were "on the run" from the English authorities and upon whose heads there were fancy prices rubbed shoulders and mingled friendly-like with the Tommies who had been sent over to wipe them out.

Thanks to the foresight and courage of Edward Bohane, the director of and the man largely responsible for the international fame of the Dublin Show today, there was not a single disturbance at the Show that hectic year. Just prior to the opening of the Show, a detachment of British troops with some field guns took up position at one end of the showing field, and refused to budge when Bohane ordered them away.

"We're here," a subaltern in lofty tone informed him, "to see that Irish rebels keep their promise not to cause trouble."

"A lot you know," retorted Bohane, acidly. "You can't terrorize the Irish. Your very armed presence here is a challenge for trouble. This 'trouble' will never be ended if you break up our show."

With further sensible words in the right quarters, Bohane had the British troops quickly removed. All was peaceful again as it always is at the Dublin Show. Indeed, no human man could have ill-will in his heart when there are so many hundreds of fine Irish horses to gaze upon. 'Tis a beautiful, beautiful sight, provocative of nothing but beautiful thoughts.

This great Irish love of the horse is one of the fundamental reasons for the tremendous financial success of the Irish Hospital Sweeps. The Sweeps simply adds a new attractive feature to the oldest and greatest of all Irish sports, horse racing; an opportunity for a man to run a ten-shilling wager into a fortune. Incidentally, despite allegations made by Westbrook Pegler and other American cynics, there has never been whisper of scandal in connection with the Sweeps. Besides the airtight government regulation and honest, capable management, its long list of sponsors includes the most honorable names

Continued at top of page 122

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Crazy Over Horses

Continued from pages 73-120

in all Ireland. The Irish Sweeps claim to be the only lottery in the world which publishes a fully audited statement of its accounts in connection with every draw.

The same high approbation cannot be accorded to some of the Irish racing meets, especially those known as "Flappers." These are local meets held in the villages on days of the county fairs. There are no governing bodies to regulate such meets and the jockeys usually decide among themselves who will win. Walter McNally, popular operator of a chain of Dublin cinemas, tells of an incident in his native Galway which illustrates the Irish owner's attitude towards his jockey's conduct at these flapper races.

Shortly before a race, a neighbor approached an owner in the paddock and inquired of him how his horse was going to make out that day.

"Aye," declared the owner, "I don't know. Why don't you ask Paddy? He's up on him today."

"What kind of an owner are ye anyway?" gibed the neighbor. "You own, feed, train and time the horse. Then when I ask ye how you are going to make out, you refer me to the jockey. I won't belittle meself by asking Paddy as if I were a tout. Me that has been living next to the horse's owner these many years."

"Well," rejoined the owner, "if you won't ask Paddy, I will. Come along."

The pair walked over to the horse which Paddy had already mounted. He was sitting upright, sullenly awaiting the bugle.

"How are we making out today, Paddy?" questioned the owner.

"We're not making out," replied Paddy, sourly, "I'm not even trying."

"Okay, Paddy, me boy," said the owner pleasantly, "Good luck, anyway."

As the bugle sounded and the horse was being led to the track, the neighbor turned to the owner and began a most profane tirade about all jockeys in general and about Paddy in particular.

"Ah, now," interrupted the owner, "Paddy is all right. Indade, a good many jockeys wouldn't tell ye that much." ⧻

Football's Forgotten Men

Continued from page 64

appear in the smiling picture on the colored program.

Another interesting indicator of the change of emphasis we have on the head coach these days is the number of coaching "duos" we have at present. Many of these pairs are made up of a couple of young coaches who have had separate experience as head coaches. When Fritz Crisler went from Chicago to Minnesota he was particularly anxious to take along Tad Wieman of Michigan. Wieman was a great line coach on defense, his sliding line being what Crisler wanted. Offensive work of the line to Wieman at that time was little more than a forward lunge. But in time he developed with Crisler the offensive style of prying apart the seams in the defensive line, which brought them offensive success at Minnesota and Princeton. The Crisler-Wieman duo has been one of the finest and most successful in the game, both at Minnesota where they served their apprenticeship and ironed out their theories, and at Princeton where they elevated a sorry tail-ender to the glorious prestige of the top.

Crisler also has fine help at Princeton from Earl Martineau, the old Minnesota All-American fullback, who is especially valuable at working with the boys, helping see that they keep up their studies, and Campbell Dickson, a brilliant Chicago end, who is the Tigers' chief scout. Bill Gorman, sparkling quarter of the championship 1922 Princeton team, handles the freshmen and does a good job of it.

Another good pair is the Lynn Waldorf-Burt Ingwersen combine at Northwestern where in their first year last fall they cracked Notre Dame, 14 to 7 for the only defeat of the Irish in the campaign. Ingwersen was head coach at Iowa for a number of years and served as line coach with Biff Jones at Louisiana State. His sparkling personality makes him a fine leader of the work on the practice field, but when he was head coach he had a tendency to tighten up under pressure on the bench, like a number of other line coaches who tried their luck as head coach. Waldorf is more the modern head coach type, a balanced organizer who maintains an Olympian calm while directing the game from the bench.

Another crack duo is in action at Dartmouth where Earl Blaik, who himself served as one of the real workers at West Point for several seasons while major this or that paraded by as head coach, has a fine line coach and worker with the boys in "Fat" Ellinger. Finding Dartmouth soft and brittle, perhaps from the extensive drinking in vogue at the school, Ellinger stayed all winter on the campus in 1934-35 working with the football men in the gym, with the result that the Big Green's won and lost card last fall showed eight victories and two defeats. The high point was the first victory in history over Yale. Dartmouth has two other fine coaches in Dr. Joe Donchess, the former Pittsburgh All-American end, and Andy Gustafson, also of Pitt.

An outstanding example of the submerged assistant was R. N. Waddell, who from 1922 to 1932 served under Judge Walter P. Steffen, the famous commuting coach at Carnegie Tech. Similarly considerable of the credit for Illinois' traditionally strong lines should go to the veteran Just Lindgren, who has coached the Illini forwards since 1904 without ever assuming much dimension in the public eye beside the dynamic Zuppke.

Not that the head coach doesn't rate credit for selecting and using properly good assistants. Many feel that therein lies the weakness of Francis Schmidt of Ohio State, who today most likely would have been the tops in the country except for the fourth quarter collapse and rout of his team in that great Notre Dame game last fall. Assistants to Schmidt are merely just "Joe men" to be brushed aside while he attempts to look after all the details with his own vast driving power. But that Notre Dame game caught his resplendent squad entirely unprepared in many of the simple fundamentals of individual and team defensive play, this flaw nullifying the razzle-dazzle of their glittering and intricate running and passing attack on which Schmidt spends the majority of his practice time.

Bernie Bierman of Minnesota, coach of the national champions of the past two years, after serving his apprenticeship as assistant to Clark Shaughnessy at Tulane, has with him one of the best staffs in the country. George Houser, line coach; Bert Baston, end coach; and Lowell Dawson, backfield coach, all have what it takes to make a great head coach.

Clark Shaughnessy had to start in on the ground floor building up a staff at Chicago, but got improved results when he had Marchy Schwartz, one of Notre Dame's greatest all-around backs, handling his backfield in 1934, and Judge "Duke" Dunne of Michigan coaching his line in 1935.

Noble Kizer, an assistant to Jimmy Phelan at Purdue, stepped into the head coachship and has had good results with a staff including Mal Elward, another former Notre Dame man, who handles his line and defense.

Jock Sutherland at Pittsburgh, a former Warner student, has seven assistants, all Pitt men, while six men help young Lieut. Gar Davidson at West Point.

Harry Kipke, working under the influence of Fielding Yost at Michigan, won four straight Big Ten titles from 1930 to 1933 with the expert aid of Franklin Cappon, Wallie Weber, and Bennie Oosterbaan.

Tiny Thornhill, who has put Stanford at the top, was a line coach and has had the benefit of the great ability and experience of Ernie Nevers, one of the greatest backs in the Warner system, who this fall opens his own head coach career at Lafayette.

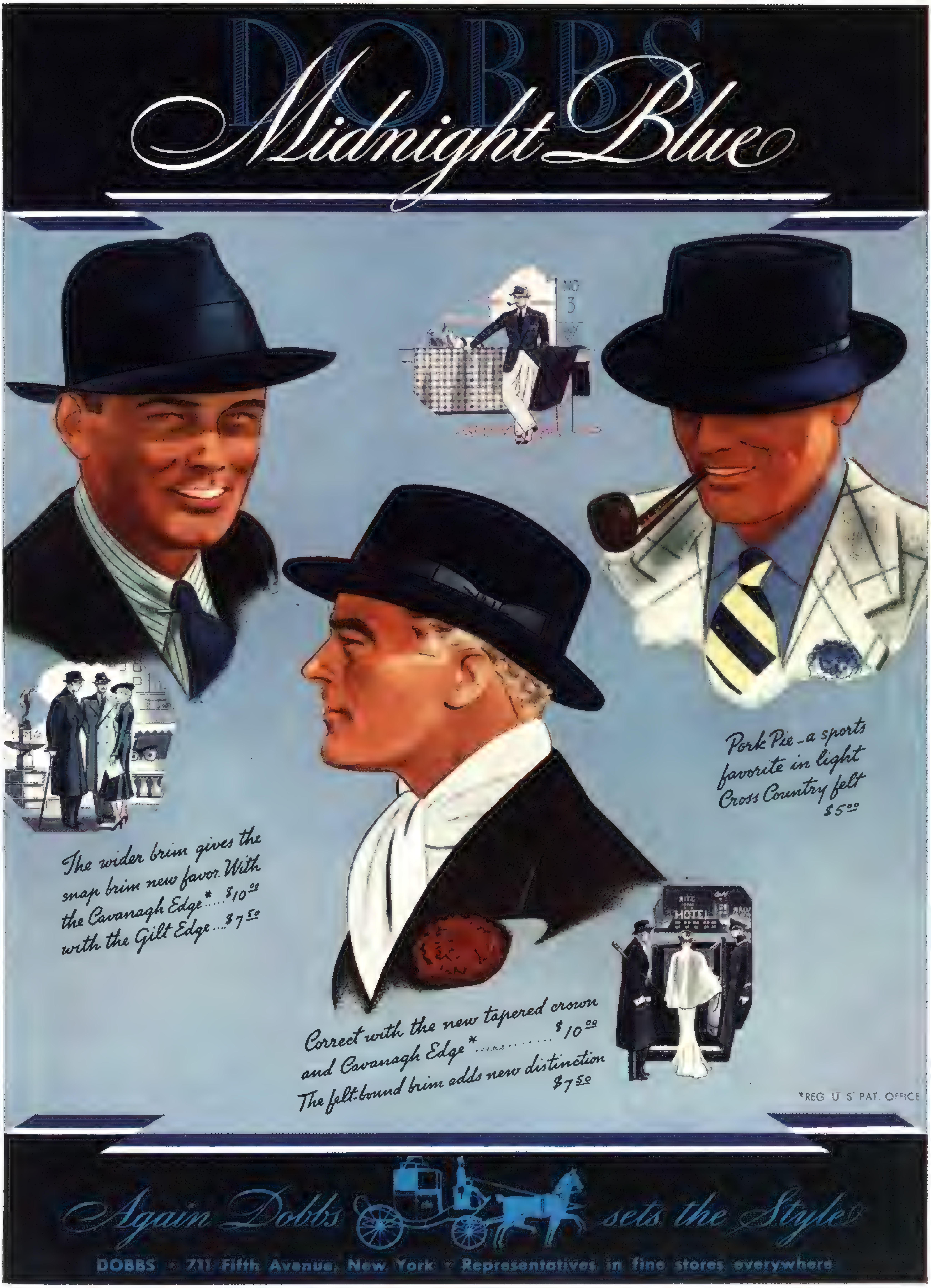
At Yale Ducky Pond has had the advantage of the roughage of Greasy Neale, while Howard Jones at Southern California has been helped immeasurably by the sparkle of Sam Barry, who is particularly valuable in the coach's work of making high school speeches. Jones is cold, quiet and aloof, while Barry is a red-faced, jovial salesman.

For many years "the works" at West Point was the veteran Ernest "Pot" Graves, who was never in the picture much, but was a master of positional technique and wrote the "Lineman's Bible" back in 1920. The Army has been consistent in putting forward young officers as head coach before the public, while old reliables unknown to publicity did the methodical work of grooming the elevens in typical Army system.

It is noteworthy that after the West Point victory over Navy at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, last fall, the cadets openly gave much of the credit for the triumph to Line Coach Moe Daly. Daly was stricken with appendicitis on Tuesday while changing the Army's line defense and was taken to a hospital at West Point. Shortly before the Army squad left its quarters for the game, Daly telephoned from his hospital cot and spoke to each of the regulars, giving them all a rousing fire talk. The players then went out and played their game that day for him, showing that not infrequently the assistants not only build morale by their sustained contact with the men throughout the season, but on occasion they supply the stimulus so traditionally attributed to the psychological genius of the "head man."

A column of men is not an army and a squad of football players is not a team. Supporting the individuals must be a network of organization, and driving them forward must be the force of mob momentum known as morale. All three factors are interdependent. Without up-to-the-minute technique and organization, fire and enthusiasm can fail. Without some desire and aptitude, all the finesse in the world will accomplish nothing. Success comes only from the sudden crystallization of pressure from all sides.

The general, or head coach, can not win without the full support of all the other branches. So this fall when the newspapers once more begin the build-up all about the legerdemain of the great coaches, just try to remember that back of that success stands a lot of hard work by more than just one man. Remember that it is not only the technical shrewdness of the head coach, but also the good sound solid teaching of the assistants that makes the grid squads right. ⧻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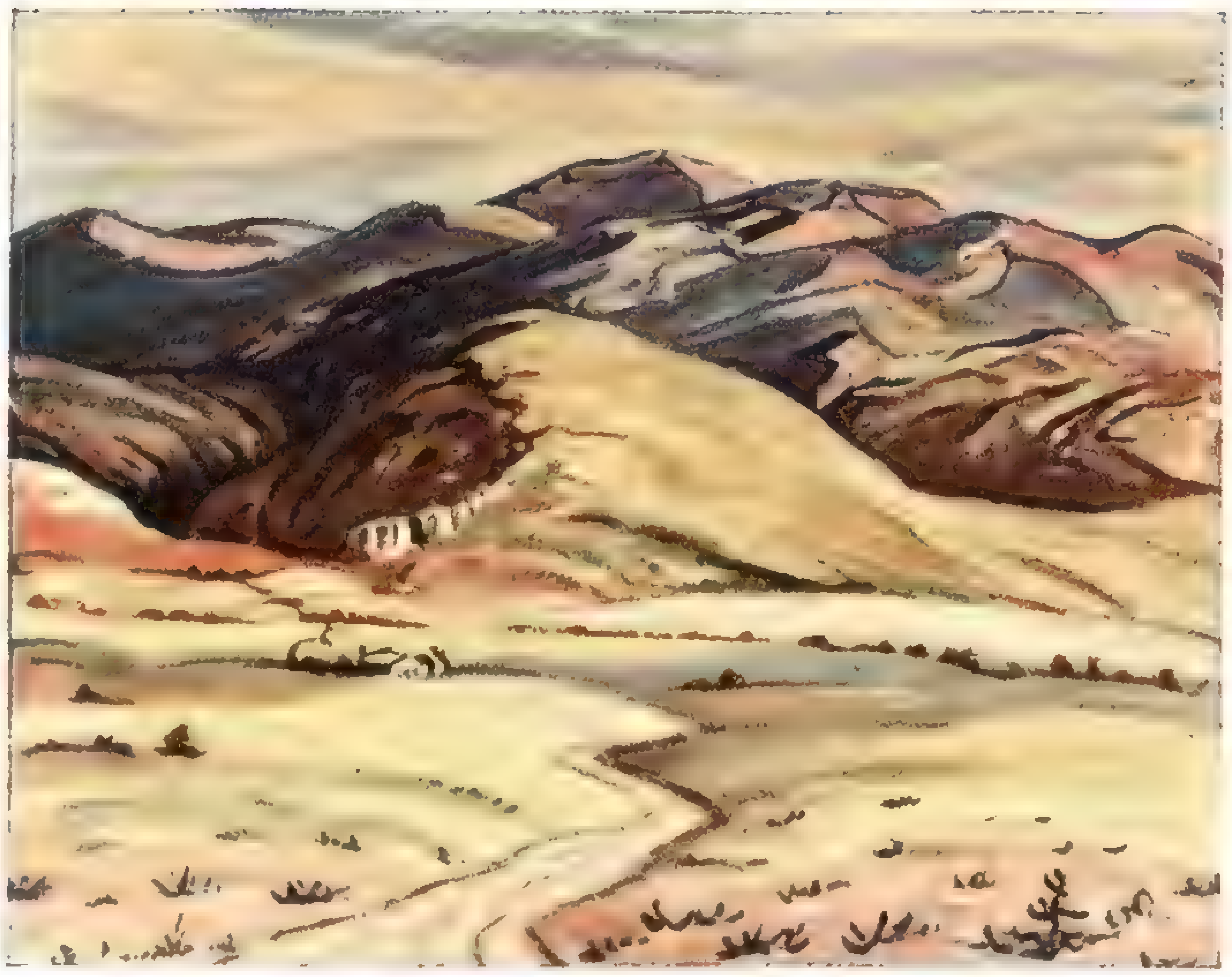
OIL PAINTING BY ROBERT C. ZUPPKE

A PAINTING is a creation. So is a football team. Just as an artist creates a picture on a canvas, a football coach creates a mobile image out of an array of raw physical masses. Just as paintings are made up of dabs and swabs of different pigments, so football compositions are an orderly conglomeration of different types of men in motion. A certain fellow moves this way; another moves another way; an angular fellow may have jerky motions. In selecting the men who compose my teams I always follow the maxims:

Pick heat and motion. For just as the art critic loves movement and feeling in the painting, so the football fan demands hot action on the gridiron. I know my players by their movements. I never know them by their numbers. I never knew Red Grange's "77" until I saw it in the newspapers after he had played his last college game.

Grange was a genius of motion. I saw that and made a team-picture with him as the focal point. He ran with no waste motion, like Eddie Tolan, Michigan's Olympic sprint champion of '32. I once made a trip to the Kaibab Forest on the edge of the north rim of the Grand Canyon, and as a deer ran out onto the grass plains I said: "There goes Red Grange!" The freedom of movement was so similar to Red's.

It was easy to make a picture with Grange because he was easily led, tractable and docile—docile in the sense that he was willing to learn. It was easy to fit him into a gridiron composition. He had that indefinable something that the hunted wild animal has—uncanny timing and sad, big brown eyes of a royal buck. I sketched a team around him like the complementary background of a painting. Those were not great teams that Grange ran for. But they fitted around him, helped to set him off.

A football team represents its coach's ideas in motion. A team that is slow and sluggish is the same as a painting with no color or movement. It is a team of which the fans will say: "Why did I pay $3 to see this?"

At a symphony concert the audience can see the fiddlers moving their bows, but they have to be led to see movement in a painting; and to be satisfied they have to feel the creative magnetism of a football coach at work in his teams.

The only coach that counts is the one who follows the work from sheer love of the game. He will work hard with a sympathetic touch and discipline. For not only must he fit together the different types of players, but he has to persuade them to play this hard, brutal game for no material compensation. A coach has to have a delicate touch to be able to handle men under the duress of competition. Thus he creates and nurses the mystical quality that is called spirit. The spirit of a team is its greatest asset. It is a matter of emotion, passion, skill and self-control blended together.

The mood and knowledge of the painter must co-operate with brush and pigments to create either a sensitive or a brutal landscape. Similarly the coach must understand the temperaments of his men. He must have a light and delicate touch for some; others he will have to bang. Sometimes I hear them gloat: "I got the old boy hot today." But you have to remember that these are men under a strain. You have to take account of that. You have to know when to give way and when to control—one minute a dictator, the next a diplomat.

In 1916 we had an end named Christiansen, who was high-strung and would worry himself sick about the coming game. The week before we played Minnesota, I told him that I did not intend to start him that Saturday. He forgot about the game then and relaxed. But a few seconds before the opening kickoff I told him to go in. He played a fine game that day and helped defeat by a score of 14 to 9 the team Walter Camp dubbed "the greatest of all time." It was one of the real upsets of football history, for in reality an upset is only a game won when nobody gives you a chance.

When I was at Oak Park, the school board called a meeting once to find out "how he can keep discipline when they call him Zup." They did not understand the touch of sympathy that is required between the artist and his subject. They did not understand that a coach has to have the type of enthusiasm that infects. Democracy cannot work on a football team. You cannot have Mexican generals operating in every huddle. You have to have a dictatorship. But to last it must be a benevolent dictatorship.

For besides form and motion our team portraits must also have that illusive quality—that inexplicable something that is propelled by imagination and expressed by controlled abandonment and power. If a coach has imagination, his teams will have imagination. Great coaches have sprung plays that baffled the officials, as well as the other team. The on-side kick was ruled out because of effective use of it. The screen pass also was eliminated through rules changes because it was so devastating.

The average person does not think of imagination as being necessary to an athlete. "Brawn without brains" has become a by-word in athletics. But in real life brawn and brains teamed together excel. A brawny football player must be able to picture the entire scope of the play he is a part of. Otherwise he cannot know how the other players are co-operating with him to make him an effective part of the picture. That requires imagination. Brawn helps the player to give power and expression to his part of the play. When Red Grange ran a play, his imagination pictured the part and duties of every one of his team mates. Without the aid of imagination he would have been unable to co-operate with the other units of the team. Inferior athletes are unable to do that.

So the good athlete must have a feeling for form and composition, space and direction in order to enable him to dodge hither and thither between friend and foe, using the former for aid to avoid the latter. The quarterback or the man who directs the team must be able to picture every play of the repertoire and each man's part in it.

The great football player may rank in imagination from this point of view with the greatest artists. He may be the source material for the poet or the painter.

The coach must know the evaluation of

Continued on page 148

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PARIS NEW YORK

"Right Face"

Lilac Vegetal does these 3 things— Use it Every Day

1. BEFORE SHAVING
Use it to stiffen the soft beard bristles. Lilac Vegetal makes shaving quicker and easier.

2. AFTER SHAVING
Cooling, soothing, healing—and it allays irritation. A matchless finish.

3. AS A SKIN TONIC
After a tub or shower, it stimulates—refreshes, and relieves fatigue.

Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal is always a favorite with Military Men

Use all 3 for really perfect shaving

Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal simplifies shaving by preparing the beard. Tones and soothes the skin after shaving.

•

Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal Shaving Cream—on a par with Lilac Vegetal. Quick lathering, luxuriant—kind to your skin.

•

Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal Talc—A man's Talc and made especially for men—it assures a natural, invisible finish.

LILAC VEGETAL
PINAUD
PINAUD LILAC VEGETAL TALC

PINAUD'S Lilac Vegetal "joined the service" with the armies of Napoleon. Since then, the famous triple-purpose lotion has traveled all over the world with the military. Soldiers, of course, are under the obligation of strict discipline to present the best possible daily appearance. Lilac Vegetal was designed to meet the most exacting masculine requirements.

You'll like the clean, dry fragrance of Lilac Vegetal. Be sure you get the original product, made by the French House of Pinaud. Sold in all good drug and department stores.

The House of **PINAUD**
PARIS · NEW YORK

What a Pipe!

Get this, Men..

GENUINE STRAIGHT GRAIN BRIAR

GUARANTEED RETAIL VALUE AT LEAST $2.00

"I have investigated prices of *straight grain briar pipes*, for you, throughout the city. In no case did I find genuine straight grain briar pipes selling for less than $2.00. In many shops, prices ran up to $7.50 and more."

(*Signed*) HAROLD B. BARNETT, New York City
Certified Public Accountant

WITH THREE TINS OF BRIGGS PIPE MIXTURE

TOTAL VALUE $2.45

This offer is almost a gift! No pipe-smoker who knows values can *afford* to pass it up! For only one buck, you get this genuine *straight grain* briar, worth *not less* than $2.00—plus three tins of rich, mellow Briggs Pipe Mixture! This amazing offer is made to induce you to *try* Briggs, because most men who *do*, stay with it for life. Your money back, if you're not *more* than satisfied. BUT ACT QUICKLY! We guarantee quality but not quantity of these pipes. If your tobacconist can't supply you—mail coupon *today sure!*

ALL FOR $1.00 ONLY

Briggs
Pipe Mixture

Briggs, 119 West 40th Street, New York City

Enclosed is $1.00 (check or money order, for safety). Send me the handsome gift-box containing 3 tins of Briggs and the *straight grain* briar pipe as advertised.

Name____________________

Address____________________

She's No Longer Faithful If—

Continued from page 88

162 When "he" is present, your wife once says with great emphasis and point: *"Some of the greatest acting in the world is done right at home and not in the theatre!"*

163 She emphasizes upon each and every occasion your cleverness and her stupidity. If she "builds you" beyond all bounds of plausibility, calls you "The Lynx-eyed," or "The Impenetrable" (unless your mental burglar alarm system has been short-circuited by the swelling of your head) a bell should start clanging in the back of your brain.

164 Last year she did not kiss strange men at all, which might have been suspicious. This year she often kissed promiscuously, which was certainly not suspicious. But since two weeks, she kisses "X" *surreptitiously*.

165 Your best friend has been kind enough to escort your wife to the opera, which he does often and willingly. They have just returned at 11:30 P.M.

"It was a marvelous performance," they both cry enthusiastically. "The last aria of *Rigoletto* was simply wonderful!"

"My dear," you say, "the opera house burned down this evening!"

166 She could never swallow an oyster, but recently she has not only acquired a taste, but eats great quantities of them.

167 She has always been terrified of the underworld, but she now purchases for a *mere fraction of their cost*, her pearls and mink coats from a "fence."

168 Every time she returns home she has a "cat-who-swallowed-the-canary" look.

169 The hairdresser has visited your house early this morning and she, your mistress, left at noon, all aflurry. She returned late in the evening very tired after an apparently rigorous day, but with her hair even more perfectly arranged than early this morning.

170 She has come home with a black eye, which she cannot explain satisfactorily.

171 Two years ago when you first drove with her along this highway she very much wanted to stop at the little love-nest hotel you are now approaching. Since then she has often spoken about it. But now, when you are almost upon it, with night fallen and the wet sleet driving against the windshield of your car, she says "The next hotel will probably be more comfortable."

172 She has attempted to commit suicide with neither rhyme nor reason.

173 You have overheard your mistress whisper to her best girl friend:

"John is going to get a divorce. I have *secret* and *advance* information, and I am *positive*."

John is most safely and happily married, but not above an outside affair or two, or for that matter the usual married man's lie.

174 You are just about to take the train upon a longish trip and your wife and best friend are seeing you safely off. The train has no diner and all three of you are having the evening meal together in the station restaurant. You have a dish containing garlic, but after she refuses to eat it, he refuses also.

175 Formerly she telephoned her girl friends for hours, but now all these conversations cease thirty seconds after you have entered the room.

176 "Darling," she says anxiously over the breakfast table, "do you really think there is anything in this truth serum business?" When you say that you believe there is, as it has been successfully administered to criminals, and that it is almost tasteless and could be disguised in coffee, she shudders involuntarily and can be seen to make a mental note of some kind.

177 Your mistress has developed severe and unusual moral principles in regard to another woman who recently ran off with your best friend.

178 It is hottest summer, still she takes suddenly to wearing long-sleeved sweaters. She is as brown as a berry and likes her lovely tan arms. The mystery disappears when you subsequently discover that her arms are covered with the bruises of strong masculine fingers.

179 The salt lately has been tasting curious, (and your wife unexpectedly supervising the cooking!) Alarmed, you discover that nothing but a highly anti-aphrodisiacal sodium has been mixed with your common table salt. This is curious as your wife is extremely "lebenslustig." #

Two famous Brothers win new honors with their G&W "*Drink of the Month*"

"*For a man who doesn't drink, you certainly know how to mix swell cocktails, Mac!*" *says* SHEPARD BARCLAY, *leading bridge authority.*

"*That's because I know enough to make 'em with G&W whiskey!*" *says* McCLELLAND BARCLAY, *noted painter and sculptor.*

"THE GRAND SLAM"

G&W's Drink of the Month for September

½ jigger G&W Two, Five or Seven Star Blended Whiskey
¼ jigger Italian Vermouth ⅛ jigger Curacao ⅛ jigger Lime Juice

Shake well with cracked ice...and pour out a drink that will trump the taste of the most critical connoisseur!

McCLELLAND BARCLAY concocted this delicious new G&W Drink of the Month ...his equally famous brother, Shepard Barclay, christened it. And just one sip will tell you why "The Grand Slam" is so popular at artist McClelland's studio parties and at expert Shepard's bridge games!

Try McClelland Barclay's recipe next time you entertain. And to be sure you'll pour perfect drinks *out* of the shaker, be sure you pour G&W Whiskey *in* it! There's a G&W liquor for every purse and palate and, whether you pick a low-priced straight whiskey...a G&W Star blend...or one of G&W's seven-year-old treats...you get extra richness and extra smoothness at no extra price. 104 years of distilling experience is the secret of G&W's "good whiskey" taste.

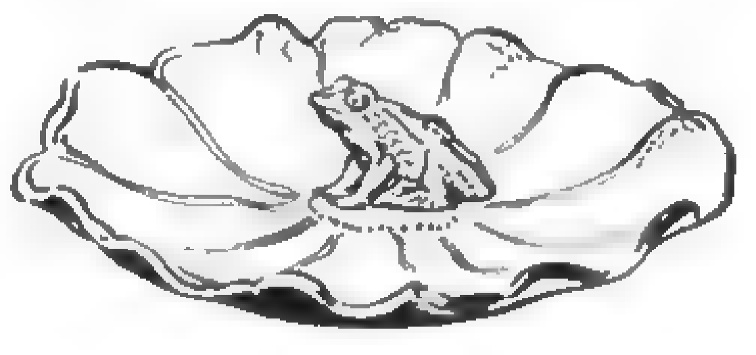
ESTD 1832
G&W
SEVEN STAR
BLENDED WHISKEY
90 PROOF
Blended & Bottled for
Gooderham & Worts Limited
Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.

G&W SEVEN STAR BLENDED WHISKEY. G&W's richest blend. 90 proof. 35% six year old whiskey. 65% neutral spirits distilled from grain.

G&W
G&W
Mill Farm
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

G&W MILL FARM STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. The triumph of G&W's 104 years of distilling experience, we believe it's America's biggest whiskey value! 90 proof, one year old, in round quarts and flask pints, Mill Farm is *made right* ..*tastes right*...is *priced right.*

FREE—GOLD ASH TRAY DESIGNED BY McCLELLAND BARCLAY



G&W offers a grand reward for each of the best whiskey or gin recipes received this month...a lovely, practical gift. It's the popular Wild Rose Petal Ash Tray, finished in 24 carat gold, designed by the world famous artist and sculptor, McClelland Barclay, who also created the cigarette box shown above. Your favorite recipe may win one, so send it in now to Gooderham & Worts, Ltd., P.O. Box 887S, Detroit, Michigan.

(*This offer not good in states where such offers are prohibited*)

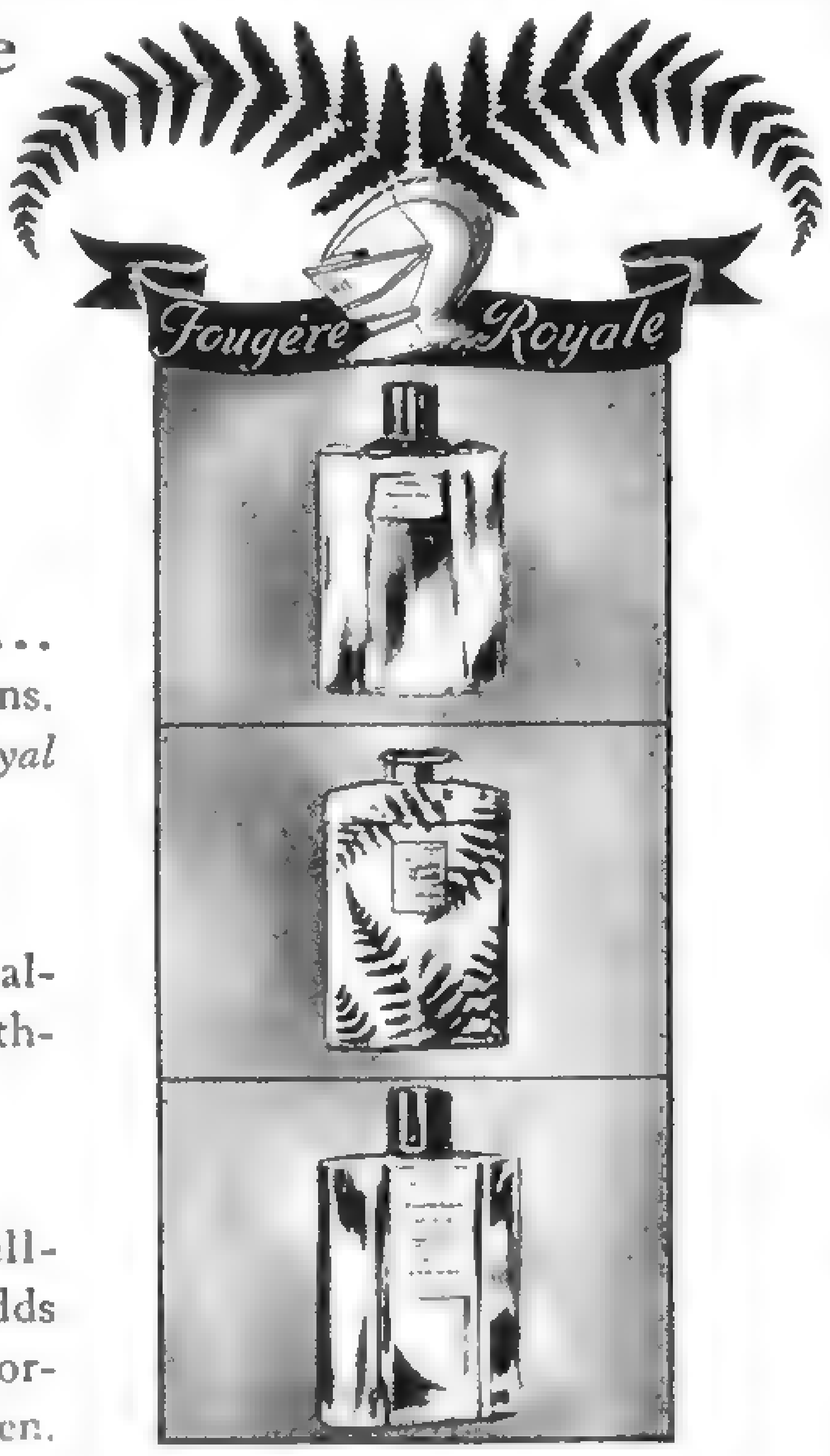
G&W STANDS FOR *Good Whiskey*

GOODERHAM & WORTS, LTD., DETROIT, MICH. . . . Established 1832

Fougere Royale
HOUBIGANT

FLOWERS *are all very well in their place*

—but that place isn't on a man's face! Coquettishly perfumed shaving preparations are *out! Fougere Royale* shaving soap is *in!* Nothing boudoir or raffish about it—its Royal Fern fragrance is fresh, clean and all *man.* You'll find the handsome wooden Fougere Royale shaving bowl a joy to handle—and an economy to use . . . for it offers *months* of miraculous shaves for *$1.00.*



Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion... a dash of refreshment for razor-roughened skins. Slightly astringent to soothe little nicks; *Royal Fern* fragrance to delight your senses. *85c.*

Fougere Royale Talc... supremely fine in quality, correctly toned for men's skin. There's nothing *coquettish* about its odeur. *55c.*

Fougere Royale Hair Lotion... for a well-groomed head, with every hair in place. It adds lustre without oiliness, stimulates the scalp, corrects dryness, and doesn't shriek to high heaven. *85c.*

FOUGERE ROYALE
by HOUBIGANT *for men*

A Sock in the Buskin

Continued from page 91

tory and deals with the New England of more than a century ago, with clipper ships and the harsh, seamed men of the sea and the soil and a Javanese princess brought to a strange, hard land. A second, to be produced by the Theatre Guild, bears the title *The Masque of Kings* and treats of the puzzling death in that hunting lodge of the Austrian Crown Prince Rudolf and his lady friend, Mme. Vetsera, a theme already heard in the theatre some years ago under the auspices of Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis and one filmed by Hollywood under at least two different titles. A third, as yet unnamed, is to be a modern comedy, its theme not divulged. Mr. Anderson evidently works twenty-five hours a day.

All these plays, Mr. Anderson gives us to understand, are to be written in verse, or at least in rhythmic prose, blank verse or something approaching poetic expression.

This follows his practice in recent years. He has already given us *Elizabeth, the Queen* and *Mary of Scotland*, both in verse of one kind or another, and *Winterset*, a drama of the present underworld, in the rhythms of poetic prose.

It thus seems that Mr. Anderson, whatever the divergent nature of the dramatic themes he selects, is determined to visit poetry of some kind upon them willy-nilly. I, for one, am not complaining, as our theatre is sadly lacking in poetry and as it is pretty well agreed that the life and future of our stage must largely depend, if it is to triumph and prosper, upon drama of exalted expression. But while I am by no means lifting even the faintest voice in protest, it still strikes me that Mr. Anderson is going about his commendable intentions in a somewhat arbitrary and precarious manner.

It may be, of course, that his three new plays will turn out, when we see them, naturally to demand lyrical expression. In that event, I shall duly apologize to their author in print for having expressed the thoughts I am here expressing, and I shall supplement the apology by sending him, with my humble compliments, a case of whichever brand of beer he is in the habit of drinking. But at the moment I am beset by doubt as to the entire propriety and critical expedience of arbitrarily interpreting any theme, regardless of its nature, in the cadences of Calliope. Yet that would appear to be Mr. Anderson's fixed resolve. I wish him luck, but I continue to wonder, at least for the time being, if one of these days he may not visit a lyrical treatment upon some generically prose theme and find himself in much the same position as a man composing a poetic valentine to Ruth Snyder.

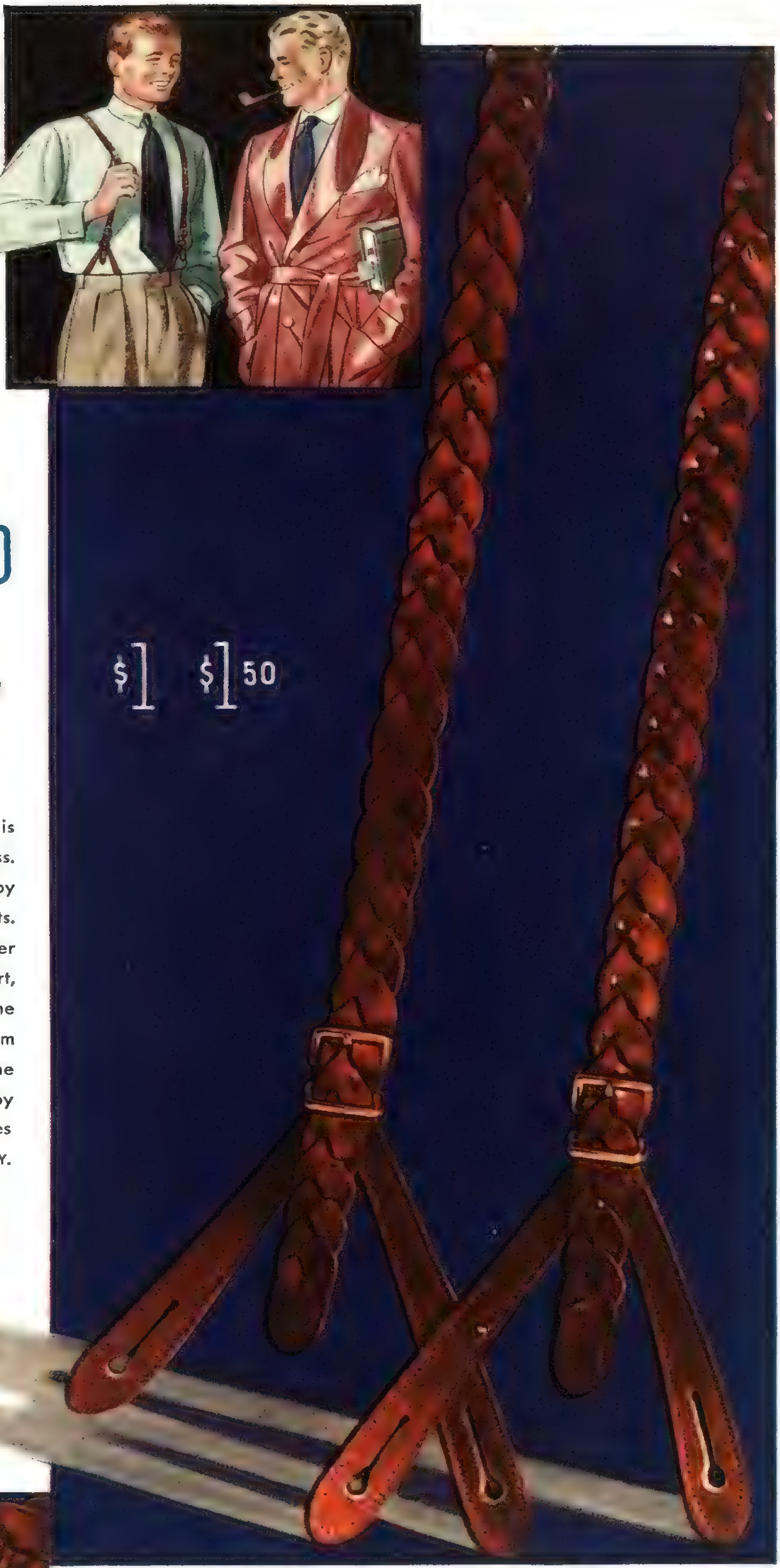
Our third and final meditation has to do with the Theatre Guild. As in the case of Mr. Anderson, if it turns out to be gratuitously in error, I shall similarly make due apology and send to each of the Guild's directors, in addition, a handsome Ascot cravat, embroidered with my initials. But, as of the moment, the aforesaid meditation concerns the dangerous Hollywood proclivities of the Guild, for some time now more or less evident and seemingly growing apace. No less than three of the plays announced for the Guild's season of six regularly scheduled exhibits are the product of as many Hollywood movie scenario writers. It may, of course, turn out that Hollywood movie scenario writers are much greater dramatic geniuses than any of us have hitherto suspected and that the three optioned plays are tremendous works of art, worthy of Aeschylus, Shakespeare or Gorki, but, from our common experience of the confections of the Hollywood boys, we may be forgiven a measure of mild skepticism. Perhaps, however, there should be no skepticism as to the relatively greater ease of selling the movie rights to such plays, with the concomitant handsome revenues, than selling those to plays by authentic dramaturgical artists.

The Hollywood itch on the part of the Guild is further indicated in the engagement of Katharine Hepburn for the star rôle in Helen Jerome's dramatization of *Jane Eyre*. Parenthetically, may we not speculate that the selection of this exhibit was inspired by last season's success of Mrs. Jerome's dramatization of *Pride and Prejudice* and the obvious wish of the present follow-the-leader Guild to cash in on the same general slant of theatrical offering? And, also parenthetically, may we not speculate that the Guild's announced presentation of Maxwell Anderson's *The Masque of Kings* was inspired by the qualms still suffered by the Guild over having failed last season to do Anderson's Critics' Circle prize-winner, *Winterset?*

But to return to the motif, the effort of the Guild to engage the movie director, George Cukor, to handle the production of the aforementioned *Jane Eyre* must impress even the Guild directors themselves with the increasing Hollywood predilections of a once uncommercial and artistically aspiring organization.

Nor is this all. Rumor has it that the Hollywood bent of the present-day Theatre Guild will be further attested to in the near future by other importations from and reciprocal exportations to Hollywood.

It may conceivably, it is true, all turn out for the best, as I have allowed, but as for this particular critic, his forbears—to say nothing of his old mammy—hailed from Missouri. ⧺



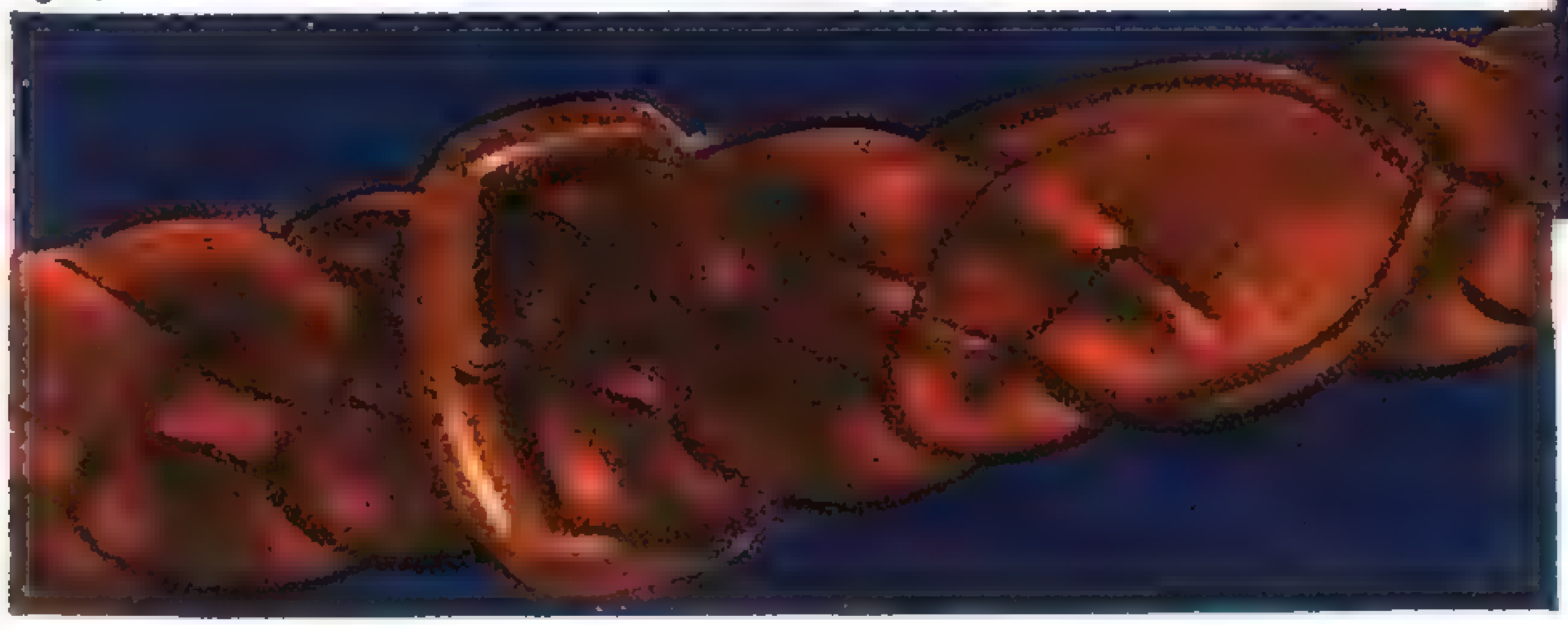
India-tanned

Baby Buffalo

*Action*BAK *Braces*

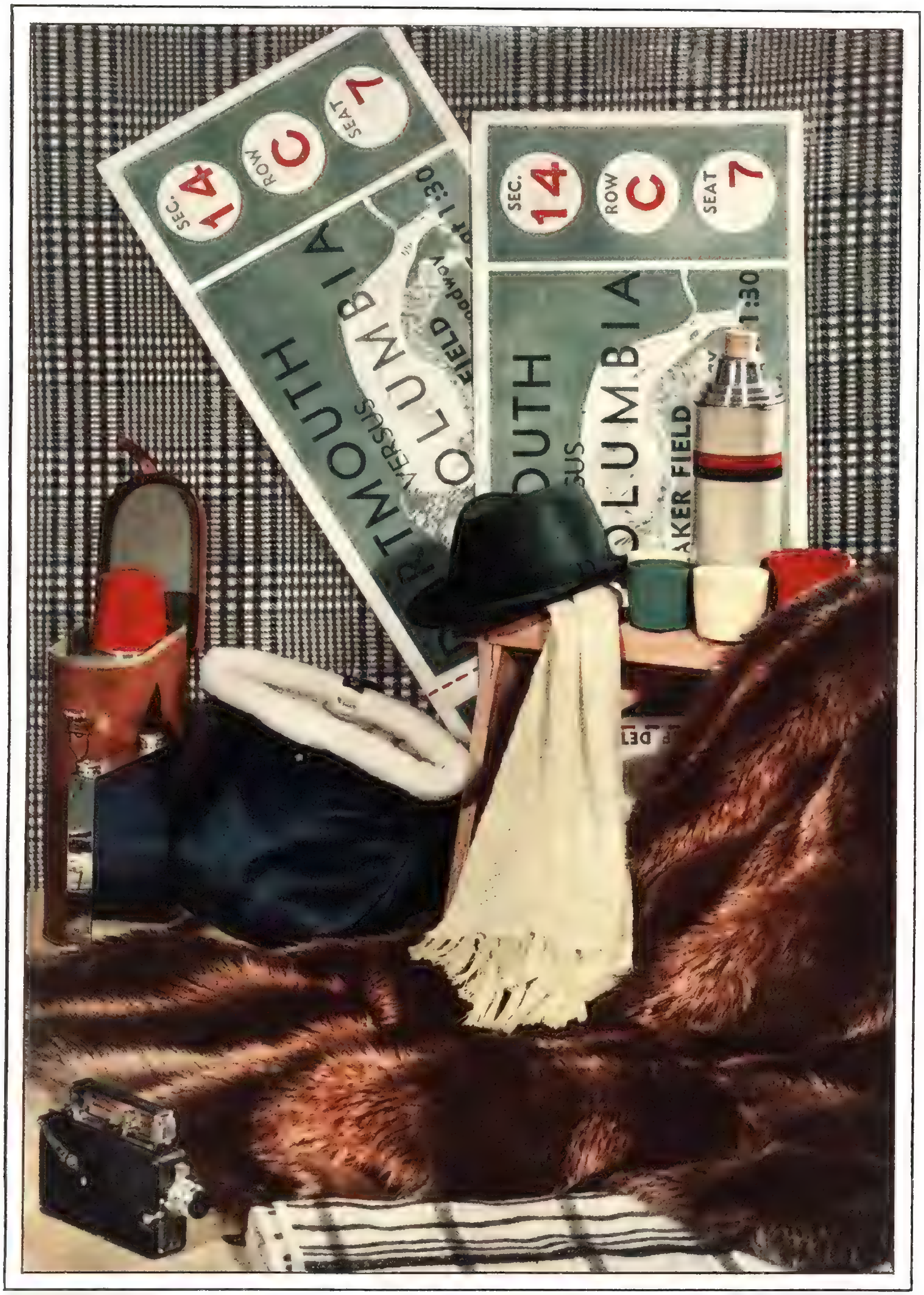
Baby Buffalo leather, from the other side of the world, is exclusively Hickok—and so is the India-tannage process. Supremely soft . . . featherweight but durable . . . Baby Buffalo is enriched by distinctive brown-and-tan glints. No other material or treatment has ever created smarter new braces for you. Equally distinguished for comfort, they bring you that foremost Hickok invention, the *ActionBAK* . . . unlimited flexibility . . . uncanny freedom from pull . . . attained neatly, simply, with streamline styling. Make sure of your ease and appearance by asking your dealer for new Baby Buffalo *ActionBAK* braces — plain $1 — hand-braided $1.50 HICKOK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The season's most interesting belt! . . It's full grain Cowhide in the exclusive new Hickok India Brown (dark or light) . . . See it . . . Plain $1 . . . Hand-Braided $2



HICKOK

BELTS • BUCKLES • BRACES • GARTERS • JEWELRY *Style* LEADERSHIP



DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW

DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.

BOY, THIS WILL BE BETTER THAN BUNDLING

THE daring young man makes his preparations for a warm afternoon in a stone-cold stadium. And has he missed a trick? Not he, sly fellow, he's even added a new one. Not content, like the rest of us unimaginative passive dolts, to get his tickets for adjacent seats, this go-getter has contrived to have self and girl billeted not only in the same section, and the same row, but in the same berth! Lucky seven. And happy, happy he. Can't you just see him, the envy of all, his girl on his lap snug as a bug in a rug, the two of them together enfolded by that great big huge enormous fur coat? With the success of the afternoon thus brilliantly assured, it does seem the essence of anti-climax to describe his other precautions for the pursuit of warmth, comfort and enjoyment, but they comprise: a leather case with two thermos jugs and cups, a double flask, collapsible foot warmer, semi-Tyrolean hat, wool muffler.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Brands in the Burning

Continued from page 66

After ten days of air-curing, large twists or *carrots* about a foot long and weighing a pound or so are made. Fifty twists are carefully packed in a strong box so constructed that by means of levers and weights the carrots are subjected to very high pressures; the object being to start the black sticky juices running from the leaves. Daily the boxes are opened, the twists loosened to allow air and moisture to reach all parts so that the juices pressed out will be reabsorbed uniformly. For several months this process is continued until usually within eight months after harvest time, by this careful, tedious pressure process of absorption and reabsorption the black gummy tobacco acquires that aromatic fragrance peculiar to Perique Though there are numerous European processes in imitation of that practiced at St. James Parish, Louisiana, none is the equal of Perique as a flavoring tobacco.

Perique is probably the strongest of all tobacco. None but the hardiest smoke it straight. It is used purely to add flavor and aroma, and generally in quantities of from ten to twenty-five per cent. In rare instances, such as when blended to a mild Turkish mixture, as much as forty per cent Perique may be used.

Each particular brand of pipe tobacco is blended according to a carefully worked out recipe by the factory blender. That is, the required percentage of Burley, Perique, and Latakia—if these are the various tobaccos in that brand's mixture—are thoroughly mixed. Then the mixture is either dipped in, or more usually sprayed with the *casing solution* consisting of a closely guarded formula, for it is the casing solution which imparts to a large degree the flavor, mildness, and burning qualities peculiar to that brand. Naturally, each company in its attempt to interpret the public's taste, so as to enjoy the greatest sales possible, follows a different formula, worked out by its experts after much experimentation.

Sugar is the principle flavoring matter used by American manufacturers, with licorice a close second. Invariably a hygroscopic agent such as glycerine is added to prevent the tobacco from drying out too quickly. So numerous are the various flavoring matters and so specialized has the working out of the recipes become that the making of tobacco sauces is a business in itself. To list all the materials is impracticable—there are hundreds. Various fruit juices: apricot, prune, pineapple, and grape; chocolate, cocoa, honey, maple syrup, vanilla, tonka beans, deer-tongue; rum and wine—these are but a few substances entirely pure and harmless in themselves that add to the flavor and aroma of various American tobaccos. Roughly it would seem from available Government statistics, that from fifteen to twenty per cent of American tobacco consists really of flavoring matter and plain water. This is not an adulteration of tobacco, it being held by the highest impartial authorities to be an essential for a truly flavorful aromatic mixture, contrary to the opinions of those smokers who have been led to believe that any smoking mixture containing flavoring is "artificial" and consequently inferior. When we trace this misconception to its roots we invariably discover an Englishman as the propagandist for "pure" tobacco.

British pipe smokers prefer unflavored tobacco, not because it is better or purer but because Brittish law, aimed to legislate flavoring matter out of tobacco, altered their taste. Before these laws were passed in England, the people were all for flavored pipe mixtures. But along came a brilliant member of the British Treasury Department who realized that if a law were passed limiting the quantity of flavoring matter, or even better excluding all foreign substance, then the government would collect more revenue because England places an import duty on tobacco. England remember, grows no tobacco. And so by passing laws limiting the flavoring matter, even going so far as to rigidly control the moisture content to so low a level that smokers complained their tobacco was too dry, England collected more revenue and smokers' tastes were changed in time.

Consult the history of tobacco in England, to find that amidst loud protestation from the tobacco interests and public alike, the "Pure Tobacco Act" was passed in 1842. A Mr. George Philips served as head inspector to see that British tobacco was kept pure, said George Philips being of the Inland Revenue Department, not the health department.

A certain unrest existed so that within the next ten years concessions were made permitting two types of sweetened tobacco: Cavendish and Negrohead. These laws remain substantially unchanged to this day. When Cavendish is made in England, revenue officers carefully watch the percentage of sugar water added to see that the Pure Tobacco Act is not violated, and incidentally to see that a maximum revenue is returned to the Crown.

In other words, it's merely a matter of taste whether you like your tobacco—or your coffee, for that matter—sweetened or "natural." There are, though, certain undeniable advantages on the side of flavored tobacco: a greater variety of flavors, better burn, and lower cost.

With the countless brands on the market—and no two taste quite alike—one would certainly think that every smoker, after some experimenting, would hit

Continued on page 132

BY APPOINTMENT

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE
DIEU ET MON DROIT

PEAL SHOES

No name enjoys greater recognition, perhaps, than that of Peal. The superb leathers and workmanship that go into Peal Boots, Shoes and Luggage are famous all over the world. As the only agents for ready-made shoes whom Messrs. Peal & Co. of London, have ever appointed in more than 145 years of continuous business activity, Messrs. Brooks Brothers are pleased to announce that they are now carrying complete stocks of these celebrated shoes...in models for every occasion ready for immediate purchase and delivery.

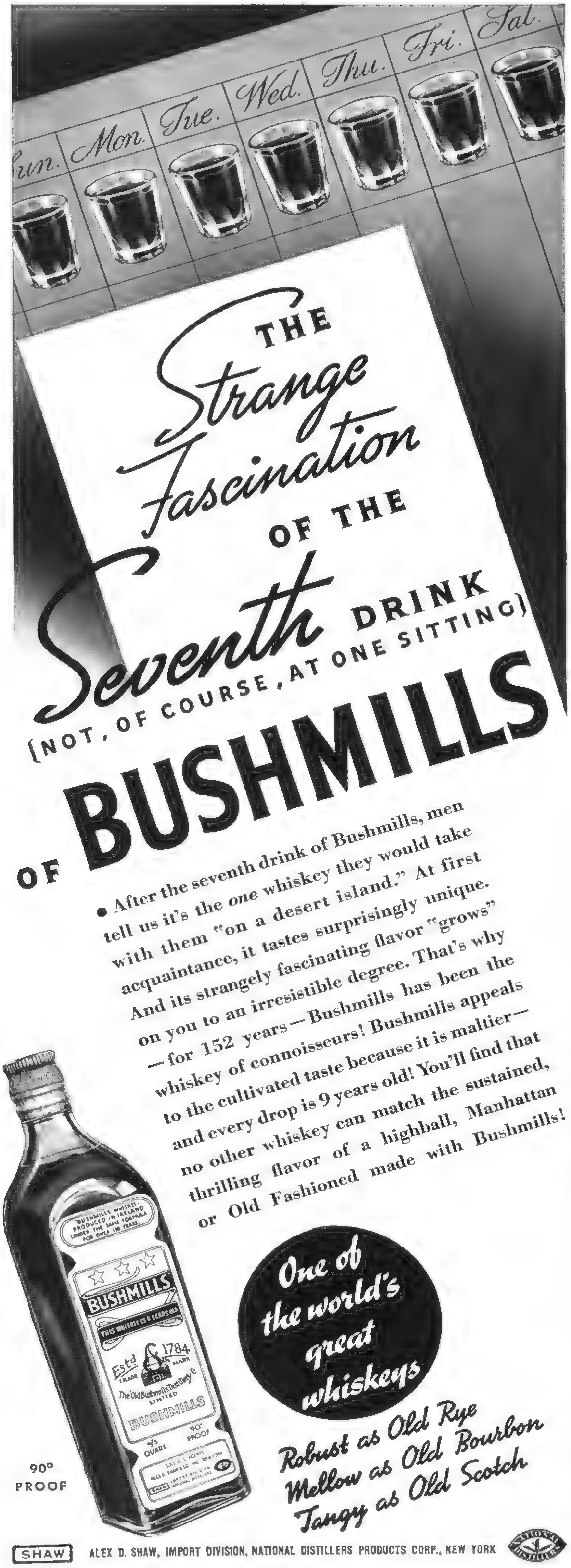
$30 *to* $38

Brooks Brothers' travelling representatives are now visiting 50 cities all over the United States from coast to coast. If you will write to our New York Store, we shall be glad to send you a copy of the current itinerary...indicating just where and when one of our men will be located in or near your own city.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST. • NEW YORK
NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET • BOSTON
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET • NEW YORK



THE
Strange
Fascination
OF THE
Seventh DRINK
(NOT, OF COURSE, AT ONE SITTING)
OF BUSHMILLS

- After the seventh drink of Bushmills, men tell us it's the *one* whiskey they would take with them "on a desert island." At first acquaintance, it tastes surprisingly unique. And its strangely fascinating flavor "grows" on you to an irresistible degree. That's why—for 152 years—Bushmills has been the whiskey of connoisseurs! Bushmills appeals to the cultivated taste because it is maltier—and every drop is 9 years old! You'll find that no other whiskey can match the sustained, thrilling flavor of a highball, Manhattan or Old Fashioned made with Bushmills!

One of the world's great whiskeys

Robust as Old Rye
Mellow as Old Bourbon
Tangy as Old Scotch

90° PROOF

SHAW ALEX D. SHAW, IMPORT DIVISION, NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., NEW YORK

Brands in the Burning

Continued from pages 66-131

on a brand to suit his taste perfectly. But this is not the case, for there flourishes a definite though limited trade in custom-built smoking mixtures.

The pipe smoker generally goes to the tobacconist, who by a series of well-directed questions attempts to discover the patron's smoking habits and tastes. Then by using the customer's criticism of his present mixture as a springboard, the tobacconist skillfully blends an ounce or two of tobacco for trial and criticism. Usually, after a few such experiments he'll succeed in hitting on a mixture that delights the smoker. He has been careful to keep track of what he put into every trial mixture, so that now that he has pleased you he either tells you the exact contents of the blend, or more usually jots this information in a record book alongside your name so that a post-card or phone call delivers your special brand post-haste.

A number of pipe-lovers, of the real dyed-in-the-wool specie, blend their own. Many more would like to but haven't the faintest idea of how to go about it. What follows should, therefore, be of particular interest to men who want to fuss around the house some rainy night cooking up a tasty tobacco brew:

Go to town and buy in a supply of the following tobaccos, in keeping with your purse, and in the proportionate quantity indicated: Burley (4), Virginia (4), Turkish blended (4), Cavendish (4), Maryland (2), Latakia (4), Perique (2), and Havana (1). The figures indicate the relative quantity of each type to purchase. You may buy in units of pounds or ounces depending upon your enthusiasm and pocketbook. But no matter how little or much you buy, get the best quality of long cut because by the time you have finished meddling and mixing it will be broken into particles about the right size.

The very first thing is to do some sniffing about, or better still smoking. Get used to the odor of each tobacco type and the flavor. Bear in mind the base tobaccos you have: Burley, Virginia, Cavendish. Turkish may be used as a base if you intend using high percentages of Latakia or Perique. Use one or more of these in combination to build up the bulk of your mixture. Then reserve your Havana, Perique, and Latakia to season the "dish," as you might use salt, pepper, mustard, or vinegar on food.

Don't lose sight of the fact that there is a peculiar circumstance in tobacco blending that borders on a paradox: The lighter the color of the tobacco, the less the oils and the milder. But the less the oils, the faster the tobacco burns and the hotter. Thus straight Turkish is very light, contains little oil and is mild, but it burns so rapidly in a pipe that it "bites" the tongue. The trick, therefore, is to combine tobaccos of a sufficient strength to suit your taste and then to control the burn so that it will not bite.

Take a real old-time prescription to start in on: Burley 5 oz., Virginia 5 oz., Latakia 3 oz., Havana 1 oz., and Perique 2 oz.—which makes one pound. It would be reckless, to say the least, to start in on a pound because the chances are you won't quite like the mixture. The figures are merely given to indicate the proportion of each. And by the way a simple inexpensive and accurate enough scale can be purchased in the dime store, where it is sold as a postal scale.

As you go along making up your maiden mixture, keep trying it, for then you'll learn by experience to know exactly what part each tobacco plays in your smoke symphony.

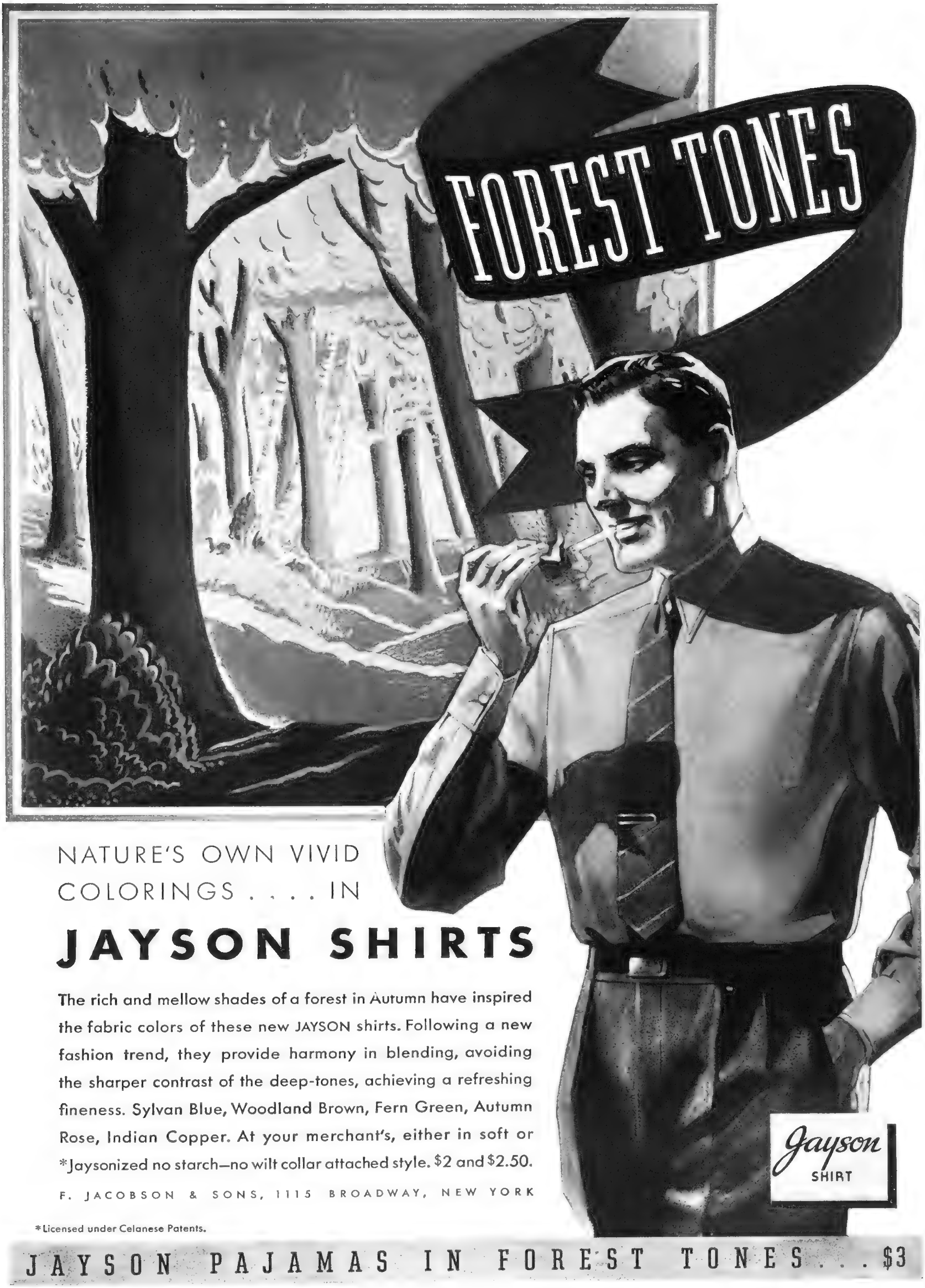
Here are two recipes highly praised by dyed-in-the-wool pipe bugs: Cavendish 4 oz., Bright Burley 4 oz., Latakia 4 oz., Bright Virginia 4 oz., and Perique 1 oz. The other: Bright Burley 9 oz., Cavendish 4 oz., Turkish 2 oz., Perique ½ oz., and Latakia ½ oz. Whether you like them or not naturally depends upon your smoking tastes and habits.

Two more stand-bys that smokers in great number swear by are: Burley 10 oz., Marland 4 oz., Latakia 2 oz. This mixture should delight the smoker who puffs away like a steam engine because it is a slow-burning blend. A slightly faster burning mixture and more "tasty," or better, spicy, is: Burley 8 oz., Perique 3 oz., Virginia 4 oz., Latakia 1 oz.

If your tastes run to the unusual try: Blended Turkish 60% and Latakia 40%. Since this is a fast-burning mixture due to the high percentage of Turkish it is best suited to the man who puffs his pipe very slowly. For the man who likes this, except that it burns so quickly that it "bites," try substituting Burley and/or Virginia instead of the Turkish. Or use 40% Turkish and 20% Maryland to slow down the combustion rate.

The principal reason for giving these tried and true prescriptions is that it serves as a compass to direct you in your exploration in search of smokers' paradise. By using good judgment and some sound common every-day horsesense, you should have no difficulty in hitting on a satisfying smoking mixture. Analyze your smoking habits and tastes. Do you find most blends bite your tongue? Then you're a fast "puffer-awayer," which means you need a slow burning tobacco. No Turkish for you, but the darker, stronger tobacco, higher in oil content. But you find these darker tobaccos too strong? Well then, try Maryland—remember it is neutral in aroma and excels all

Continued at top of page 134



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The rich and mellow shades of a forest in Autumn have inspired the fabric colors of these new JAYSON shirts. Following a new fashion trend, they provide harmony in blending, avoiding the sharper contrast of the deep-tones, achieving a refreshing fineness. Sylvan Blue, Woodland Brown, Fern Green, Autumn Rose, Indian Copper. At your merchant's, either in soft or *Jaysonized no starch—no wilt collar attached style. $2 and $2.50.

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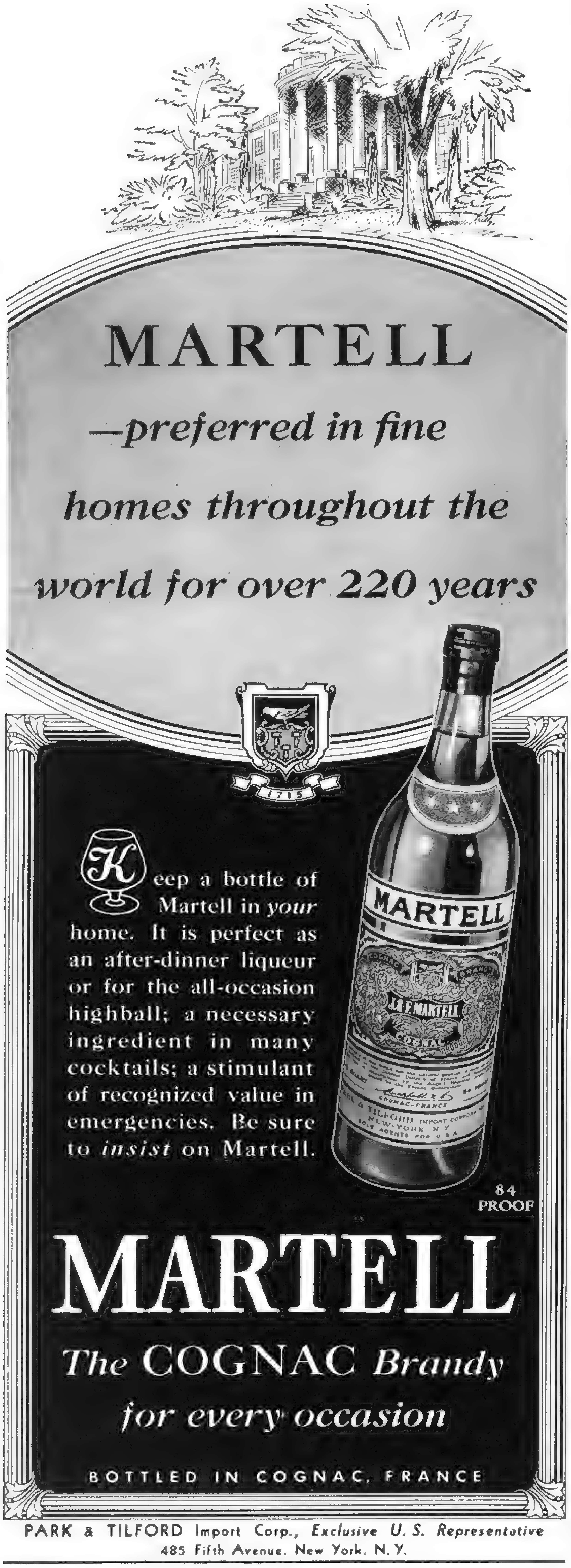

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84 PROOF

MARTELL

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Brands in the Burning

Continued from pages 66-131-132

other American types in its capacity to hold fire.

You don't quite like that mixture, although it doesn't bite your tongue? Try omitting the Latakia, or the Perique. By cutting down on the content of a particular tobacco, or cutting it out altogether, you can by a process of elimination find out exactly what you do and don't like about the mixture.

It's just a matter of playing around until you hit on it. And don't forget, *keep a written record of what you put in, and in what percentage*, or you're apt to commit suicide after spending several futile days in an attempt to duplicate that tasty combination you stumbled onto the night the Mrs. took Aunt Martha to the movies.

You know the rules. You have the basic facts. If the tobacco bug has bitten you, smuggle in a modest stock. When the next rainy night rolls around, or you're the fifth wheel at a bridge game held in your home—get your stock and scale out, your pencil and some paper, a pipe or two and sneak off to the kitchen for a delightfully different evening. Remember the fun you had as a kid developing pictures? The thrill you experienced when in the dim ruby light you gradually saw your sweetheart's picture appear? Well, amateur tobacco blending is fully as thrilling, so thousands of hobbyists claim—and not quite as messy. Which reminds me to remind you: spread some papers out and be careful not to mess up the whole house because yours truly has no desire to be named corespondent in a divorce suit. ⋕

New Clues to the Oldest Mystery

Continued from page 97

mistake in perception or a desire of which he is ashamed. The area of itself which mind can observe is strictly limited to the area it wants to observe. Then, too, an introspecter can only describe one experience in terms of another and the result is pretty nearly meaningless to everybody else.

I shall never forget an impressive announcement made by Prof. Titchener at one of his private "experimental group" meetings. He had discovered, he said, what pleasure is. We held our collective breath. "Pleasure," said Titchener with vast solemnity, "is a deep, purple, pressure sensation in the upper abdomen." I disgraced myself by laughing—never again was I invited to one of the learned doctor's gatherings. Common sense forces us to the conclusion that mind, powerful as it is, nevertheless lacks power to dispel its own mystery by self-observation and report.

You remember when American Public Enemy No. 1, desperado Dillinger, had been hunted in vain for many months, a bright Government man evolved the comforting theory that Dillinger was dead. Police here and there continued to die under the bank bandit's guns and people who knew Dillinger recognized him frequently. But all this evidence of Dillinger's existence was, for a time, reasoned away—the mysterious and elusive criminal couldn't be caught and therefore, Q. E. D., he no longer existed. There is a curious parallel between Dillinger's theoretical demise and the premature killing of consciousness by the persuasive pen of Dr. John B. Watson, behaviorist. Watson—now a tycoon in advertising but formerly a professor of psychology at Johns Hopkins—was sick and tired, so he said, of all this idle talk and speculation about mind. You couldn't see mind, you couldn't put mind in a test-tube, you couldn't kick mind. Very well, there wasn't any mind. Dining once with Watson I made the unpardonable mistake of remarking that conscious deception affected blood-pressure in a characteristic manner. John Watson looked shocked. "I'm sorry," he reproved me, "I don't know what you mean by *conscious* deception and so I can't talk about it."

Being one of the most charming and persuasive fellows in the world, this famous behaviorist succeeded for a time in creating a Watsonian cult among young smart-alec psychologists who liked to kick things. Their creed was mind is unkickable; therefore it doesn't exist. To say that man has no mind is a delightfully simple solution of the mental mystery and impartial observers who watched the behavior of the young behaviorists became almost convinced that they were right, at least about themselves. But scientists with less craving for hard-boiled simplicity piled up fresh masses of evidence that other people's minds had not deserted them. Psychology was compelled to resume its search for mind just as the Department of Justice was forced to accept proof Dillinger was alive and go on hunting for him.

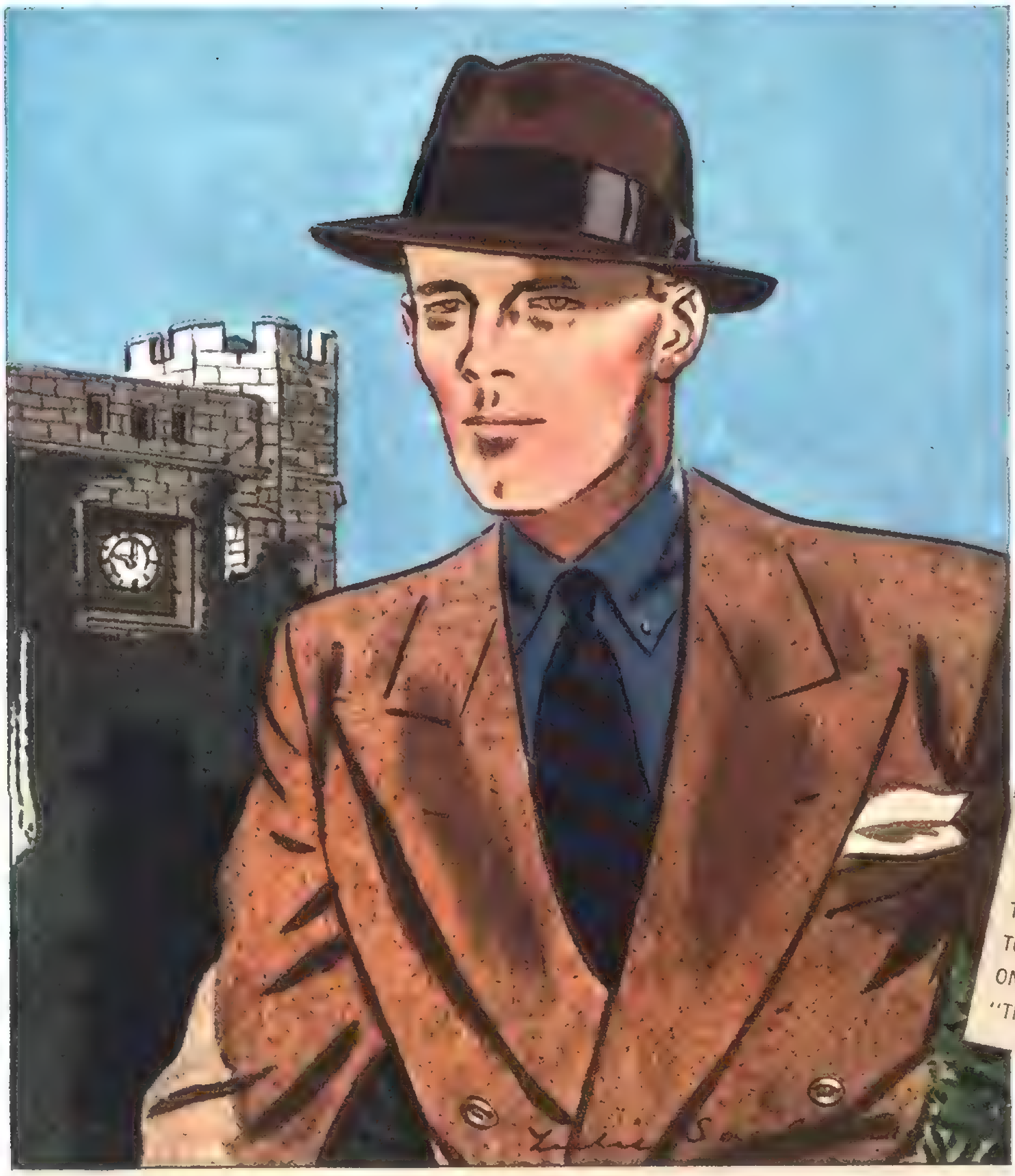
Consciousness not only exists, it influences and alters human behavior. It is not, for example, the mechanical act of deception which alters a liar's blood-pressure—it is the liar's consciousness of what he is doing. Consciousness itself may not be tangible but its effects upon the human body are easily observable with the aid of laboratory instruments. Mind lies ever in wait, ready to pounce upon our automatic brain and body processes and reshape them to its own pattern. When consciousness is added to chemistry it means that mind's mysterious influence has taken over the helm of human behavior.

The part that consciousness

Continued on page 137

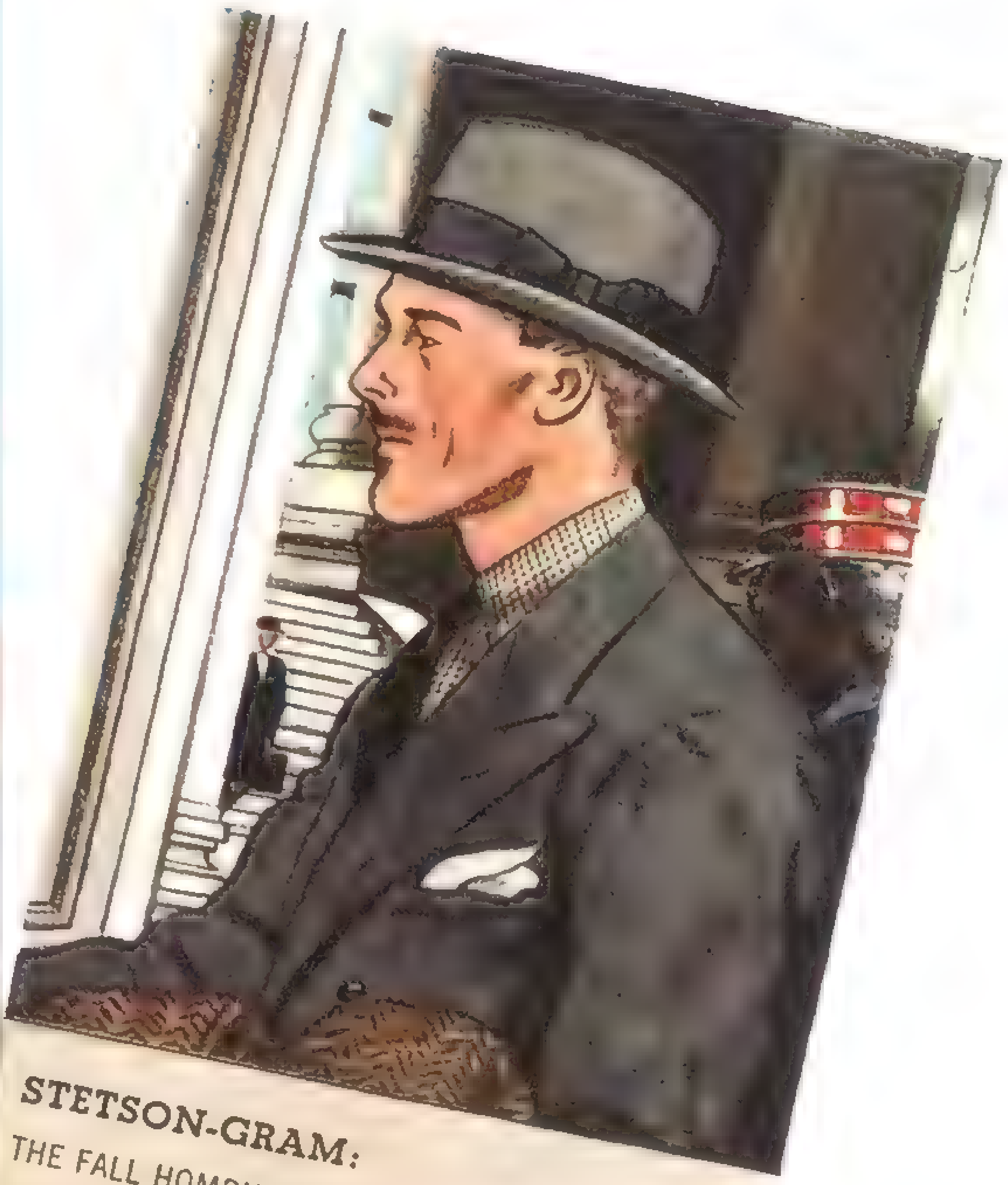
STETSON-GRAMS:

Style-flashes on three Fall hats



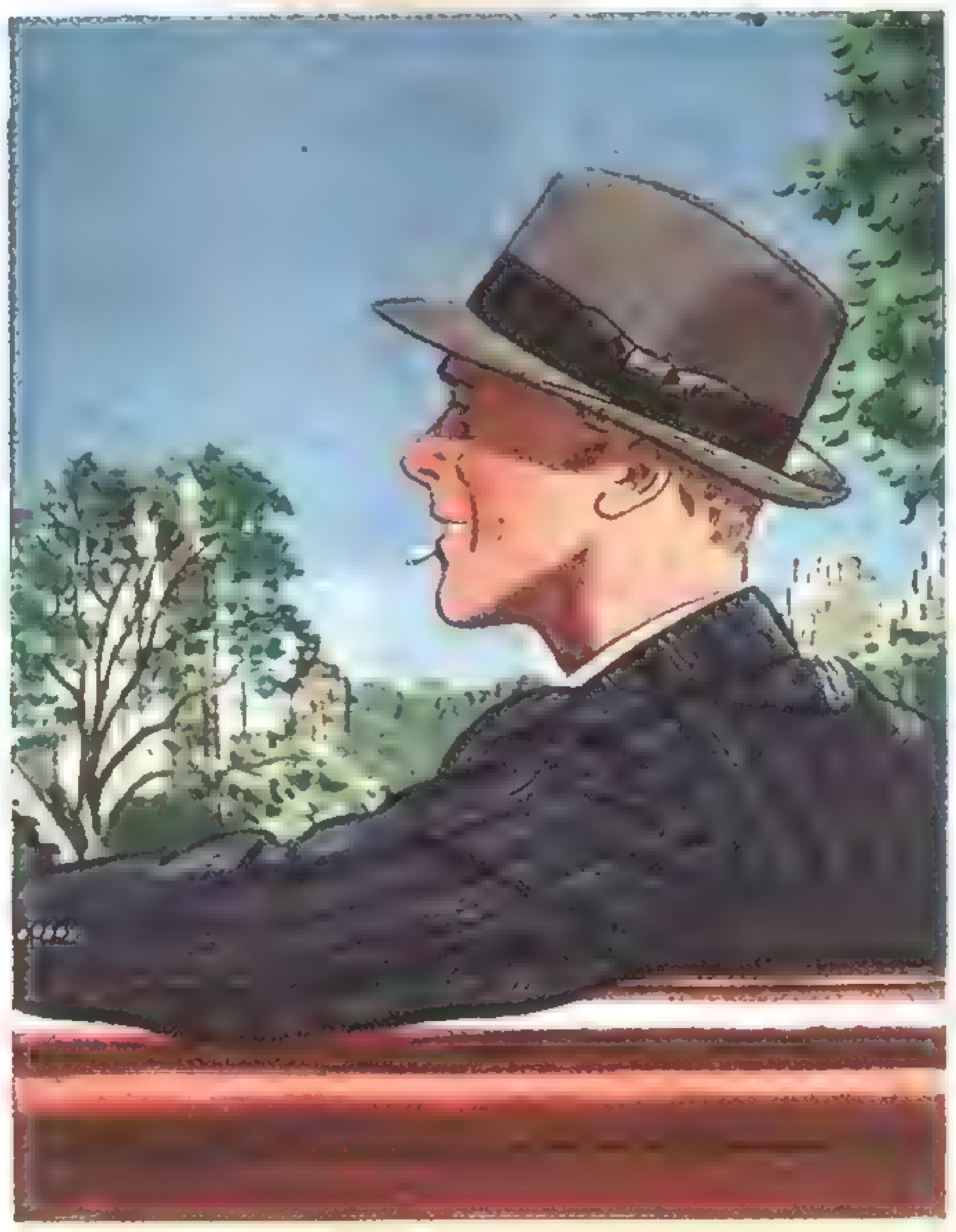
STETSON-GRAM:

THERE'S A NEW STYLE TREND AT EASTERN UNIVERSITIES—TOWARD SNAP-BRIM HATS WITH WIDER BRIMS, LOWER CROWNS. WEAR THEM PINCHED IN FRONT, "DISHED" ON TOP, SNAPPED. ASK FOR STETSON'S "WHITNEY." COLOR SHOWN: GROUSE, WITH EBONY BAND.



STETSON-GRAM:

THE FALL HOMBURGS ARE BRIM-FULL OF NEWS. THEY HAVE A HEAVIER-SET "DERBY" LOOK TO THE BRIM, A DEEP CURL AND NO BINDING ON THE EDGE (VERY BRITISH). STETSON'S "TREND" IS SHOWN IN PEARL GRAY.



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- A good hat is a friendly thing, neither to be bought nor parted with lightly. And the man who would be wisely hatted considers well both substance and style. That's one of the greatest reasons why Stetsons lead the field. They are new as tomorrow—in fashion. But they are three generations old—in workmanship. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, New York, London, Paris. Stetsons are also made in Canada.

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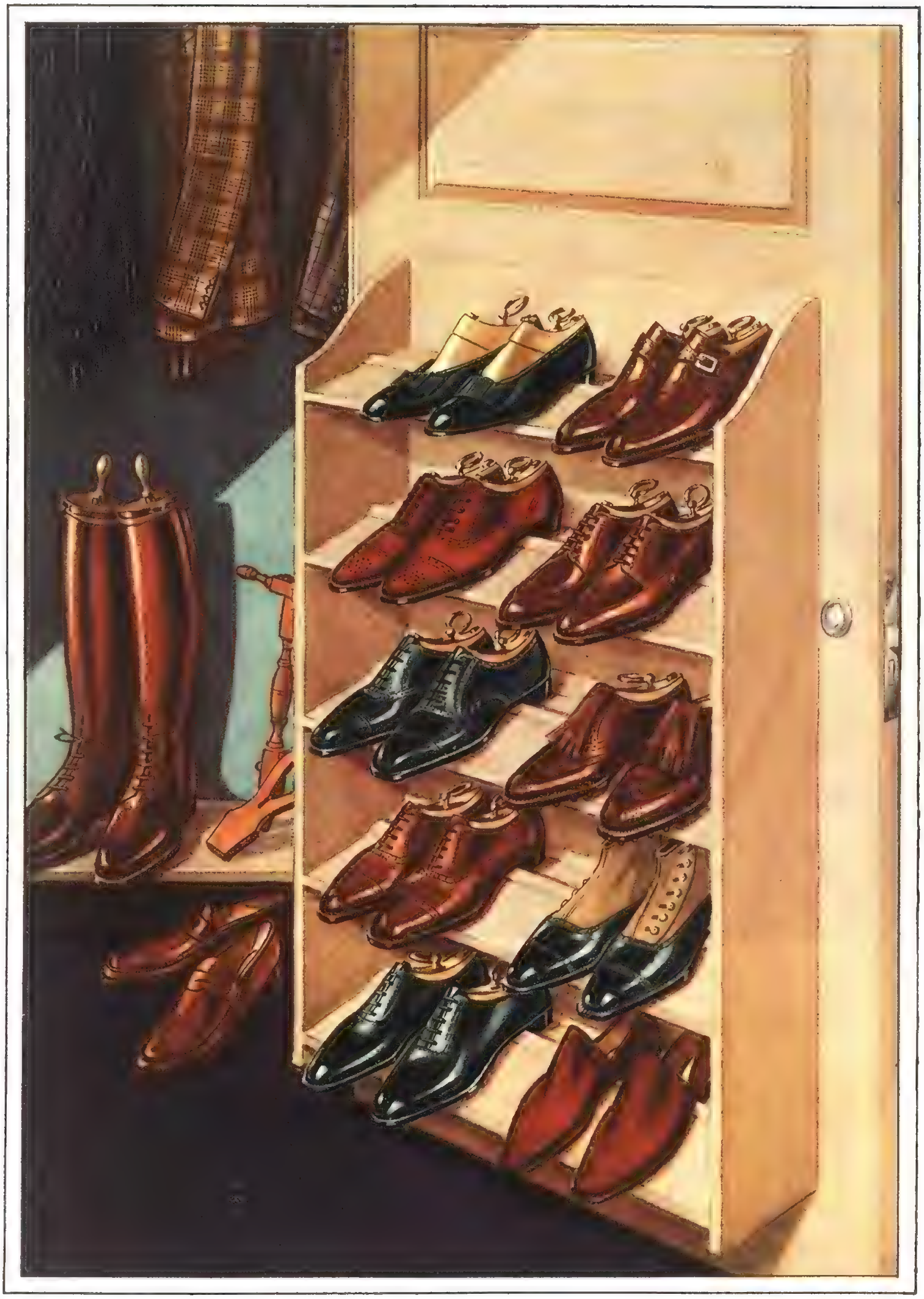
Royal Stetson, $10. Other Stetsons, from $7.50 (unlined, $7.00).



THE SHOE SHELVES IN A MAN'S WARDROBE

HERE is a complete shoe collection, except for specialized shoes for particular sports activities, that ought to meet the needs of any man. The shoes are, from top to bottom and left to right, patent leather opera pumps; brown calf monk front shoes for spectator sports wear; reversed calf shoes on a town last for spectator sports, country, or very informal town use; brown calf Norwegian brogues for country and spectator sports; black calf town shoes with undecorated toe cap; brown wing tipped brogues with overhanging tongues for golf or country wear; brown calf town shoes on the new square lasts with perforated toe caps; black calf shoes with cloth button tops for formal and semi-formal day wear; patent leather evening oxfords; buckskin house slippers and on the floor Norwegian peasant shoes for lounge wear at club, home or resort and brown calf field boots for country or park riding.

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New Clues to the Oldest Mystery

Continued from pages 97-134

plays in directing the affairs of the physical world is very practical and very important. Consider, for example, this case.

Mrs. Cora T., attractive, 32-year-old brunette, was a social acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Vermont. The Vermonts gave a week-end party. Following Wednesday they and four guests were found murdered. All victims had been bound, gagged and shot. No clues to identity of murderer. Mrs. T., questioned with other friends of deceased, denied any knowledge of crime. She was released without suspicion. Investigation came to a stand-still. Six months later Cora T. appeared voluntarily in the office of the Prosecuting Attorney and told the following story. A young man, she said, had compelled her to accompany him to the Vermonts' house; had made her put on mask and gloves; and had forced her at the point of a pistol to help him bind and gag the Vermonts and their guests. When Mrs. T. saw him emerge from a bedroom with bloody hands she had fled, remaining silent thereafter under threat of death. As time went on she became unbearably conscious of guilt; had nightly visions of six ghosts with bloody feet. After six months of mental pressure she was driven by guilty consciousness to risk death and make full confession. The killer was arrested, tried and convicted on Cora T.'s testimony; she herself underwent imprisonment and trial but was ultimately acquitted. Note that mind, in this case, established complete control of Mrs. T.'s behavior despite strong counter-influences.

If mind is an invisible though material force animating human behavior, it would seem at first thought that a conscious emotion or idea would always express itself in the same act. If this were true, then it should be a comparatively easy matter to read a person's mind by watching his behavior and assigning to each action its conscious meaning. But unfortunately the same action does not always mean the same thought or feeling behind it. A man's scowl may express anger, worry, puzzlement or eye trouble. A woman's smile may signify deception, love, weariness or amusement. I know a girl who lifts her eyebrows whenever she is unable to think of anything to say. Even her intimates believe that this favorite expression of hers means hauteur and snobbishness, which no doubt it does on some occasions. You probably have met men who grin when enraged as well as when pleased. Studies of facial expressions and their interpretations have shown conclusively that the face is not a mirror of the mind. The truth is that human consciousness comprises a very large number of thoughts and feelings whereas the number of bodily acts which can be performed to express these inner experiences is comparatively small. Therefore the same act must be used to express many different states of mind.

Countless mistakes are made in everyday life in ascribing wrong motives to insignificant acts. Many a friendship has been broken up because one person passed another on the street without actually seeing him. I know of one million-dollar business deal which fell through because a man turned quickly away from the conference table with a contorted facial expression that looked like a sneer. This man told me later, when he heard of the other fellow's idea about it, that he started to sneeze and managed to stop by contracting his nostrils.

It is the exceptional person who understands that an act which appears suspicious may just as probably express some innocent or wholly irrelevant feeling. During the investigation of a murder case, for example, it became important to determine whether Acra, a suspect, had been angry at Medows, the victim. The day of the murder Acra called upon Medows at his office and upon leaving slammed the door of Medows' private room with great force. Medows' secretary and another witness told the police that Acra had left in a rage. But Acra, upon being questioned, claimed the friendliest feelings toward the dead man. Asked why he had slammed the door he could not at first remember, and this was interpreted as evasion and guilt. But after thinking carefully he said that Medows had asked him to shut the door and he had used more force than necessary to overcome the resistance of a strong wind from the window. Experiment with the door proved Acra's contention. Acra might have gone to the chair had not an intelligent prosecutor recognized the psychological truth that the same act may be performed from two opposite motives—rage and a desire to oblige.

In the same way, indulging in light-hearted amusement may express innocent playfulness or guileful consciousness of guilt, as in the following case.

Albert S., 16-year-old boy, was considered a "model youth"; he was a good student, socially popular with school-mates, obedient to parents. Albert's grandmother frequently permitted the boy to borrow her car. On one occasion he drove several friends to a high-school dance in this machine. He joked, laughed, danced, apparently in highest spirits. His companions remarked that he was unusually gay and exuberant. Afterward it was discovered that he had killed his grandmother with a hammer because she refused to let him take the car that night. Albert's jovial behavior actually expressed fear, panic and a frantic desire to appear innocent.

Or consider the frequent misinterpretation of flight which may not express guilt but rather a motive of opposite type having nothing to do with the crime under investigation. The case of Leschziner, a German, is in point. He was seen near the scene of a murder in London. Scotland Yard traced Leschziner to a club where he tried to cash a check; thence to Liverpool where he took passage to America under a false name. Leschziner was apprehended in New York when the ship docked, with a French prostitute who had been supporting

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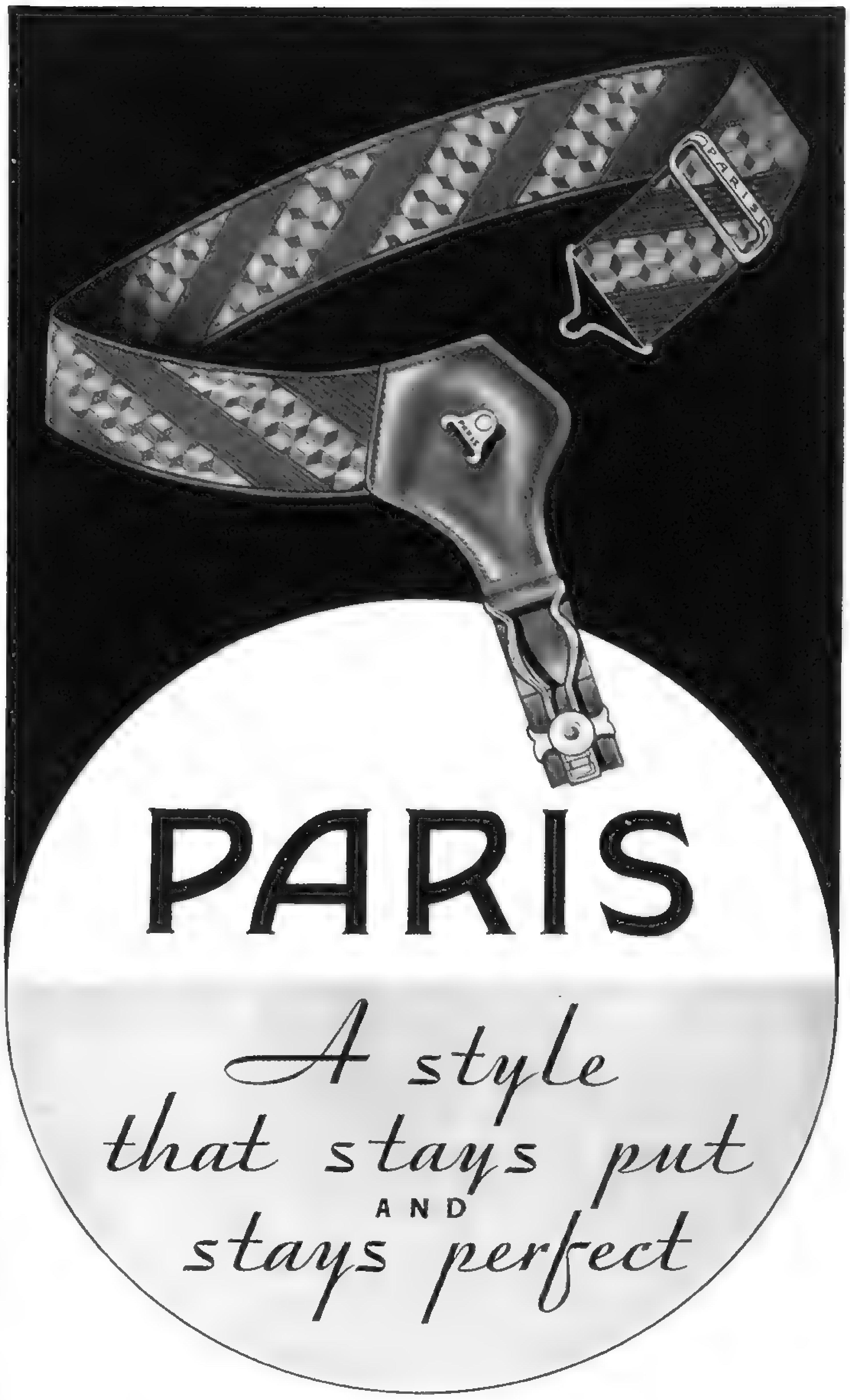
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It washes away the natural oils, leaves the hair stiff and brittle. Makes it go haywire as soon as the dew evaporates.

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REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

New Clues to the Oldest Mystery

Continued from pages 97-134-137

him, and was returned to England for trial. He was convicted and sentenced for life. After serving twenty years of his sentence it was proved by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle that Leschziner had nothing to do with the crime. He had left England under an assumed name as part of a scheme to convince his wife that he was dead. His apparent flight was motivated by aggressive scheming to get a large sum of money which he planned to secure by his devious and complicated plot. Any action may express a variety of motives and any motive may cause a variety of different actions.

General behavior trends over a period of years are quite as likely to receive mistaken interpretation as are individual acts. It is difficult for "common-sense" interpreters of behavior to realize that the same consciousness may express itself in piousness and poisoning, yet such is the fact.

The Reverend D. was a devout and eloquent preacher. He was married but had a love affair with Mrs. X. D.'s wife and Mrs. X's husband died of poisoning. The Rev. D. was not suspected because of his reputation for piety. But Mrs. X. broke under questioning and confessed that both murders had been planned and directed by the minister. D. regarded himself as God's representative, with divine authority to save souls and also to take whatever measures were necessary to secure as his wife the woman who was "already his in God's sight."

Conversely, unconventional behavior is frequently interpreted as expressing evil motives, especially in the case of a woman who violates the traditional taboos laid down for her sex. A startling example is the following case.

Miss Y. was a mountain girl, attractive, 23 years old. Rules of that hill-billy community forbade women social freedom of any kind. Miss Y. broke through traditional barriers by educating herself and getting a position as teacher. She went out with boys and stayed out after 9 o'clock curfew, a grave misdemeanor according to the local view. This practically made Miss Y. a "bad woman" in the judgment of the community. Her father, drunk, tried to whip the girl for getting home after nine. Miss Y. snatched off her slipper, defended herself and somehow hit her father on the head with her slipper heel. He died. Miss Y. was tried—not for manslaugher—but for first degree murder. A mountain jury convicted her of premeditated killing despite the fact that no sane person would plan to kill with a slipper, and the fact also that use of the slipper was obviously intended not to kill at all but only to ward off blows of her father's whip. The jury could have found a murder motive only in the girl's modernistic behavior. She was sentenced to 25 years in prison and her appeal was denied.

Contrast this result with the case of a boy, Z., in the same county. Z. killed his father under precisely similar circumstances. He used, however, a shot-gun which is a lethal weapon and therefore might conceivably imply a deliberate intent to kill. After a brief hearing, Z. was released on probation. As a member of the male sex his previous behavior, though wild and disorderly, did not imply evil motives in the minds of the local authorities. Soon after his release Z. took a shot at his mother saying, "I'll give you what I gave the old man!" This pair of cases points clearly to the common practice of regarding conventional behavior as expressing commendable motives and unconventional behavior as revealing bad or malicious motives.

But amateur mind-detectives are not to be sneered at when professional "behaviorists" are little better. The fact is that their method is wrong. Trying to guess what other people are thinking and feeling by watching their faces and movements is a fascinating game which holds a tantalizing promise of success. It is like gambling at Monte Carlo—you win often enough to keep on playing, but the fixed percentage of blanks is always against you. The difficulty with parlor psychology and roulette is very much the same—you cannot base your bets on past performances. The little spinning ball may stop on red a dozen times in succession but that tells you absolutely nothing about where it will stop the thirteenth time. So with mind. For twelve years a man's consciousness may keep him an honest bank clerk, but in the thirteenth year it may turn him into a defaulter. Habits, to be sure, give some degree of predictability, but mind over-rides them when the pressure of conscious emotion becomes strong enough. Any physical expression of itself which mind can change you may be sure it will change, sooner or later, if only to escape boredom.

The question is, are there expressions of consciousness which are unalterable? There are a few, and to this extent the mystery of mind has been opened up. Mind cannot control the involuntary actions of the body, the heartbeat, the breathing rhythm, the activity of the glands. If the mind puts on pressure to deceive another person, the heart receives part of that extra energy and beats more strongly. By recording this increase an examiner may trace back the physical symptom to its mental cause and know that the person he is examining is conscious at that moment of deception. To this extent the mind may now be read. Similarly, fear and one type of sex emotion weaken the heart beat, desire for food causes saliva to flow into the mouth, and many emotions cause minute quantities of sweat to be secreted in the skin.

If you know definitely what stimulus a person is reacting to as you do when you question a suspect about a murder, or show a hungry man food, or take normal people's blood-pressure during sexual intercourse—then you can tell from the bodily changes what is happening in the subject's mind. Since the individual himself—that is, his mind—cannot control these bodily expressions of his consciousness they are constant and cannot be disguised.

This, then, is the method by which psychologists have at last succeeded in making the first reliable contact with that mysterious thing called mind. Like all

Continued on page 140

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The *modern* Rogers Peet brings you authentic university fashions

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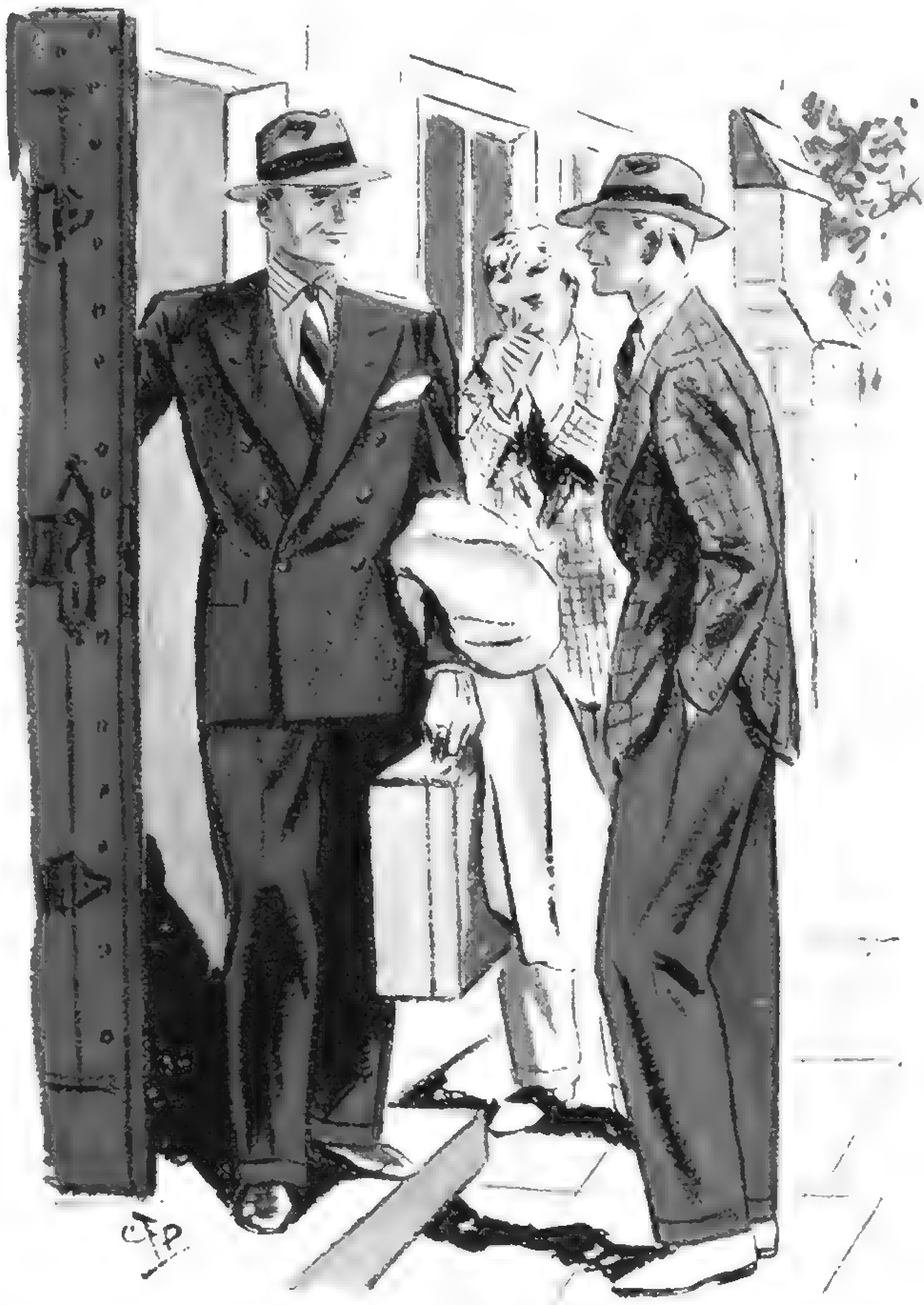

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New Clues to the Oldest Mystery

Continued from pages 97-134-137-138

momentous scientific events this penetration of mind's secret place has been accomplished gradually, quietly, without popular hullabaloo and publicity. But it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of man's discovery of his own mind—it means, eventually, an unbiased understanding of the human race and an intelligent control by man of his own evolution. Happy consciousness, when all is said and done, is the be-all and end-all of earthly existence—and how can happy consciousness be created until we know, definitely and objectively, what mental experiences actually result from different kinds of environmental stimulation?

Psychology is now in about the same position that radio science occupied prior to the perfection of the audion tube. Radio engineers knew, beyond question, that hertzian waves filled the air about them. They knew that these hidden vibrations were too subtle and intangible to be perceived by human senses. But radio waves had certain definite effects upon metallic and mineral substances, called "radio detectors," upon which they impinged. If the detectors could be made sufficiently delicate and sensitive, then the effects which radio waves produced upon them might be amplified until they became audible. In brief, intangible waves whose existence and general nature had been discovered, must be picked up and made tangible.

So now with mind. Psychologists agree, in so far as they agree about anything, that consciousness is an intangible form of energy which emanates from the central nervous system. They agree that the body acts as a crude detector, its involuntary processes influenced in definite and measurable ways by mind, and that the first signals of mind have been picked up and interpreted. The next step is to develop, if possible, a more sensitive detecting apparatus.

As with radio, so with mind—the type of detector developed must depend upon the characteristics which mental energy possesses. The psychonic theory of consciousness, proposed by the writer and by no means accepted by other psychologists, suggests that mind is energy manufactured by the "psychons" or connective tissues between nerve cells, in the great switching centers of the brain and spinal cord. Some research supporting this theory has been performed but a vast amount remains to be done. If the psychonic theory turns out to be true, the cells of one brain are adapted to pick up conscious ideas and emotions generated by another, (telepathy); but even more important, consciousness may eventually be picked up by radio tubes, and amplified until it becomes both visible and audible to the senses.

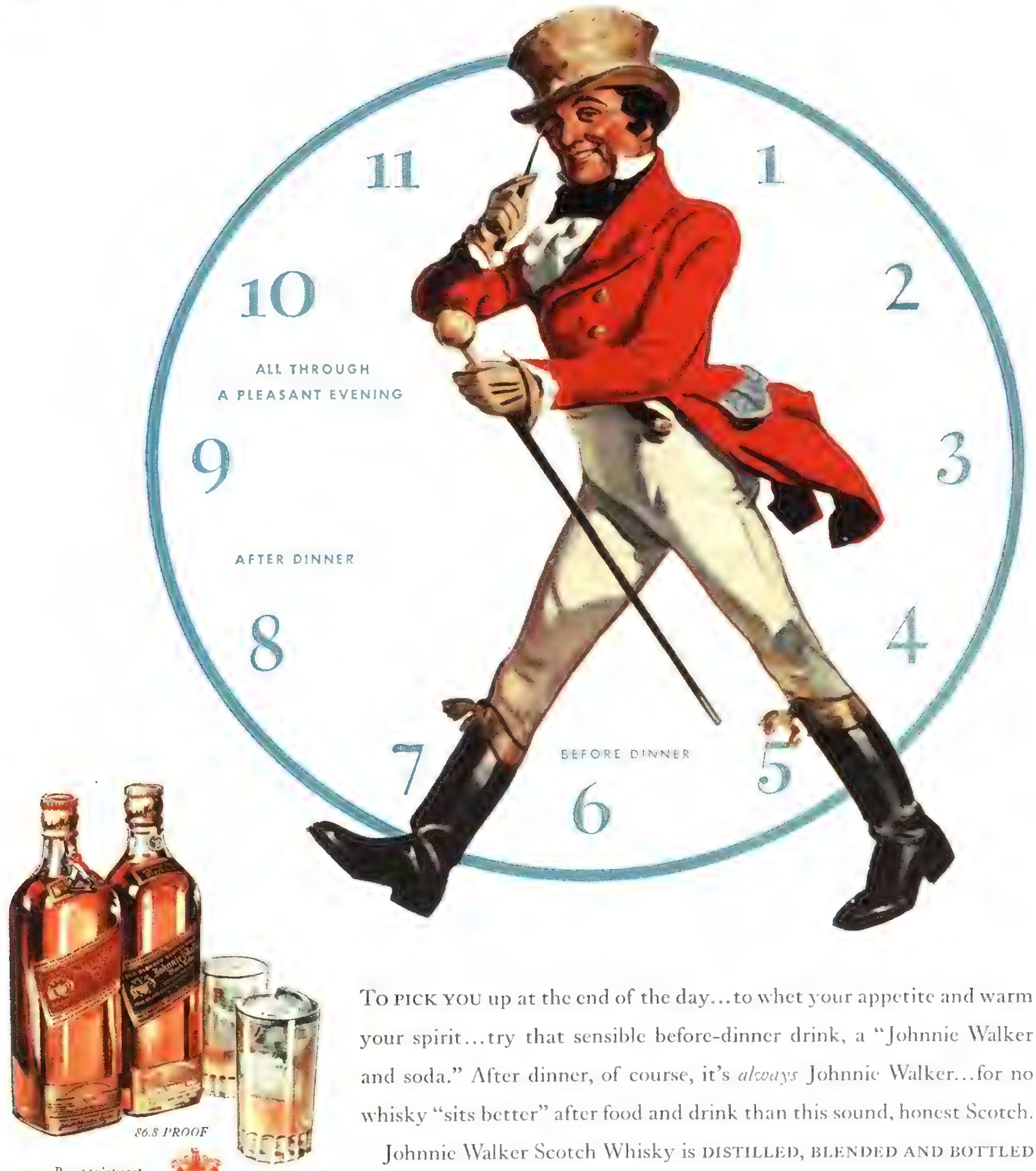
Startling advances have recently been made in this direction. Dr. Hallowell Davis and his associates at Harvard Medical School have perfected an extremely sensitive radio apparatus which picks up and records on ticker-tape the electrical emanations of the human brain inside the skull. Davis also has attachments which enable one to see this brain electricity in the form of purple light and to hear its murmur through a loud-speaker like waves beating on the shore. If the subject closes his eyes the electrical brain-waves assume a regular rhythm, a sort of brain signature which differs with different individuals. Women's brains, thus far in the experiments, have shown a faster rhythm than men's. The rhythm changes when a subject begins to look at objects around him or performs mental arithmetic.

Other investigators have found four differently shaped waves—spindles, train-waves, saw-tooth and random waves—which they believe represent four different levels of consciousness. Epileptics can be diagnosed by the distinctive storm of electricity which their brains throw off during seizures—to watch an epileptic brain storm snapping its jagged peaks and zig-zags of purple light back and forth across the frosted disk of the cathode-ray oscillator is a sight not easily forgotten. And when you realize that the apparatus is making visible to your naked eye intangible brain energy within the skull of a living person, you are forced to admit that mind reading with laboratory instruments is no longer a comic strip fantasy, but quite within the range of scientific probability.

Professor Davis' apparatus is known to the newspapers as "The Electric Mind Reader." It isn't that, because the electrical brain discharges which it registers do not correspond precisely with the elements of consciousness. It seems probable that the brain emanations so far detected are complex; they may well contain, among other energies, the radio-like signals of conscious thoughts, feelings and sensations. It will be a matter of time and tireless experimentation to sort out these complicated brain broadcasts. Subtler apparatus will no doubt be devised to select mind waves and discard the others. But very decidedly this technique opens the way for a new and remarkably promising exploration of that dark tower where human consciousness has lain for so long a mysterious prisoner. Already we have in our possession new clues which bring us far closer to the nature and location of mind than man has ever been before. To the true mystery lover there's a thrill in the knowledge that Sherlock is fitting a key to the secret room where the master criminal and the captive heroine both are hidden. ++

No matter what the clock says
...*stick with*

JOHNNIE WALKER


11
1
10
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ALL THROUGH
A PLEASANT EVENING
9
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AFTER DINNER
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4
7
BEFORE DINNER
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6
86.8 PROOF

By appointment to His Late Majesty KING GEORGE V.

To pick you up at the end of the day...to whet your appetite and warm your spirit...try that sensible before-dinner drink, a "Johnnie Walker and soda." After dinner, of course, it's *always* Johnnie Walker...for no whisky "sits better" after food and drink than this sound, honest Scotch.

Johnnie Walker Scotch Whisky is DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND under British Customs supervision. Red Label is 8 years old; Black Label, 12 years. So stick with Johnnie Walker...for an evening with this genial gentleman means a fresh and pleasant tomorrow.

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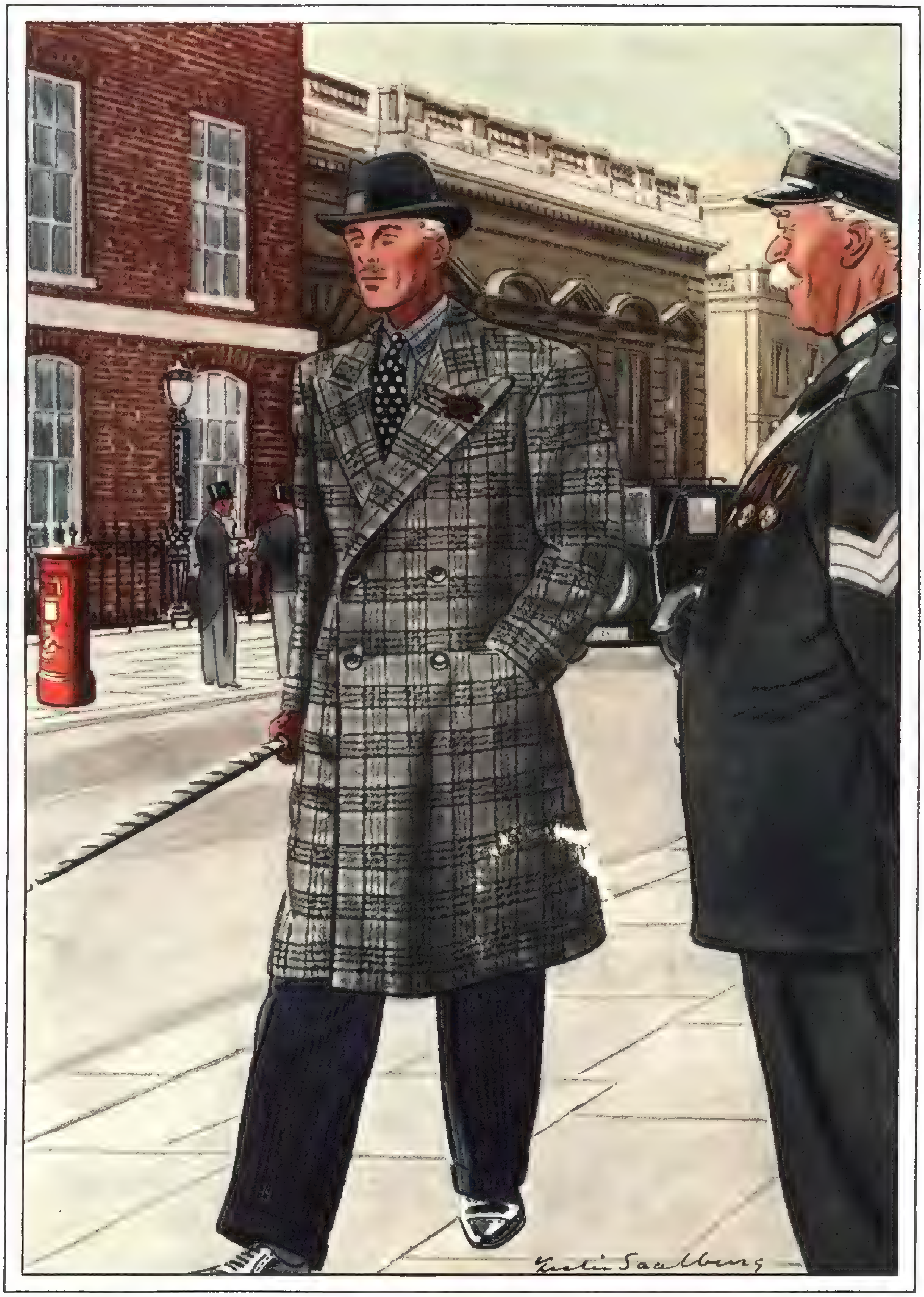


DIDJ EVER SEE A STATUE OUT WALKING?

Regard the stony chiseled features of Major G. D. O. Frozen-Phiz. Like so many Englishmen, he has the faculty of looking perfectly relaxed from the neck down, adamantine from the neck up. With many Americans the reverse is true. At any rate, here is an outfit typifying the latest wrinkles to be seen in and about Savile Row. The coat is of medium weight, carries only four buttons, has cuffs on the sleeves and is cut quite short. Note too that it is not straight and boxy but has a definite waistline and something of a skirt. The use of a Glen plaid Saxony in a town overcoat is a recent, and at first rather breath taking, innovation sanctioned by the best dressed men in London. The suit is of a typical town fabric and the black Homburg hat and plain black shoes are distinctly on the urban side. The shirt, however, is somewhat relaxed; its new lounge collar is slotted and has points 3⅛″ long.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Humorist

Continued from page 74

worrying about him. I know the signs. Anyhow, I thought I did.

A little before nine, we started for work. It was only a ten minute walk down Market Street. Carl was humming to himself, and smiling a little. I was feeling pretty tired.

Out in front of the First National Bank was one of these armored trucks, with a couple of uniformed thugs watching a guy take something out of it. I was watching them, like everybody always does, when Carl stopped.

"These fellows are positively rabbits," he said contemptuously, and then he turned towards them, sticking his finger out in his coat pocket.

"I've got the drop on you, Buddy," he said. I shrieked at him, "Carl, you damn fool . . ." and he turned back to me grinning, and started to walk on, when all of a sudden there was a detonation like an elephant gun going off, and he went sprawling on the sidewalk.

One of the plug-uglies waved his gun at me, and the other one rushed at Carl and began going through his pockets.

Somebody in the bank must have called the cops, because in three minutes they were there from every direction, along with hundreds of people that came swarming around.

I told the cops it was all a joke, and they took Carl away to the hospital in one of the scout cars. He was groaning, and blood was running out of a hole in his shoulder.

They took me to the precinct station and put me through a grilling for fair. The big trouble was that Carl still had that glass gun in his pocket. I told them where he worked and pretty soon the Old Man was down there. He was pretty swell. He told them about Carl's being a practical joker, and talked the cops out of dropping charges. It wasn't so easy though. The armored truck people and the bank people were all for sending him to prison for life.

As soon as they let me go, I hurried out to the hospital and found Carl in bed, looking plenty sick, with a pretty nurse standing beside him.

"I hope you've learned your lesson," he said to me when I came walking in. The nurse smiled in a half-hearted way. I could see she was a little suspicious.

"This fellow is the brains of the gang," he told her. "I'm only the trigger man. I get plugged through the shoulder and he goes free. That's life for you."

"Carl," I said. "For the love of God."

"Okay, my friend," he said wearily. "I still think it was a good gag." ###

Frog, Butterfly and Dolphin

Continued from page 79

hurdles the breast stroke has certain qualities which make it stick.

In every swimming meet, there are three events, termed specialty events, the dive, the one hundred and fifty yard backstroke and the two hundred yard breast stroke. These are the lengths for the indoor collegiate races; they become a little longer for A.A.U. and outdoor meets. The backstroke is similar to the freestyle and is slightly slower. The dive is part swimming but mainly requires ability of another sort. The breast stroke, however, involves an entirely different technique from the other strokes.

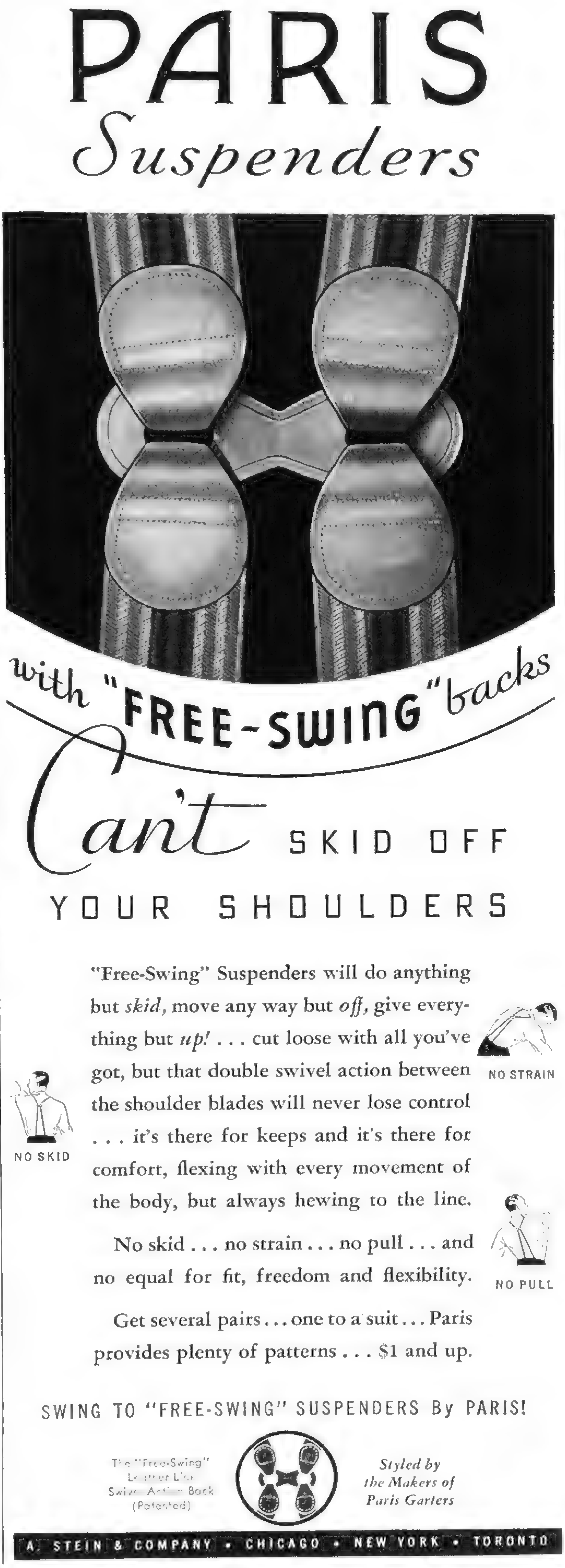
It survives because it embodies so much deft timing and poised, balanced motion. More than any other athletic event in any sport, it asks for smoothness and more smoothness, the kind that comes from efficiency of motion with absolute relaxation of all but the motivating parts. It requires a harnessed power which cannot be released in a mighty surge but must become effective only at certain points. Lash your arms backward in a hard, quick pull in this stroke and you will if anything sag sternwards in the water. You simply thrash the unoffending pool to bits. Instead you might try bracing your arms and legs against it carefully, expertly hooking bits of water with your whipping ankles, so that it affords purchase for you to pull and push yourself ahead.

All of which leads to the breast stroke paradox. If swimming coaches admit that this is the most difficult of all strokes for the beginner to learn to swim correctly, and they refuse to teach it to an indignant you if you're too muscle-bound or too overweight, how come thirty years ago it was the stroke that a person seemed most naturally inclined to learn if he (shes didn't natate then) had no professional coaching. How come great floating islands of sugar daddies cruise up and down their club or private pools powered by breast stroke? How come its nickname, the old maid's stroke?

The forerunner of the present freestyle method of swimming was the overarm motion with a scissors' kick, the invention of J. Trudgen, an Englishman. But the trudgen and its immediate successor, the Australian crawl, the production of Tums and Dick Cavill in collaboration with Solomon Island natives, are certainly not the American freestyle as swum by Medica, *et al.* Just so is there a bastard type breast stroke differing from the real thing. It is a cheap, ready made imitation which, I admit, gets one there. After all, so does the dog paddle.

Back in the nineteenth century if people swam at all, they swam a

Continued on page 144



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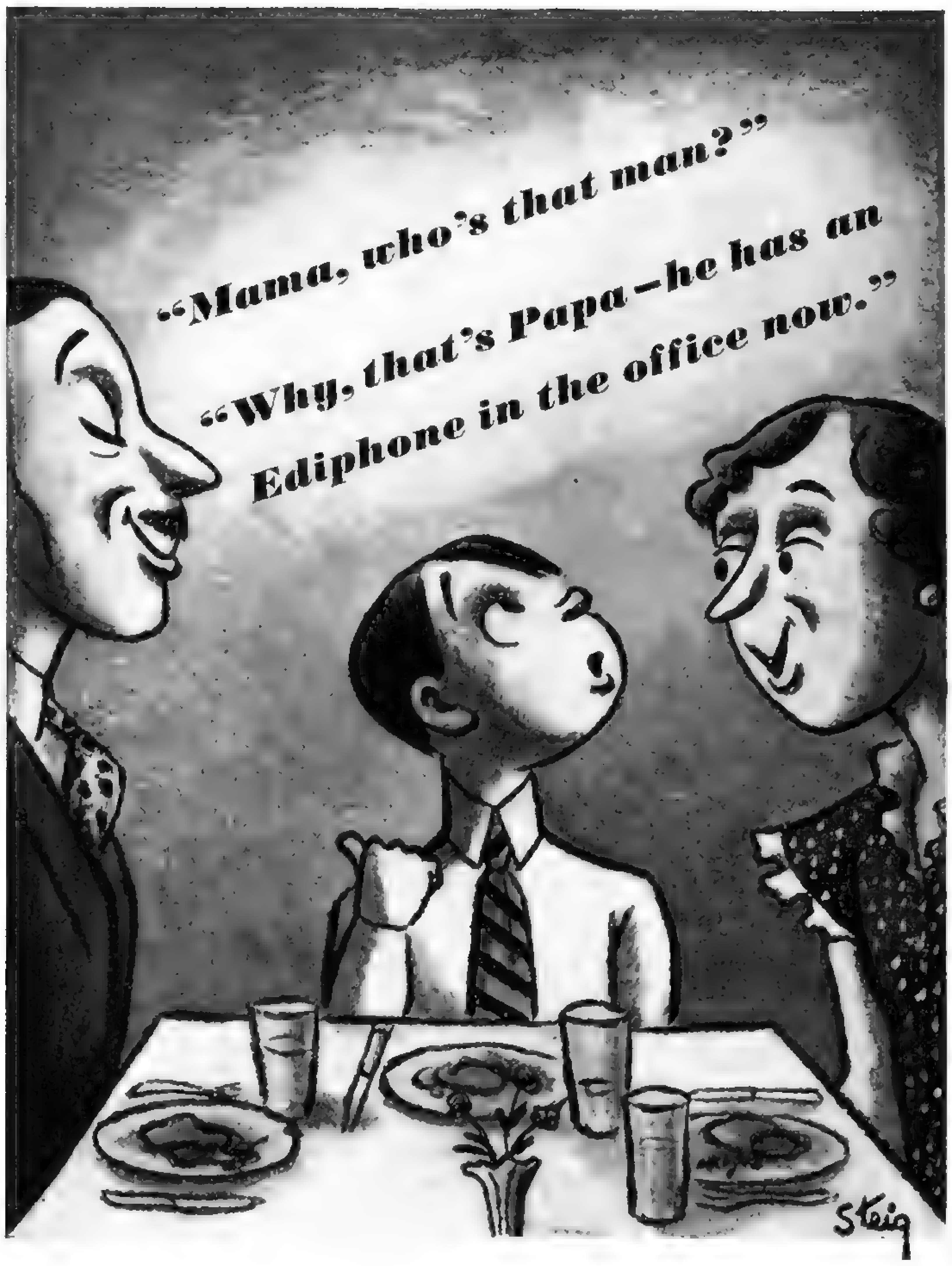
"Mama, who's that man?"
"Why, that's Papa—he has an Ediphone in the office now."
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Forgive little sonny boy. And congratulate the gentleman now cast in the role of prodigal father.

This long-lost individual once believed that a busy business man was known by the late office hours he kept. But after one week with Ediphone Voice Writing, he discovered that laboring regularly far into the night was the sign of a busy business man *gone wrong!*

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Frog, Butterfly and Dolphin

Continued from pages 79-143

kind of inferior type breast stroke. Generally they didn't swim at all. They fell into this type stroke because they discovered instinctively it was the best way of keeping themselves as high out of the germ-infested water as possible.

To tread water the hands are moved in sculling fashion, palms flat and horizontal, and the legs are whirled in small circles. Let the person treading water get a little confidence and he or she leans forward a bit on his or her breast, still performing the same arm and leg gyrations, and, presto, there is your primitive breast stroke!

Tiring and cranky, the early breast stroke gave swimmers a strong similarity to the Fulton day steamboat. The mouth became both intake for ugly gulpings and gaspings and exhaust for tormented belchings and spittings. The shafts, arms and legs, moved in opposition half the time and progress was either a series of wrenching jerks or a sly sideways movement. From this point it gradually improved until coach and trainer, Bachrach, suddenly redesigned its nondescript lines and ran its power plant along more worthy principles.

With his two star pupils, first Michael McDermott and later Bob Skelton, he taught a kick that brought real drive from the legs. He co-ordinated the arm stroke and leg thrust so that motive force seesawed regularly from one to the other and Skelton's nonresisting body eased itself through the water in long, coasting glides. Although not as yet officially adopted by Herr Hitler as the German National stroke, up to the time of McDermott it was, and to some extent still is, essentially fathered by the big-bodied Teutons. Yanked along by their powerful arms it had a queer rush and fall back motion like waves rolling then receding, for the Germans failed to divide the arm and leg sweep and kick into two propelling functions. Since McDermott, the stroke has, through minor changes in the kick with the emphasis laid on the whip of the legs rather than a frog thrust, become a beautiful affair well worth the painstaking, muscle stretching efforts required in learning it.

Before turning to its recent high-powered models, let me emphasize that the fundamental design had not fallen into disrepute. The arms are moved from an extended position, the palms about a foot below the surface, back approximately opposite the shoulders then swung towards the chest and forward while the feet are drawn up slightly to be whipped sideways, backwards and together.

That surging rush of the water about your face as you shoot forward in the glide, arms outstretched, and legs straight and together behind, is the thrill of a service ace, of an overhand smash in badminton, of a two hundred and fifty yarder straight down the fairway.

In 1931 Leonard Spence, who may still be the master of them all, crashed his way for two hundred yards in the time of two minutes twenty-five and four-fifths seconds, and only the most outstanding performances of the best men now come close to that mark. He used the orthodox breast stroke. Unfortunately Leonard generally performs for Canada in the Olympics as do his brothers, Wallace and Walter, all fine swimmers. Leonard's speed seemed to be derived from the magnificent power he got from his arm pull.

He is an irrefutable proof that the more sedate form of the breast stroke can certainly not be relegated to the graveyard for defunct marine engines.

In spite of being iron-bound by rules which require that the body always be on a plane parallel to the surface of the water and that what one arm or leg does the other arm or leg must do at the same time and in an identical manner, the breast stroke has become as many phased as a game of contract bridge. By slight variations in technique it speeds one under water, along the surface or over the top. Star performers go through all three manoeuvres.

Take for example a Michigan meet back in the years when Weismuller raced alligators in films and Buster Crabbe was turning longing eyes in the Hollywood direction, as the beginning of the silk suit exodus, male and female, towards screenland. Reverberating through the auditorium the starter's gun jerked four nervously tense bodies smashing into the water. In a few seconds the heads of Michigan's two opponent breast strokers broke through the ruffled surface of the pool and a little later that of one of the Michigan swimmers. Down the pool charged the three, water boiling about their faces and whirling in a miniature wake over their backs and about their working shoulders.

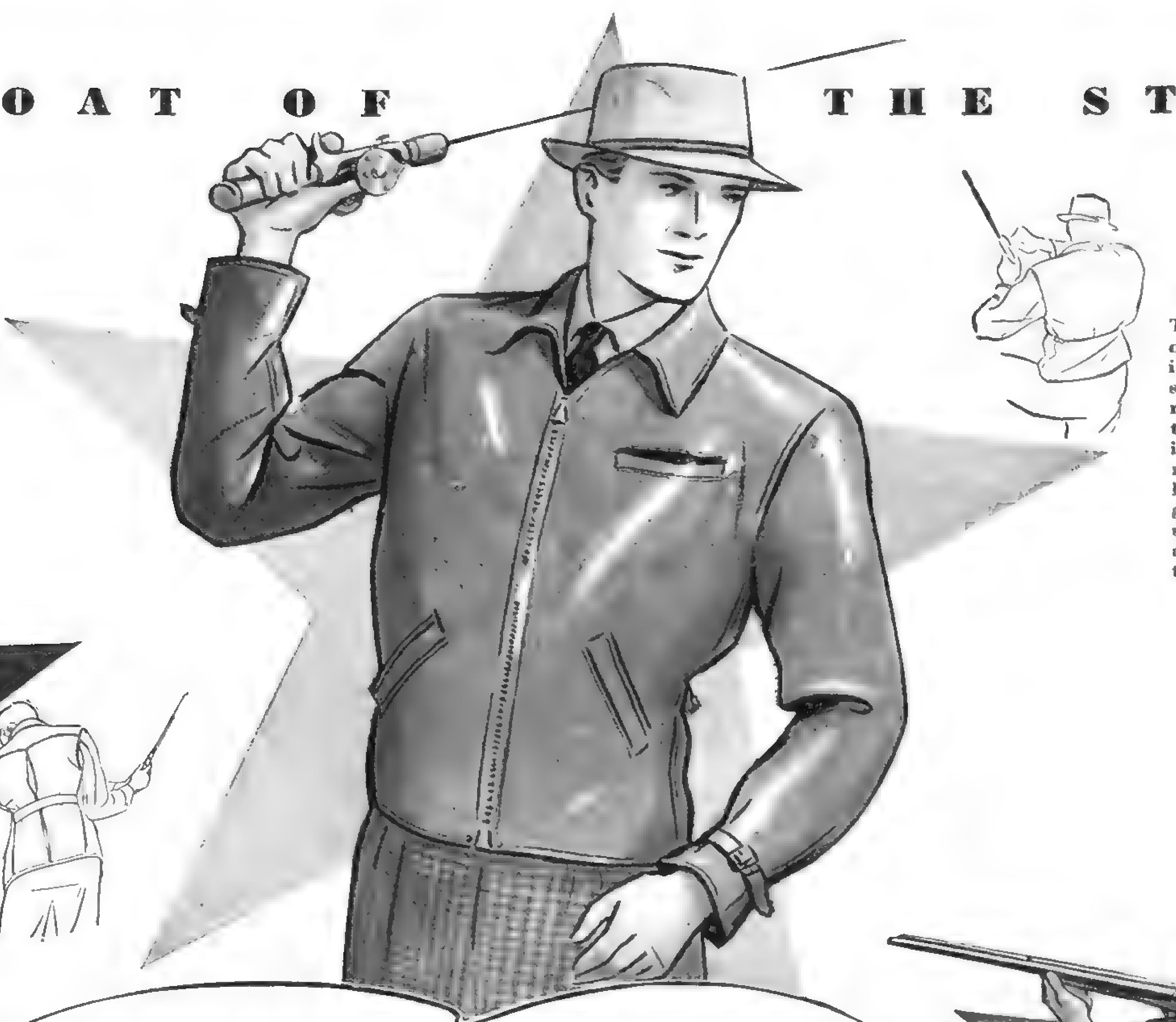
The two visiting swimmers were perturbed. Where was the fourth man? Ignominiously plugging along in the rear? Rules don't permit a breast stroker to look around to see what is going on behind his back. Or was he swallowing great mouthfuls of chlorinated water at the bottom of the pool—a drowning man?

With the whip of a rolling porpoise the fourth man at this moment surged to the surface fully four yards ahead of the rest and already at the extreme end of the pool.

In a flash of white spray he was around and again out of sight under the water.

Continued on page 146

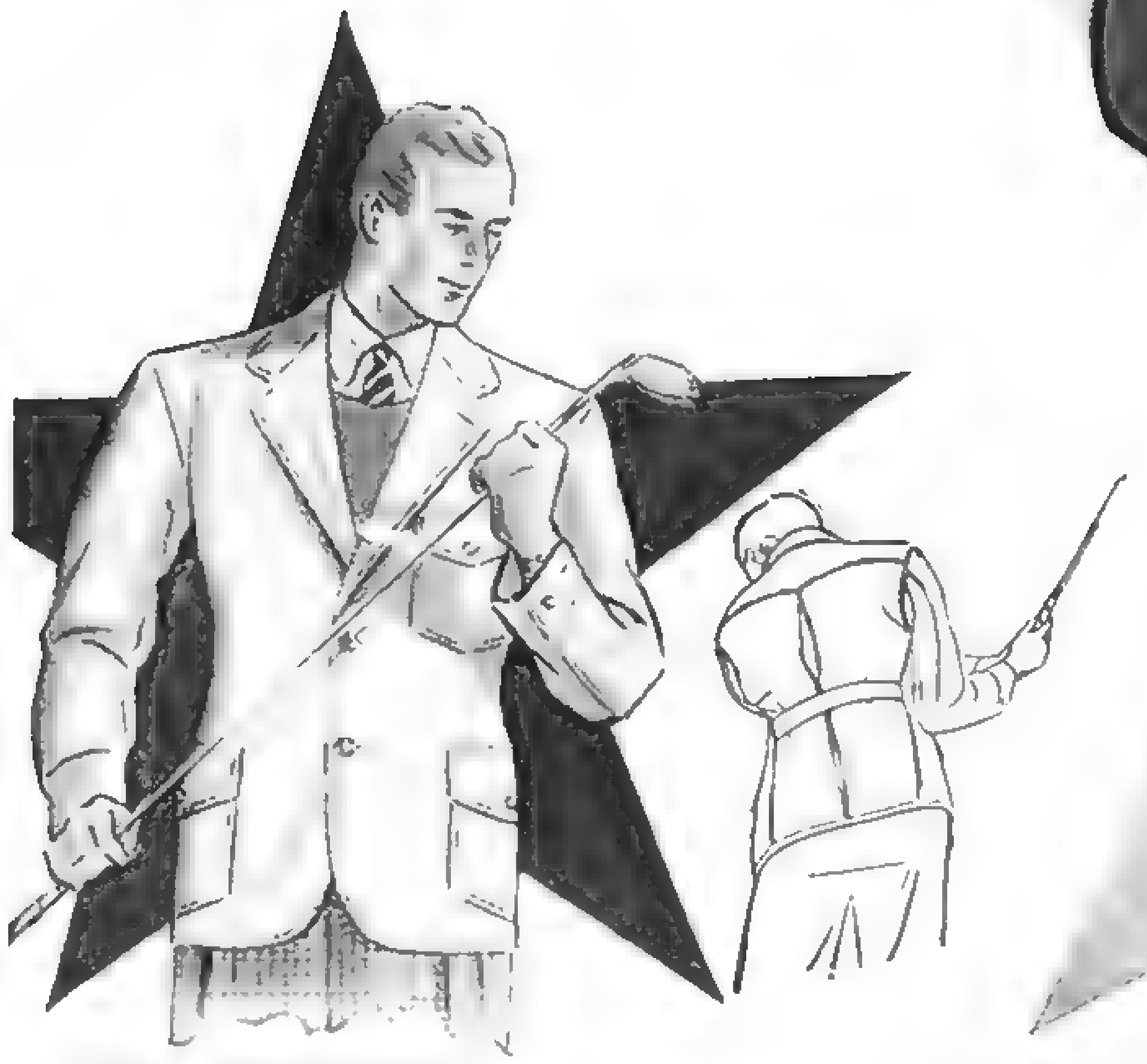
THE COAT OF THE STARS!



The Full Back

This blouse back developed by Albert Richard is an entirely new idea in sportswear styling, correctly applying the Action Fit principle. Made in gray, cocoa or chestnut suede—and in tan, brown or black ostrich grain or smooth capeskin. Rayon lined body and sleeves. Talon fastener.

$12.50



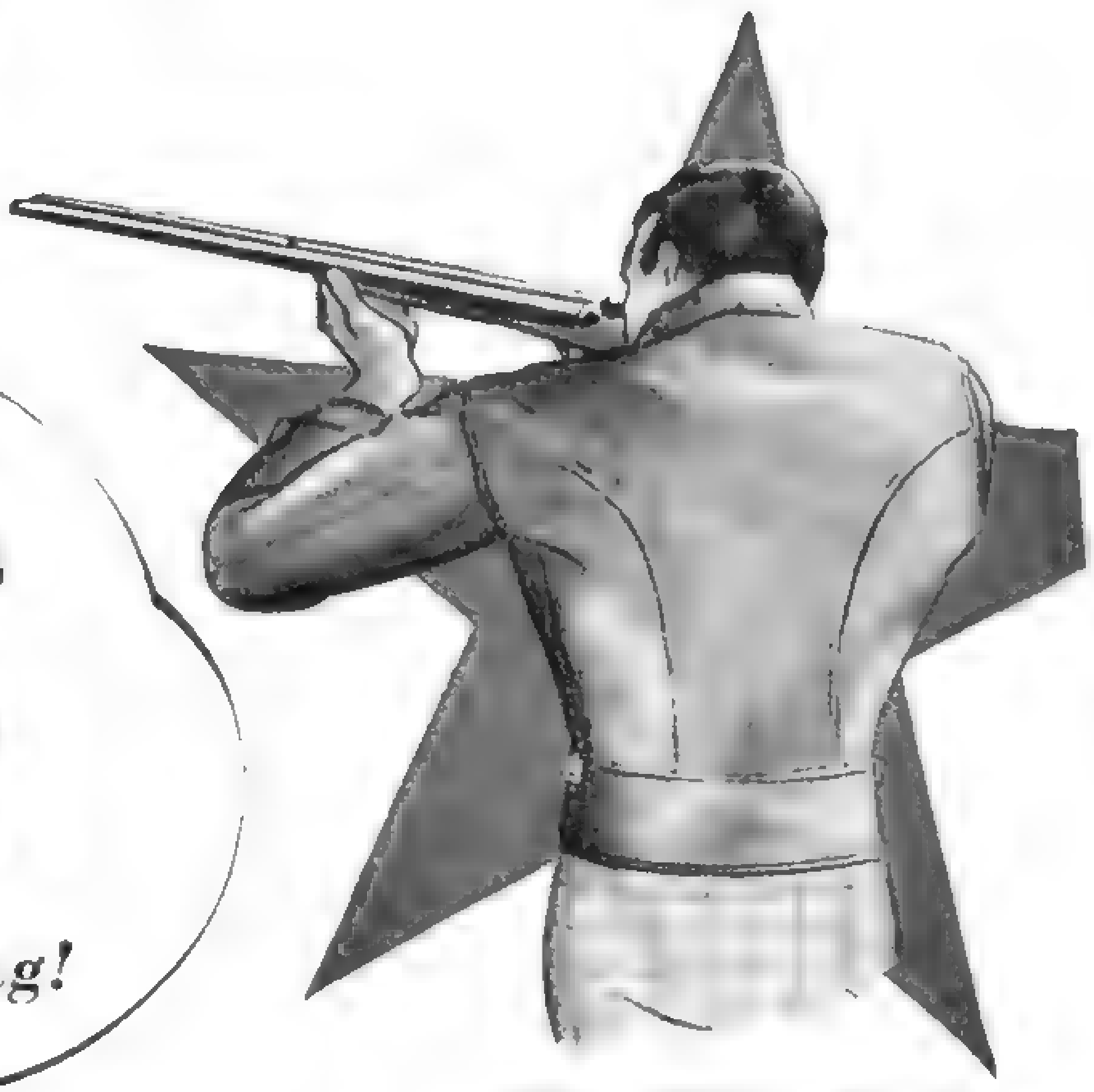
The Olympic

For campus or country club this custom-cut single breasted sack coat of soft suede leather sets a new high in smartness and ease. Colors: gray, cocoa, chestnut brown. There's freedom for a full golf swing in the new Action Fit bellows sleeve.

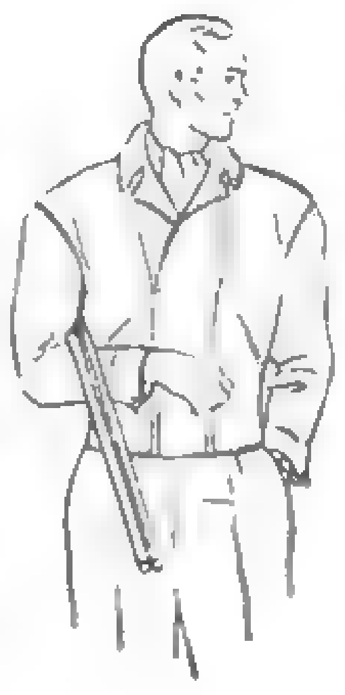
$15

An instant sensation! This new Sportswear with *Action* FIT

the "fourth dimension" in tailoring!



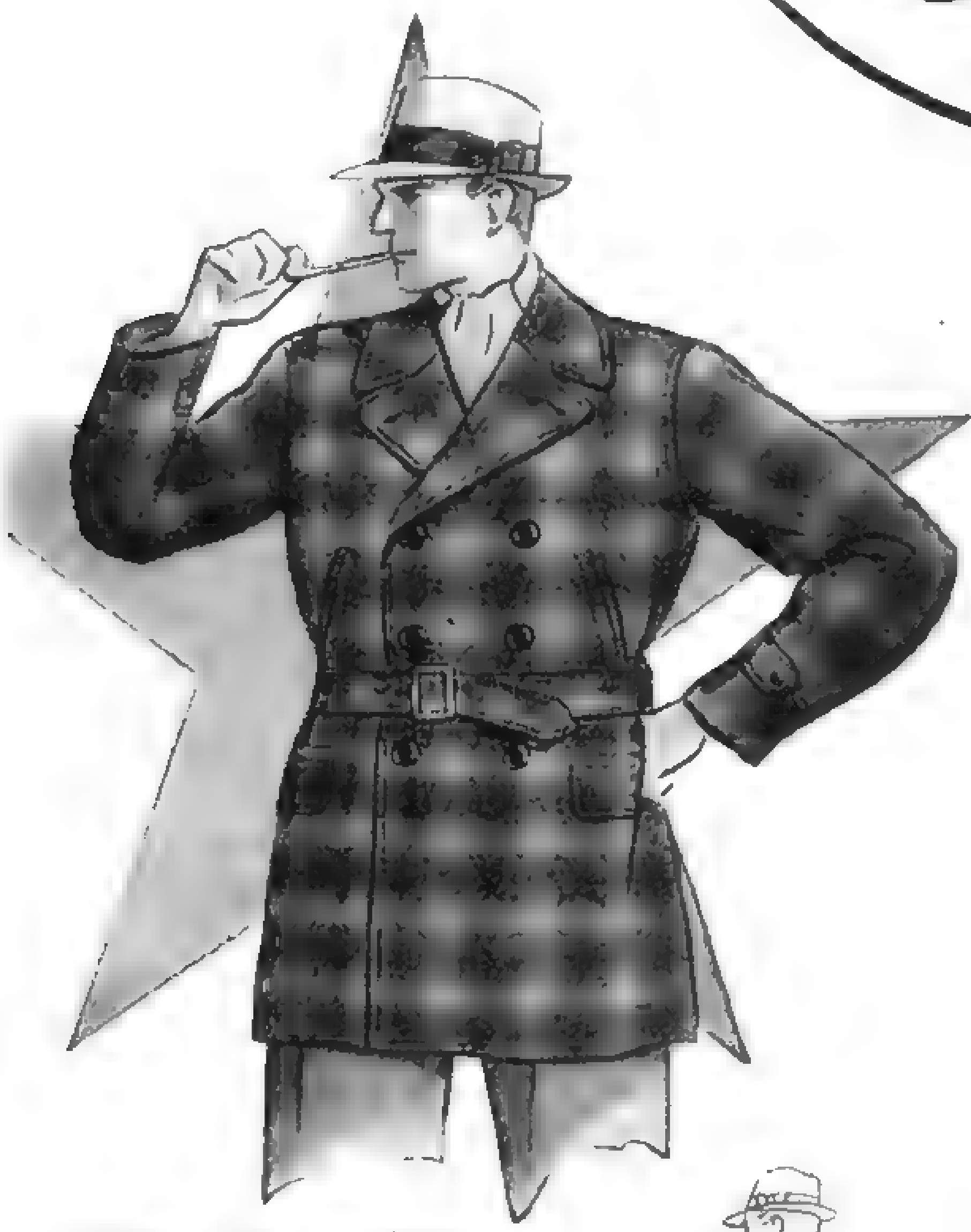
The Wing Back

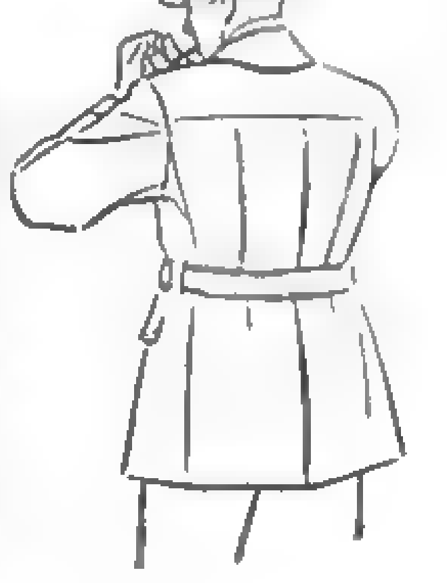


Inspired by the West Point dress uniform, this blouse is designed for the broad-shouldered, narrow-waisted athletic type. Convertible double breasted Talon fastener front. In tan, brown or black; smooth or ostrich grain capeskin; rayon lined body and sleeves.

Waist length as shown **$12.50**

Hip length **$13.50**





The Rambler

An *all sports* coat in fine woolens with new Action Fit back. Extra long . . . 34 inches. Plenty of leeway to swing a skeet gun—or climb into a rumble seat. In colorful plaids and Hudson Bay stripe effects, from $12.50 to $20. The soft, warm plaid illustrated, in gray, brown, red or blue . . .

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In developing *ACTION* FIT our designers worked for years with All-American football stars and hundreds of other sportsmen. This led to a new, a more exact knowledge of *how* and *where* to give leeway for action—that brings amazing results.

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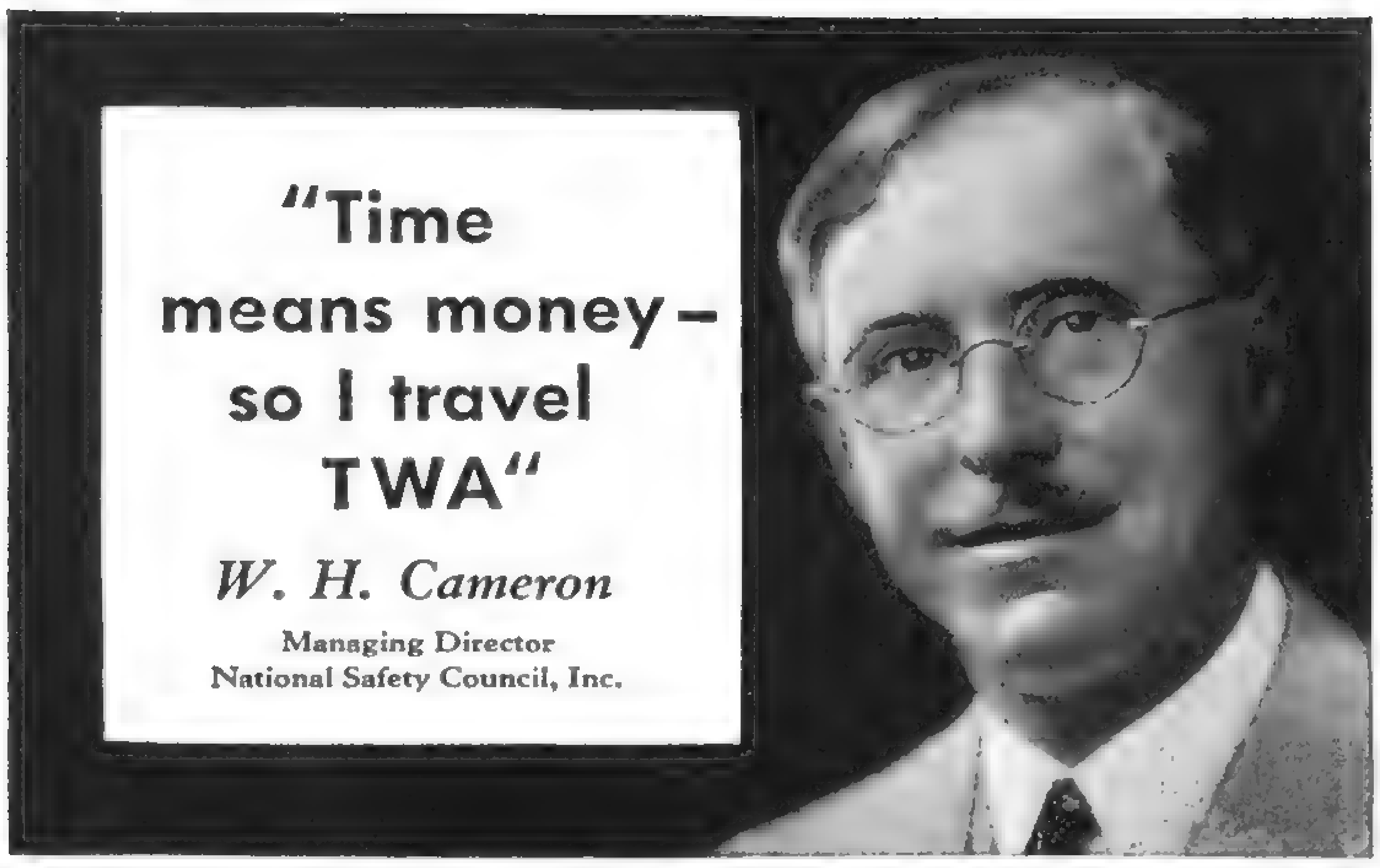

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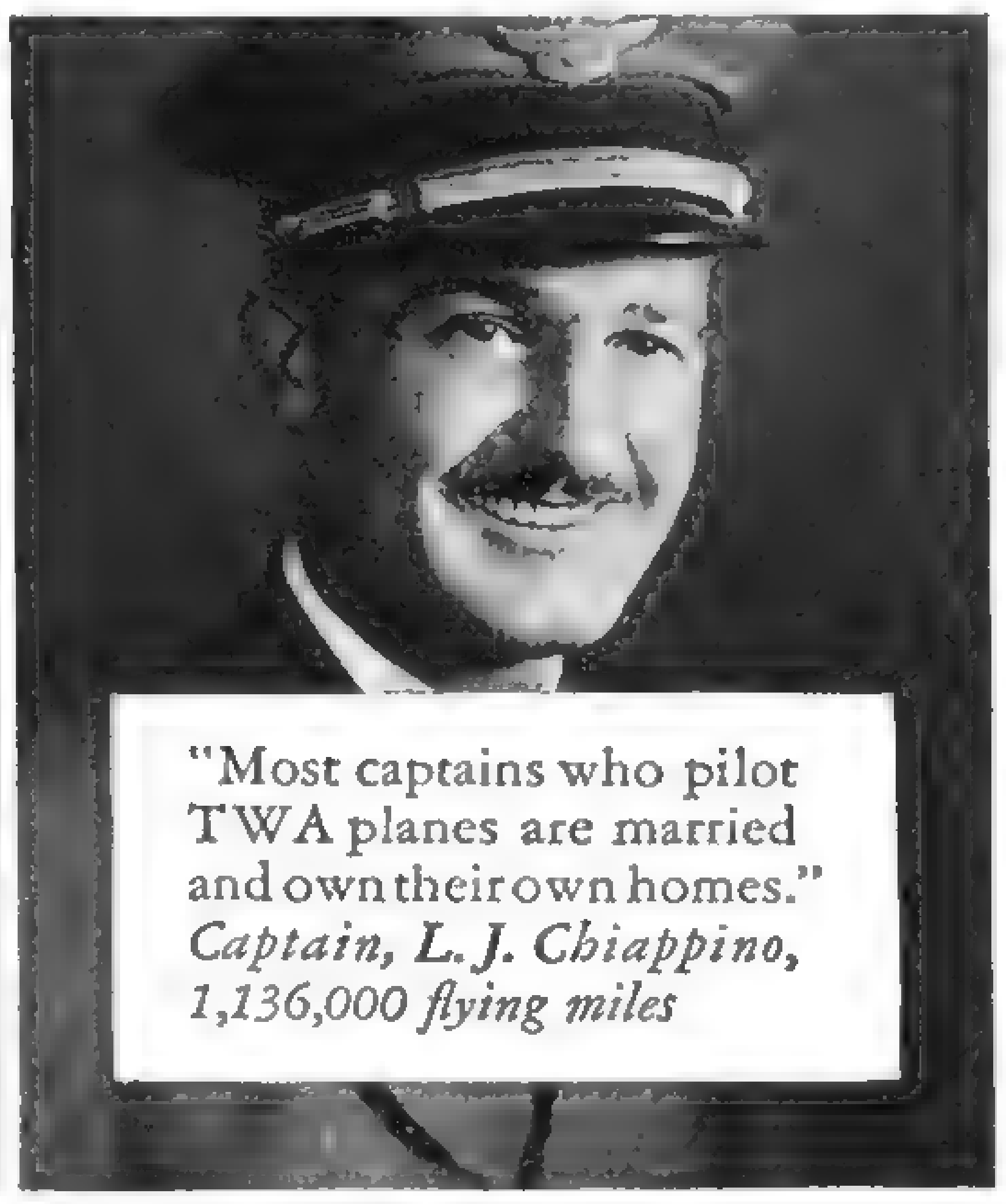

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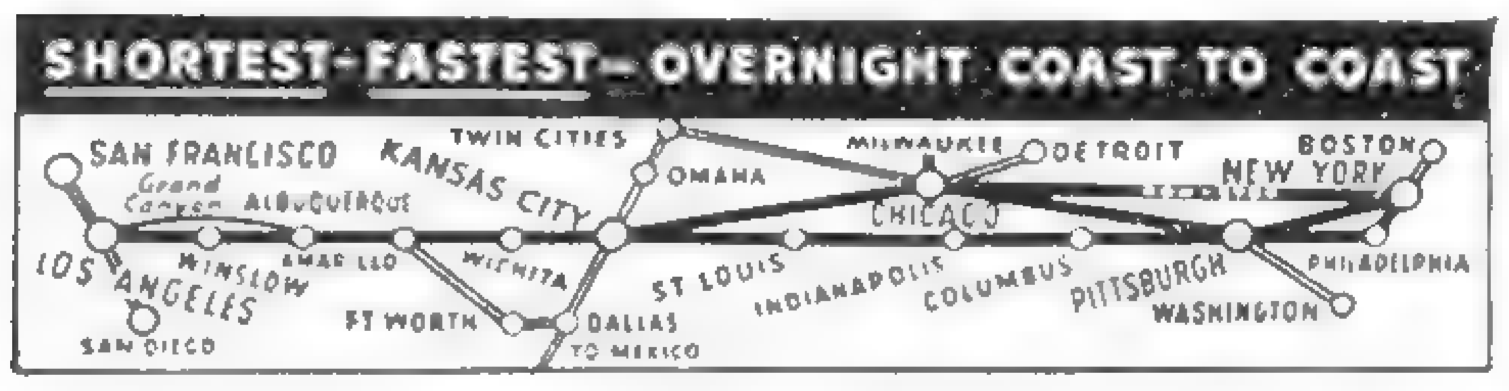

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Frog, Butterfly and Dolphin

Continued from pages 79-143-144

The bewildered competitors swam as best they could against this well nigh invisible opponent, more seal than man, who when he did break water always revealed himself even more hopelessly in the lead. This young fellow was long-legged, long-armed Johnny Schmeiler, who with his coach, Matt Mann, had developed a full underwater breast stroke pull in which the arms were yanked beyond the usual recovery position back to the hips, then pushed forward again with the kick. For most men with powerful arms, this under water breast stroke proved faster than the surface style, for it permitted the unrestrained use of every last unit of muscular power.

Well, it's a great stroke, a stroke of surprises. A New York school boy flapped his way over the water in a hundred yard breast stroke race to the unheard of time of one minute and five seconds. If anything, his stroke was an imitation of some sort of flying creature and it was finally dubbed the butterfly stroke. It differed from the orthodox breast stroke in that the arms were moved far back toward the hips as in Schmeiler's underwater style, then were recovered through the air thus eliminating a good percentage of the arm resistance in the forward underwater push. Intercollegiate breast stroker, Jack Kasley of Michigan, has continued to reduce these figures.

John Higgins, a Providence, Rhode Island, school boy, as fine a swimmer as they come and one of the A.A.U. breast stroke champions of this country, is rated as having developed his butterfly timing to perfection. Not a whit abashed at the undignified picture he makes as a flurrying-scurrying water creature, he is continually smashing his way to new records. The National Collegiate Rules body, after due controversy as to the legality of this butterfly stroke, made a minor change in one rule and let the thing live. Most swimmers haven't the strength to carry it for over a hundred yards; in longer races it is generally used for about ten yards for each pool length with the swimmer swinging into the traditional style when he tires.

The latest breast stroke creation, a muscle devastating affair, is the dolphin stroke, modelled by Jack G. Sieg and tailored by Coach David A. Armbruster, both of the University of Iowa. Mr. Armbruster's coach's eye was caught one day by the sight of young Mr. Sieg rushing along under water with no other means of propulsion than the undulating, wriggling motion of a fish. Alert Mr. Armbruster incorporated this type kick with the double overarm and the results were sensational for the good old breast stroke.

It was like taking a bloomer girl of the nineties and stripping her of her ten or fifteen pound bathing costume comprising among other things that barrier reef of chastity, the swimming corset, a mighty straight jacket of canvas, steel and rope, and encasing her instead in any up to date affair of silk.

The stroke completely junks the old breast stroke kick and eliminates the checking forces developed in the old method when the knees are drawn up and the arms recovered. According to the mode Sieg *et* Armbruster, the legs are kept together and rolled up and down at the waist with a forty-five degree angle give at the knees.

Already Jack Sieg has covered a hundred yards in close to one minute with it, and John Higgins and Jack Kasley at their best hover only as low as one minute and three seconds. Mr. Armbruster expects that with training and practice boys will be able to equal the best of backstroke times with this new stroke.

The Rules Committee failed to endorse the stroke with the stamp of approval. If sanctioned, it would correct the one factor that retards interest in the ordinary breast stroke—its slowness. This new style, Mr. Armbruster feels, will give the stroke a greater popularity by putting it in the class of the back stroke which makes light of turning up at the end of a hundred yards in one minute's time.

Even, however, if not incorporated as a racing stroke, it is still open to the 30,000,000 swimming people in this country as a good, body relaxing, arm building pleasure stroke to be mastered and enjoyed.

These latest in streamlined swimming strokes are developing out of their incipient stages. Speed becomes greater because waste motions have been discovered and eliminated and the strokes have been polished to smooth perfection. The breast stroke is in its heyday. Record free style figures are frequently set; back strokers Van de Weghe and Kiefer have carved world marks, but it is the breast stroke that has shown not only several outstanding record breaking men but that has had the most universal development.

Smoothness is the essence of swimming. Speed comes with relaxation and properly applied power. It is not the power derived from straining every sinew like a wrestler breaking a grip but of relaxing all but the working muscles. If the champions enjoy swimming these new fast strokes, in competition and against the driving hand of the stop watch, the swimming dilettante, will, if he makes the effort, get all kinds of exercise and pleasure out of mastering the butterfly stroke, the dolphin locomotive process or the graceful orthodox breast stroke. ⌗

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These Twin Flex Ties are a sure bet to be out front in the fashion race this fall. You'll see them wherever smart men gather — a popular choice because, with all their style, they've got more stamina than any tie ever had before.

They're smarter to start with because they are hand-tailored from notably distinguished fabrics, selected by fashion authorities as the outstanding favorites of the season. And their smartness stays longer because they have *two* linings of live, springy wool. The extra lining keeps them smooth looking and wrinkle-free long after the ordinary tie has lost its shape and looks.

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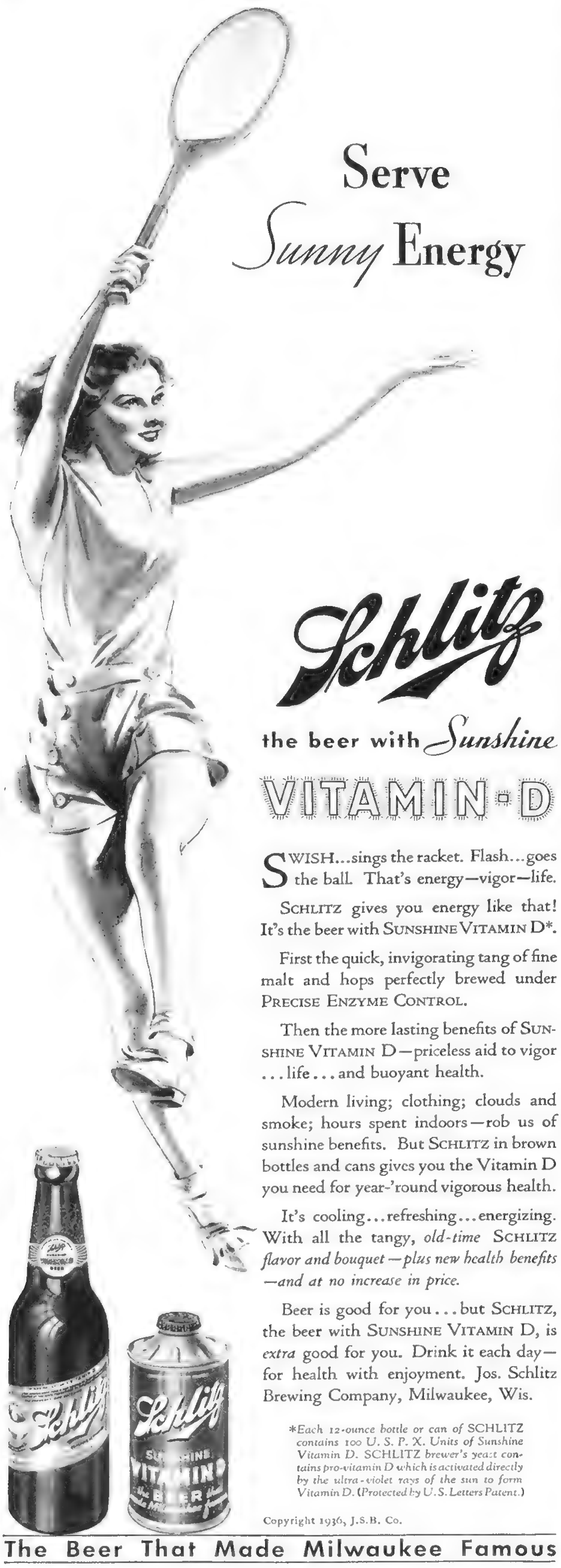

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First the quick, invigorating tang of fine malt and hops perfectly brewed under PRECISE ENZYME CONTROL.

Then the more lasting benefits of SUNSHINE VITAMIN D—priceless aid to vigor ... life ... and buoyant health.

Modern living; clothing; clouds and smoke; hours spent indoors—rob us of sunshine benefits. But SCHLITZ in brown bottles and cans gives you the Vitamin D you need for year-'round vigorous health.

It's cooling...refreshing...energizing. With all the tangy, *old-time* SCHLITZ *flavor and bouquet—plus new health benefits—and at no increase in price.*

Beer is good for you... but SCHLITZ, the beer with SUNSHINE VITAMIN D, is *extra* good for you. Drink it each day—for health with enjoyment. Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

**Each 12-ounce bottle or can of* SCHLITZ *contains 100 U. S. P. X. Units of Sunshine Vitamin D.* SCHLITZ *brewer's yeast contains pro-vitamin D which is activated directly by the ultra-violet rays of the sun to form Vitamin D. (Protected by U.S. Letters Patent.)*

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The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

Portraits in Pigskin

Continued from page 124

each individual on his team, combining their thoughts and dexterities into one strong co-operative and systematic whole which will move forward toward the goal in rhythmic motion. Thus the coach who develops a living picture of bright red corpuscles out there on the green background of the gridiron must have many of the qualities of the painter who produces pleasing illustrations in the form of illusions in three dimensions on a flat canvas.

Mere coaching of the fundamentals and team technique and tactics is the least of it. I can hire men for $50—maybe $100 is nearer the truth—a week to do that—good men, too; plenty of them in these times. And there is more to it than merely finding the players with the right motions to fit together into a team, like one of these jig-saw puzzles. In recent years sports writers have given much display to various so-called "systems."

There was the Rockne shift, the Warner double-wingbacks, the Yost short punt. Of me they said that I had no system, that I fitted my style of attack to my material.

Isn't that logical? I pick motion, and fit it together into a moving composite picture. Suppose we have a system in which the left halfback always does the passing, and a fullback is required who must be powerful enough to plunge and also fast enough to sweep the ends. You have to have those men on the campus or the system is a failure. Such set systems are all right where you have large squads of excellent or hand-picked material. But in the twenty-three years that I have been at Illinois, we have never had squads of that type. Every year has brought new problems of attack—how to get the most out of the material that has come to us voluntarily. And yet with seven Western Conference titles, six runner-ups, and national honors in 1914, 1919, 1923 and 1927 I believe we have enough justification for our "system" of fitting our attack to the material available.

Last year we had every game won theoretically before the kick-off. I have always been in accord with the late Percy Haughton in planning my game in advance. We figured the percentages that Grange had to carry the ball thirty-one times to win a ball game for us. Sometimes he would go fifteen times without getting away.

If he carried the ball only twenty times we figured to lose. He thought in terms of long runs. He was not effective from compact formations. You had to stand him back and give him range and freedom of movement back of the scrimmage line.

But practically certain things happened last year which prevented those theoretical victories. And is that also not like Art? Tolstoi complained that so little of all that he envisioned was ever transmitted to paper.

What artist has ever captured even the simplest of his visions and dreams?

In a way I came to this by environment. My father was a jeweler and a designer of jewelry, and I was raised in a limited degree in the atmosphere of composition and lines. People often say to me: "A football coach painting? I cannot conceive of such a thing. How odd." It seems to them the same contradiction as a boilermaker knitting.

They can understand that a carpenter might be interested in etching, or an athlete in singing—but a football coach sketching? Never!

Yet many gym teachers draw fairly well; perhaps because they have highly developed muscular co-ordination. They may never develop in the field of Art because of lack of time and energy to spare; they may lack a sense of proportion and symmetry or a feeling for lines and composition and color; but nevertheless I have discovered that as a class they seem to draw fairly well in an untutored way.

As a high school student I excelled in drawing and through the influence of a neighbor I became a sign writer, writing cards and wall signs during the summer months and other school vacations.

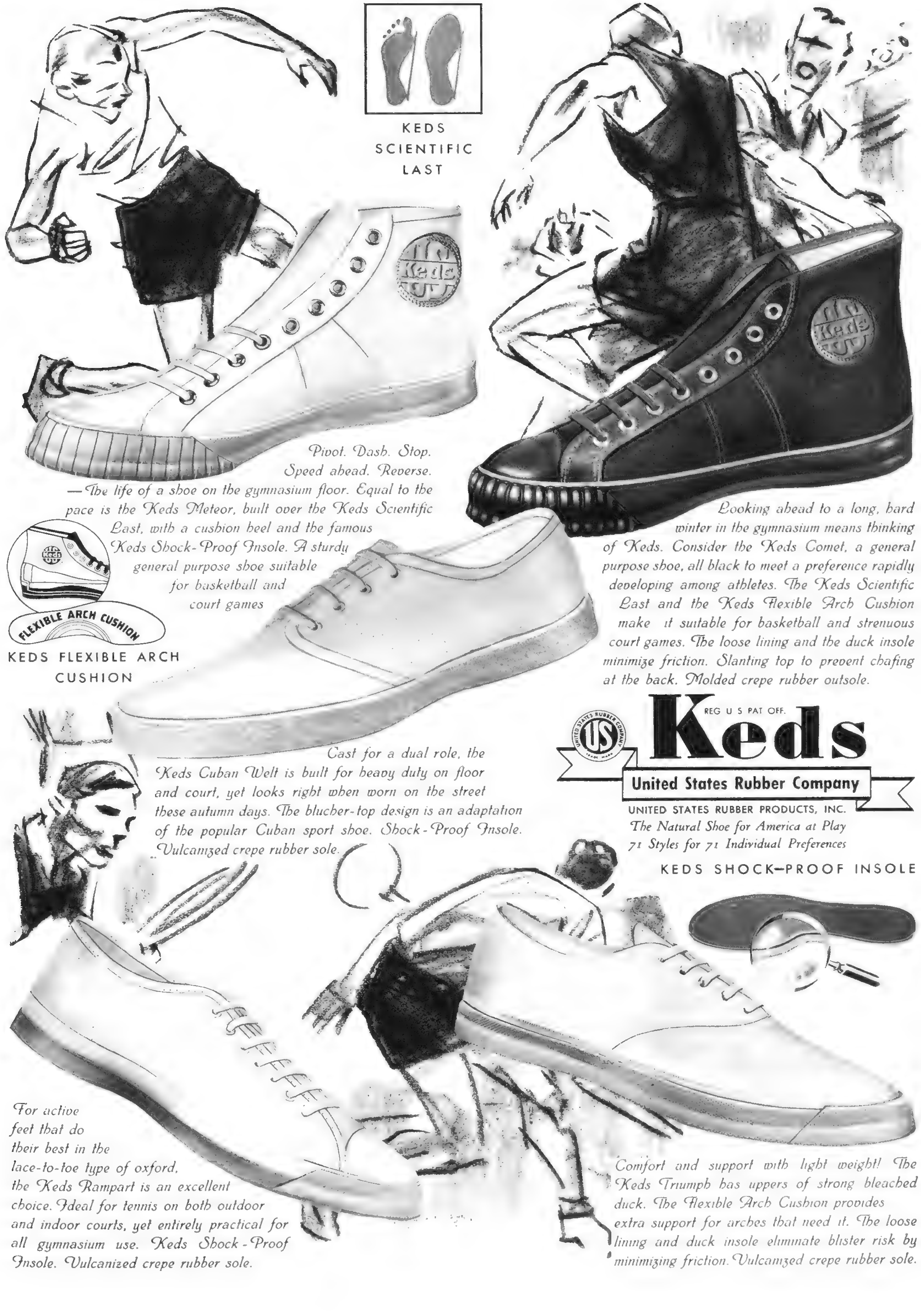
For a time I helped at sign painting. That made it possible for me to help defray my expenses at the University of Wisconsin and at the same time kept me in touch with oils.

From that to daubing on canvas was but a short step. I also became interested in athletics. That accounts for the combination of football and painting. This is a logical result of our educational system from the kindergarten up through university. Athletics are my vocation and painting my avocation. Both demand physical skills, one mainly of the major muscles, the other of the minor. In this way they are related. Both methods of expression require muscular co-ordination, observation, concentration, stictuitiveness, endurance, courage and many similar qualities; and above all the desire to express one's self.

A person seems to possess certain desires or he does not. It is queer but one person may have a great urge to be a football player or a painter, yet have no desire to write. Yet he may have a great latent talent for the latter.

Robert Herrick, the novelist, was said to be almost a genius for financial management, yet became bitter and disappointed over his falling short of major recognition as an author. One may have a great love for music

Continued at top of page 150



KEDS SCIENTIFIC LAST

Pivot. Dash. Stop. Speed ahead. Reverse. —The life of a shoe on the gymnasium floor. Equal to the pace is the Keds Meteor, built over the Keds Scientific Last, with a cushion heel and the famous Keds Shock-Proof Insole. A sturdy general purpose shoe suitable for basketball and court games

KEDS FLEXIBLE ARCH CUSHION

Looking ahead to a long, hard winter in the gymnasium means thinking of Keds. Consider the Keds Comet, a general purpose shoe, all black to meet a preference rapidly developing among athletes. The Keds Scientific Last and the Keds Flexible Arch Cushion make it suitable for basketball and strenuous court games. The loose lining and the duck insole minimize friction. Slanting top to prevent chafing at the back. Molded crepe rubber outsole.

REG U S PAT OFF.

Keds

United States Rubber Company

UNITED STATES RUBBER PRODUCTS, INC.

The Natural Shoe for America at Play

71 Styles for 71 Individual Preferences

Cast for a dual role, the Keds Cuban Welt is built for heavy duty on floor and court, yet looks right when worn on the street these autumn days. The blucher-top design is an adaptation of the popular Cuban sport shoe. Shock-Proof Insole. Vulcanized crepe rubber sole.

KEDS SHOCK—PROOF INSOLE

For active feet that do their best in the lace-to-toe type of oxford, the Keds Rampart is an excellent choice. Ideal for tennis on both outdoor and indoor courts, yet entirely practical for all gymnasium use. Keds Shock-Proof Insole. Vulcanized crepe rubber sole.

Comfort and support with light weight! The Keds Triumph has uppers of strong bleached duck. The Flexible Arch Cushion provides extra support for arches that need it. The loose lining and duck insole eliminate blister risk by minimizing friction. Vulcanized crepe rubber sole.

PERHAPS YOU HAVE NEVER TASTED A MANHATTAN COCKTAIL SO DELICIOUS AS THIS ONE

(many people have not)

THE *grill of the celebrated* Heublein Hotel *in* Hartford *was among the first in the* United States *to broil steaks and chops over charcoal. And, while these prime and juicy meats were sizzling on the fire, men sipped* Manhattan *cocktails in buoyant anticipation.*

Manhattans, *whose warm gleam and full flavor were eloquent of* FINE *whiskey.* Manhattans, *whose goodness had become a legend reaching far and wide.*

Now — once again — this legend becomes *reality.*

Again the House of Heublein produces and bottles these sumptuous Manhattans under the *Club Cocktail* brand, made to the original Heublein standards of uncompromising *quality.* And possessing such character, indeed, that a man recently confessed: "I can't mix a Manhattan myself anywhere near so good as a *Club Cocktail* Manhattan."

But that's not all. If this gentleman buys the same grade materials that Heublein uses, his cocktails cost him *more money* than he pays for *Club Cocktail* Manhattans ready-mixed!

Club Cocktail Manhattans express the Heublein policy of giving abundant money's worth and lavish satisfaction in *all* products bearing the Heublein name.

Club Cocktails are available in the following varieties —at all state operated and other liquor stores—Martini Medium Sweet (60 proof), Dry Martini (71 proof), Extra Dry Martini (70 proof), Bronx (60 proof), Manhattan (65 proof), Side Car (60 proof), Old Fashioned (80 proof), and Sloe Gin Cocktail (49 proof).

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO. HARTFORD, CONN

Heublein's The Club Cocktails

8 kinds prepared and bottled by

HEUBLEIN OF HARTFORD

Portraits in Pigskin

Continued from pages 124-148

but no desire to express one's self in that manner. An athlete may be a great natural drop-kicker, with no particular desire to excel in that specialty.

For many years I have dabbled at painting. I do not consider myself an artist, but instead one who merely putters around with oils.

I seem to have no selfish desire to excel in that field. Sometimes I suspect that the public attention to my football too well satisfies my vanity.

I do not necessarily paint subjects which people like. I have painted and then stopped completely, in the meantime learning to admire and respect the works of the masters because I had learned to appreciate their struggles, their points of view, their sense of color, lives, aims and strivings.

If I am only a dilettante, I at least believe I do know, because of my struggles in that field, a good piece of work from a potboiler.

In so far as coaching is concerned, I believe it has helped me in that I do occasionally get my mind on other matters and feel that I can do a little more than just talk football for 365 days a year.

Life is heat in motion. And the value of all portraits, whether in pigskin or pigment, lies in their resemblance to life—in the extent of their warmth and movement. ⧺

The Girl Who Made the Lions Frown

Continued from page 63

of church, so to speak, or at least run out of the church yard—for wearing not too many clothes and drinking a lot too many Martinis, and kissing upon holy ground"—

"Good God!" The producer's sharp little face went white at the prospect of that story now. "It won't do!" he whispered. "It won't do! Here, Amy, be quiet! Shut up, dear!"

For although apparently finding it hard to focus her gaze, she had now grown fully conscious of those staring masculine eyes; and the cocktails had left her mind in a state where she could grasp but one thought at a time. She was being insulted instead of loved! And she was becoming shrill in her rage. But shoving his face close up to hers, he spoke sharply into her ear:

"Do you want to be hounded off the screen and lose a million dollar career?" She gave a violent jerk at that. "Here's your cloak!" her manager snapped. "Now put it on!" He drew it over her shoulders close. "And throw away that cigarette, and for Christ's sake keep quiet, dear!"

Though trembling still with anger, the vivid little creature obeyed. Wrapping the scarlet velvet tight around her shapely form, she tossed back her blonde shingled head and tried to smile with amused contempt at the men who still stood watching her. But though perfectly accustomed to the hungry looks of admiring males, never in her swift career had she seen men stare like this before! For the scarlet cloak had not appeased that "queer religious streak" of theirs. Motionless and implacable, they stood in a long relentless mass, now almost a thousand strong. They were still silent. Not one sound. And that ominous stillness had spread about. From tables upon every side, inquisitive eyes were looking our way. All staring at the movie queen, and nobody admiring her! Only that frigid deep contempt! And Amy could not stand the strain! Her plump pretty face grew flushed. In a furious whisper she began again to tell us what she thought. But again her manager intervened.

"Come on out of this, darling! Let's beat it!" he begged. She swung on him with glazing eyes.

"Run away from those lousy"—

"Yes," he replied, "before any newspaper man shows up who'll grab this story and give it a start! Remember what happened to Bessie Barnes! She got the churches after her, and now where is she on the screen? For Christ's sake, let's stay respectable! Come on, now! You boys lead the way!"

He had risen, pulling her by the arm; and with my friend and me in front, we started for the end of the Square. It was no pleasant promenade, for the hisses grew loud as we went on. But louder still came the furious whispers of the little creature behind us. Barely a word that she uttered would have been nice on the screen.

At the end of the Square, she glared up at the Church, and then jerked free and turned with a stamp of her small red satin-slippered foot.

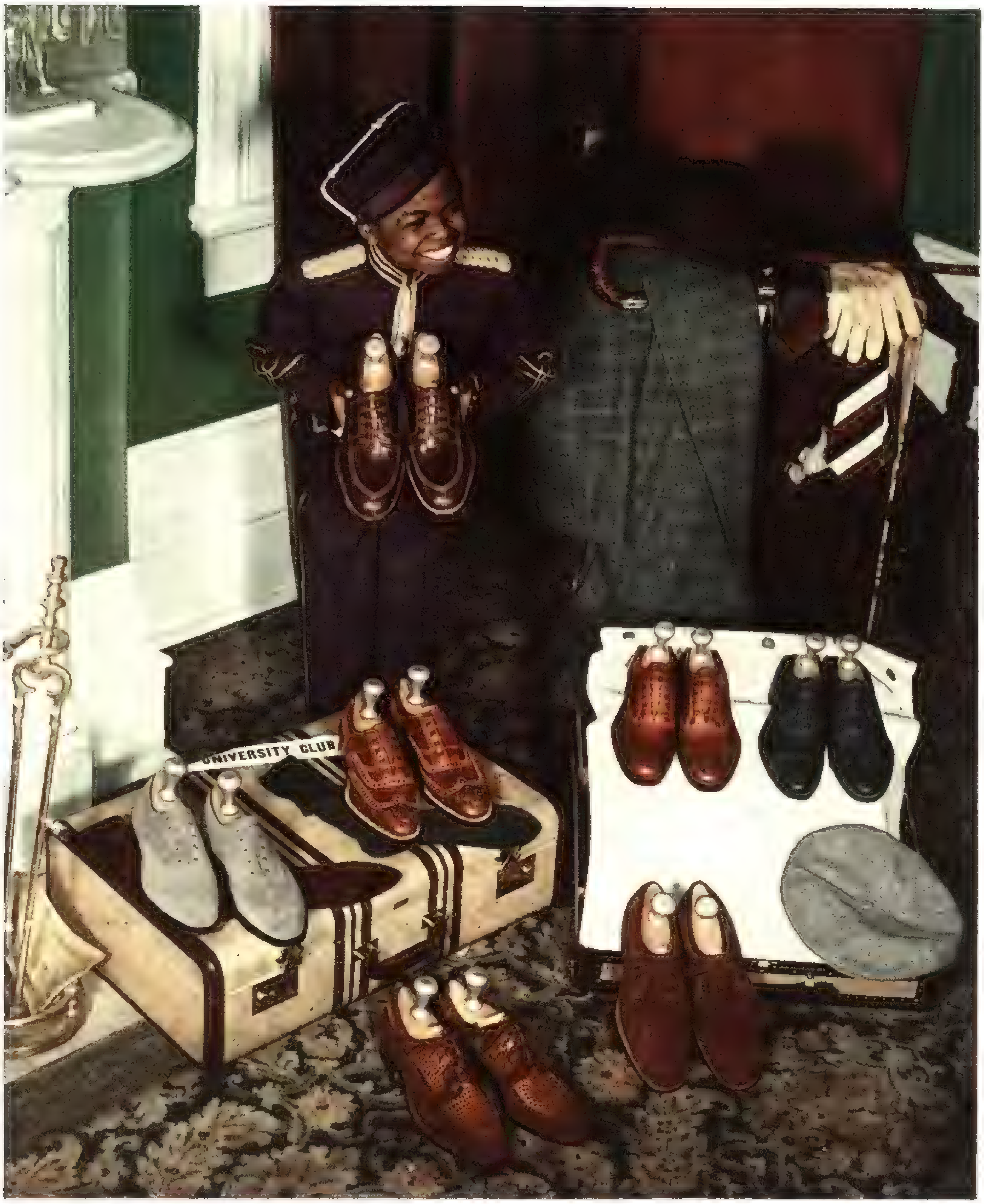
"I'm going right back to those bastards," she cried, "and tell 'em what I think of their eyes!"

But once more her companion grabbed her arm.

"Oh, no, you ain't, Sweetie. You're coming out for a ride in a gondola, and cool down! Stick by us, will you, boys," he asked, "just as far as the Grand Canal?"

So we walked on for a minute or two and saw them into a gondola. Behind and above, on their columns, like guardians of that hallowed place, the big bronze lions of St. Mark's looked down. And they seemed to me to frown. But the manager took no notice of that. As the gondola started, I heard him say,

"Let's stay out at the Lido, after this! Don't spoil a million dollars, babe!" ⧺



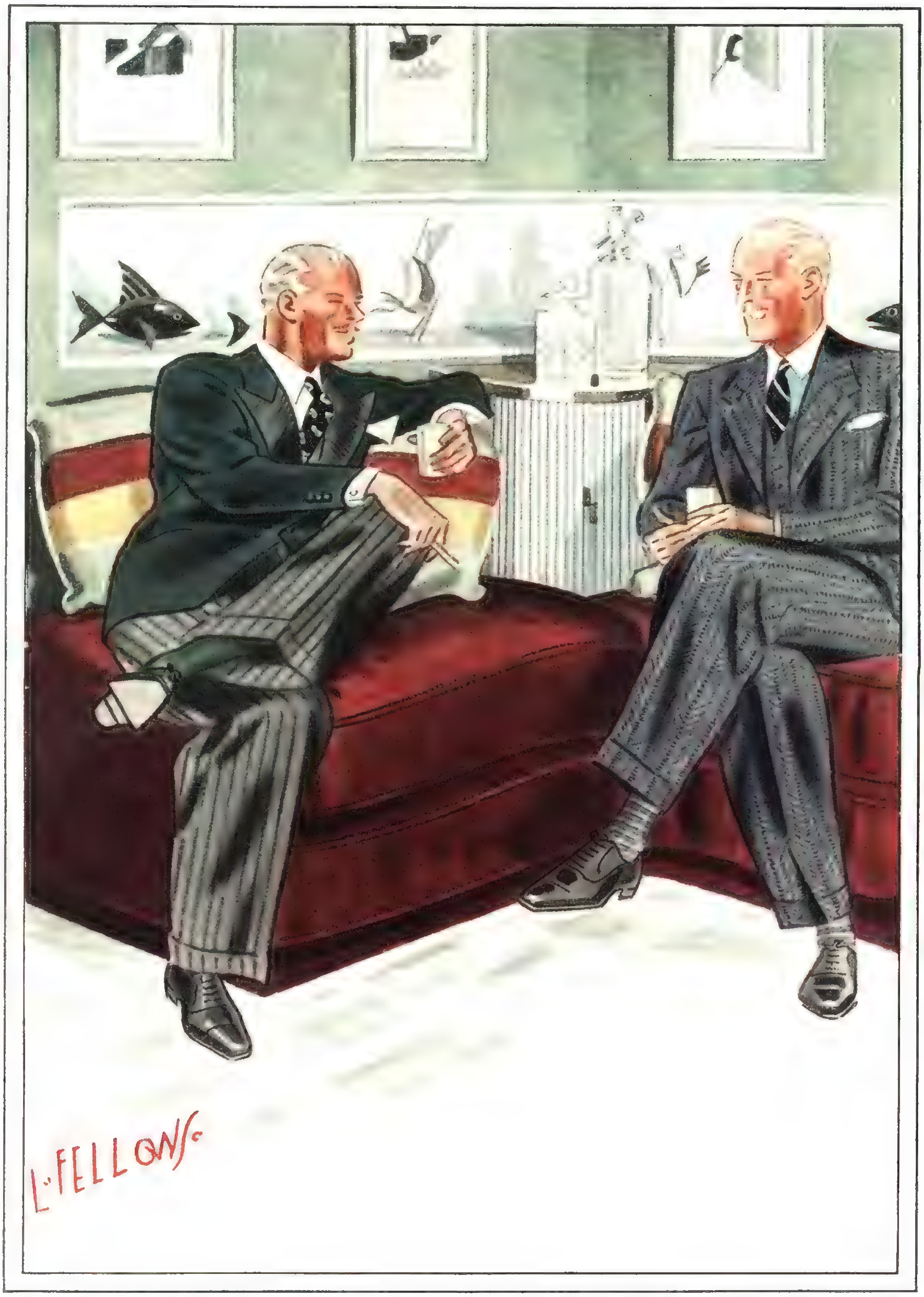
THE TRAIN LEAVES GRAND CENTRAL AT NINE P. M.

Regardless of his destination, the gentleman to whom this wardrobe belongs should be assured a most cordial welcome. Sartorially, at least, his taste is perfect. The boy is holding a moccasin pattern in dark brown Eskimo calf. The grey shoes are Scottie buck. And from there on, reading left to right, are: brown Norwegian calf, brown luggage calf, a straight tip oxford in the expensive black Water Buffalo, a Norwegian combination of brown crocodile calf and brown velour buck, and a comfortable plain toe oxford, also in brown velour buck, suitable for both town and country wear. All seven are tailored by Jarman, and once you see them at your Jarman dealer's you'll recognize the same authentic styling, fine leathers, and expert workmanship for which you'd ordinarily expect to pay twice as much or more . . . The Jarman Shoe Company, Nashville, Tennessee. *Division of General Shoe Corp.*

Portraits in Leather **JARMAN** FRIENDLY $5 *Shoes*

FRANK JARMAN CUSTOM $6.50 MOST STYLES

Portraits in Harmony *Tune in Jarman "Portraits in Harmony" NBC Coast-to-Coast Blue Network Tuesday nights . . . Six new Packards FREE.*



BETWEEN THE DARK AND THE DAYLIGHT . . .

When the night is beginning to lower, comes a pause in the day's occupation, now known as the cocktail hour. And all over America, the beautiful and damp, all the sad young men are brightening, to the five-o'clock chimes of tinkling ice in tall glasses. And some of them are guests, in lightweight cheviot striped suits, wearing blue broadcloth shirts and starched collars, with black ties with blue stripes, etc., etc. And some of them are hosts (some in rags and some in tags and some in bottle green single breasted velvet house jackets with black ribbed silk lapels). With this item you may with perfect and equal propriety wear either the clothes in which you came home from the office or change into dress shirt, tie, trousers and shoes. The choice depends chiefly on what you are going to do afterwards and on whether guests are likely to include those who are planning an evening involving dress.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Parachutism in the U. S. S. R.

Continued from page 82

The structures have been specially erected for the purpose of introducing parachute jumping. They have captive parachutes which descend at less than half the speed of the real thing. These parachutes, incidentally, are attached to a mechanical arm so designed that when the wind blows this arm veers to the protected side insuring the jumper's safety.

Moscow's tower, gaily colored and beautifully illuminated, suggesting to an American emerging from the new subway something akin to Luna Park, is 150 feet high. In Leningrad they are building one 300 feet in height with five platforms for jumping at different levels. Plans are being developed for the building of at least a thousand additional towers throughout the country—for there are clubs from Moscow to Batum. These will be 100 feet high. Indeed, so popular has the whole thing become that in the town of Rejeva, in the province of Tver, a deserted cathedral has been recently outfitted with the mechanical arm and the captive parachute.

Figures may be boring and particularly so for Americans who have become used to studying budgets under the present administration but figures indicate in good measure where the movement is going. There are at present about twenty aviation schools, 110 air clubs, about 30,000 amateur parachutists, and approximately 500,000 young men and women factory workers and farmers who have sailed off the towers.

Little did Captain Thomas Baldwin dream in 1880 when he made what is generally recognized to be the first parachute jump from a balloon that just a bit over a half century later Russians, who had just been emancipated from serfdom at that time, would carry the thing to the proportions of a mass sport wherein men and women would be attempting all sorts of fantastic tricks such as delayed opening jumps, jumps without oxygen apparatus, jumps for exact landings, jumps into the water, mass jumps of 150 to 500 persons at the same time.

But that is what is going on over there now. World altitude records are being shattered with amazing frequency as the spirit of daring and competition incites to greater efforts. N. A. Yevdokimov has jumped from a height of more than 26,000 feet. Last summer a young fellow named Kozul leaped 24,500 feet minus oxygen apparatus, and not to be outdone six girls jumped 23,500 feet also without the oxygen apparatus. Don't be amazed about the women, either. Officials have said that the women are even better than the men. Men sometimes lose courage when they are about to make the first jump but the ladies never.

Thus it goes. They try stunts at night, during the day; from planes doing the loop-the-loop and from planes doing the side slip.

Probably the best known of all and most beloved of sportswomen is an eighteen-year-old girl, Nina Kamneva, one of the best of jumpers. She is referred to as "Tiny" being four feet ten inches tall. Born in Tuapse in the North Caucasas during the days of the Revolution, in which her father perished, she spent her childhood in that city of oil refineries. In 1933 she entered the Moscow Institute and began jumping the following year when the Young Communist League had started a campaign to introduce the sport. Today she holds the record for a delayed opening jump. This she achieved by not pulling her ripcord until she was only a little more than 800 feet above the ground after leaping from a height of 9,300 feet.

It is good sport, too. The same skill, the same courage it takes to guide a hurtling bobsled down a mountain side, is needed and as for the bobsled—you can't use it in war time. But you can use a parachute as the Russians have shown.

It was during the military games in the Ukraine that the Red Army revealed for the first time in history what well may become a new method of warfare in the shape of a mass parachute attack. A squad of "Blue" bombing planes roared over the "Red" lines and then suddenly the sky was full of more than 500 falling figures descending by means of parachutes. The attack was made in broad daylight, taking place at about nine o'clock in the morning, and had as its objective the "Red" airdrome far behind the defending lines.

Imagine the bewilderment of a defending army totally unprepared for such an action, busy facing a strong offensive from the enemy, to see a horde of men come through the air armed with hand grenades and machine guns. And not only that but, when these parachutists had landed, to see them immediately fall into military formation, seize the airdrome and begin a concentrated attack upon the adversary's communication lines. Such an attack brings a new element into war time strategy because, as one expert pointed out, "the attack of 500 or a thousand desperate armed men might paralyze a whole army."

General Loiseau of France, vice-chief of staff of the French Army and head of the intelligence section, was present at these military maneuvers as chief of a special French military mission. When it was all over he praised the preparedness of the Soviet forces and said, "Your aviation merits the highest praise, whether in large or small formations or individual actions. As for the parachute attack I consider that factor unprecedented in the world and I was particularly impressed by the fact that it was not a mere display but a performance of highly qualified men who had volunteered for such service and who flung themselves into a disciplined attack

Continued at top of page 154

AT LAST!

A "Cocktail Coat" that's not a sissy!

"THE STAG-AT-EVE"

. . . as smart as a tweed sport coat and as comfortable as a silk smoking jacket

● No man ought to have to wear his sack coat around the house. But neither should he have to choose between shirt sleeves (while wives sob) or a mauve-and-yellow silk smoking jacket (while Aunt Hattie smiles with happy Christmas recollections!) So, for cocktail parties, evenings at bridge, or just plain sitting, we suggest this new idea that combines the masculinity of the sport coat with the comfort of a silk jacket. And you can wear it on the porch without blushing.

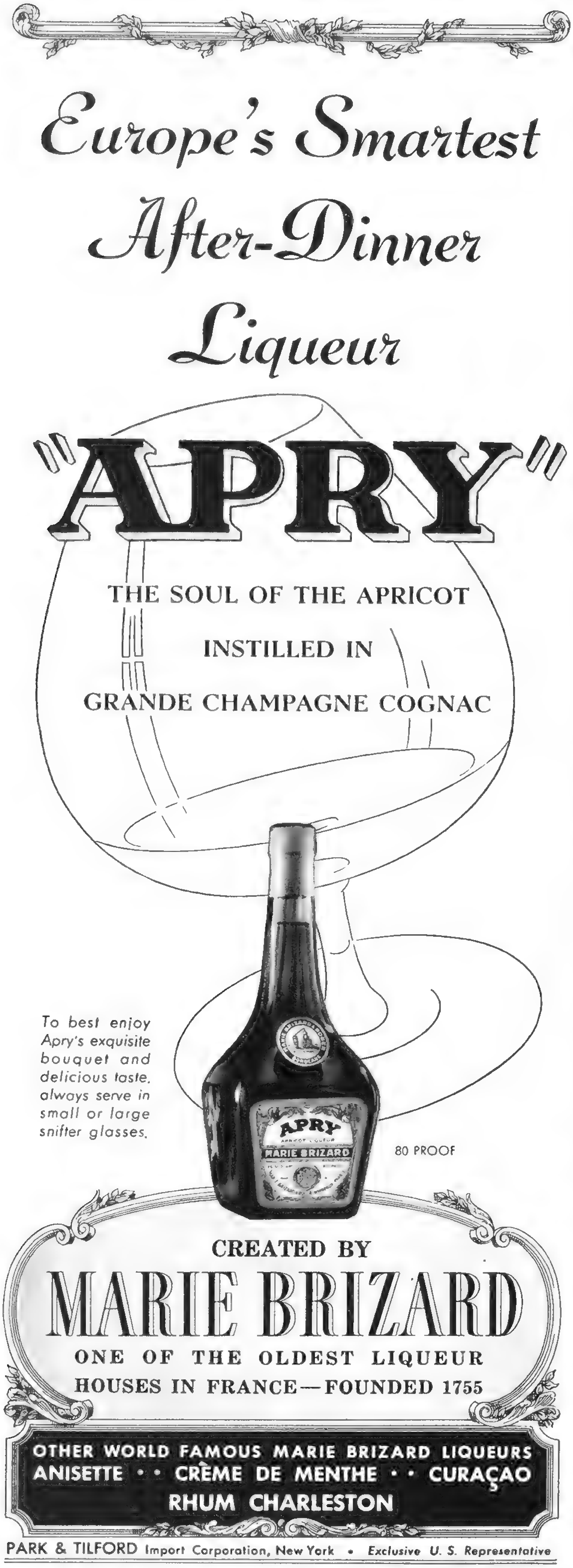
The smart, correct Glenurquhart plaid flannel looks like a tweed—and the shoulder pleats, side vents, and four front buttons keep up the tradition. But the soft Amana flannel, the yoke lining, the full belt bring you all the comfort of the old smoking jacket. The host will be easy to find in one of these. He'll be the smartest, most comfortable looking man.

First at The Store for Men, of course. And made in keeping with the Field traditions of style and quality. In plaids that carry gray, brown, or maroon effects; sizes, small, medium, large, and extra-large. Mail orders promptly filled, shipping charges extra . . . $15

Created by, and exclusive with us

THE STORE FOR MEN
MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY
WASHINGTON *at* WABASH, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Where you'll find authentic men's fashions — FIRST



Europe's Smartest After-Dinner Liqueur

"APRY"

THE SOUL OF THE APRICOT INSTILLED IN GRANDE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC

To best enjoy Apry's exquisite bouquet and delicious taste, always serve in small or large snifter glasses.

80 PROOF

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MARIE BRIZARD
ONE OF THE OLDEST LIQUEUR HOUSES IN FRANCE—FOUNDED 1755

OTHER WORLD FAMOUS MARIE BRIZARD LIQUEURS
ANISETTE • • CRÈME DE MENTHE • • CURAÇAO
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PARK & TILFORD Import Corporation, New York • Exclusive U. S. Representative

Parachutism in the U. S. S. R.

Continued from pages 82-153

within a few minutes of landing. Certainly an amazing new type of soldier."

Military experts know that during the World War there were many instances in which spies were dropped into enemy territory by planes and later picked up again, if they got back, for the trip home via the airways. When, therefore, the newspaper *Comsomol Pravda*, official youth organ of the Soviet Union, announced recently that parachutists would not receive diplomas until they learned a foreign language (lately, too, it became necessary for all Red Army men to have a knowledge of Basic English), there was a hint of another innovation, another use for the parachute besides that of saving oneself from an ill-starred plane.

One can readily visualize the possibility for parachutes to drop agitators behind enemy lines able to speak the language of that enemy. An inspired speechmaker behind the lines of an enemy, delivering harangues to enemy soldiers, mingling with them, working subtly from within, certainly would be of far greater effectiveness than the dropping of leaflets from planes which was so common during the World War.

And make no mistake. This is not from the realms of H. G. Wells. Historians of the Russian civil war have often indicated and claimed that it was propaganda by Communists in the rear of the White Guard armies which sucked the strength and weakened the reserves of these Whites and led, finally, to the victory of the Red forces. Ten years ago when revolutionary Chinese armies were sweeping northward from Canton to the Yangtze River their path had been made easier by the cohesive missionary work of those who had gone ahead to spread the message of revolt and make converts for the cause.

There is probably no greater barrier to understanding and a common sympathy in the world than the handicap of language. Here in America we never really have the opportunity to understand that since we can travel across a continent without resorting to another tongue. In Europe it's different. Consider, therefore, the advantage a country would have if its army were equipped to meet Germans, French, English and even Japs on a common ground of lingual exchange.

In a conflict between Russia and Japan, for instance, there no doubt will be plenty of Japanese Communists in sympathy with the Soviet cause—some in the ranks of the Nipponese, others having fled to Russia as refugees. It is quite conceivable, knowing the code of the Japanese, who have no fear of death, to willingly drop from Soviet bombing planes and land in the rear of the Japanese columns to carry on the work of spreading disruption in the ranks.

Simeon Strunsky of *The New York Times* summed it up perfectly when he said, "You don't need to speak Japanese to drop a bomb on Tokio but you need the language to exhort a Japanese gang in the Service Supply."

Consider the Critics

Continued from page 94

It is the truth: If the American newspaper treated baseball and football as it does music, there would be a revolution in the editorial offices before sunset. Imagine what would happen to the telephone line if descriptions of a prizefight were written before the event occurred. Most opera reviews are.

Space for music is rightly considered a luxury by publishers. Who cares what is said by some yap who knows less about what he writes than those who read it? What difference does it make if he likes Signor Belcanto Furioso's rendition of *O Sole Mio*, or sneers at Mr. Bergmengel's reading of Beethoven's *Eroica*?

It may be that we are at the mercy of the printed word, of an articulated opinion. Oftentimes, if you haven't formulated your own opinion of a concert and the next morning at breakfast you happen to read a newspaper, you may find yourself re-echoing the printed opinion at cocktails. A critic is imagined, therefore, to wield influence, but in reality it is negligible.

The singers he pans continue singing weekly to larger, more enthusiastic audiences . . . and those he boosts likely as not fade out with the season. Newspaper critics fool the public now and then, but not for long. Can you point to a poor, inferior artist who has been sustained during a lifetime through newspaper notices? To my knowledge, no music critic has ever been able to enshrine a mediocrity among the immortals in art, or to ruin the career of a real master.

For the creative musician, the critic certainly means less than nothing. Oh, yes, I know, composers kowtow to the critics, bow and scrape in unholy fear of them, and stay up all night praying after a first performance. Composers don't seem to give a damn what the audience thought, if it thought at all. They stand on the street corners waiting for the final editions to appear. They tear the paper apart to find the comment. If it is unfavorable, they consider jumping into Central Park pond. If it is favorable, the newspaper finds its back-copy files exhausted and the whole music world learns what Mr. D and Mr. G and Mr. H thought—or, at least, what they said. Sometimes, of course, it learns what only one of them said

Continued on page 156

Essley Shirts

alone . . . have precision fit

"I wish you'd tell me how to look neat at the neck without suffering collar torture"

CHAFE
RASP
CHAFE
RASP

Do you have that guillotine feeling?

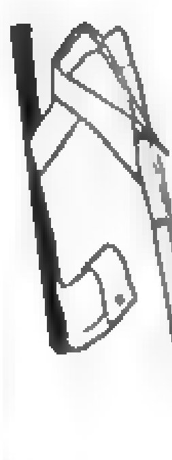
By Don Herold

"Why don't you smarten up with Essley Shirts -with the original Trubenized Collar?"

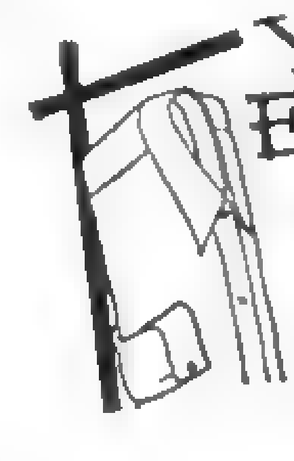
You don't have to make a martyr of your neck in order to look trim and sleek in the collar zone.

The Trubenized Collar—*original* with Essley—is a collar which stays smart without starch or stiffness. It launders easily . . . keeps its shape and comfort all day without wilting.

In Essley Shirts you also escape S.F.B., "Shirt-Front Bulge-itis," because Essley Shirts are built in two planes.



Most shirts are built this way -in 1 plane



You and Essley Shirts are built this way -in 2 planes

This means that when you put your shirt on, your collar does not have to pull the entire front of your shirt up to your chest in order to adjust itself to your anatomy.

There's science as well as style in Essley Shirts.

Don Herold, at the left, explains the principle of Precision Fit in his own way. It takes wearing to prove that Essley Shirts actually do fit better because they're designed better. ★ Try any one of the three shown here or of the many featured by your dealer. You'll get the Essley habit, as most men do, once they've indulged.

New notes

In Aura-tones. Blue, grey, tan, green and helio. Light, silky, radiant weaves in harmonious patterns and stripes. Trubenized Tailored Collar attached.

Free swinging

In the Sarazen. Ease in the free-swinging back—perfect fit when you relax. With button-down soft collar. In Oxford, colorful tweeds, and fancy flannels.

Cool comfort

In the Tuxley. Bosom is Trubenized as well as the collar. Trubenizing makes fabric porous. Ends buckling, wilting and rumpling. Keeps its neat appearance.

The American Institute of Laundering says Essley Shirts will wear and wash to your complete satisfaction. We've always said so, but it's nice to have an important, impartial authority endorse our claim. The Trubenized process, especially, used on all Essley Shirts, has received the award because it has met every claim made for it.

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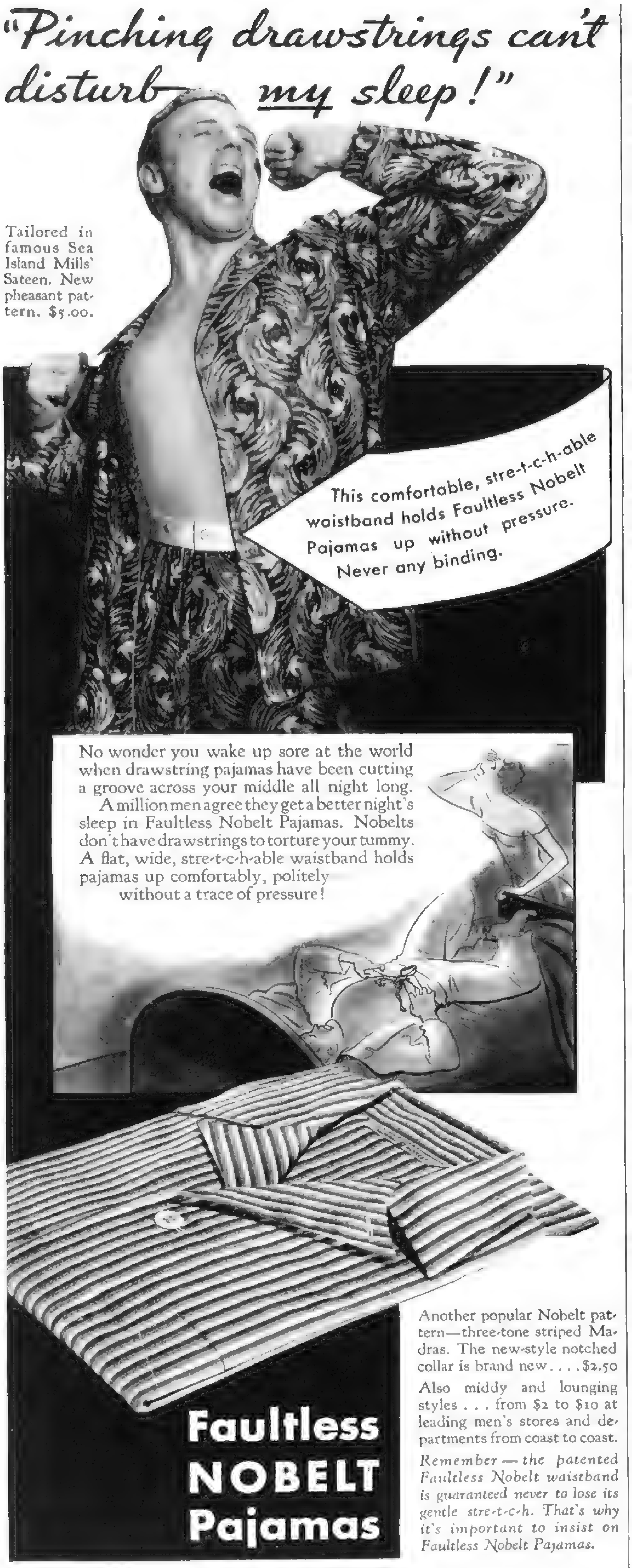

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Consider the Critics

Continued from pages 94-154

if they happened not to agree about the new brain-child. And thus conductors and performers around the globe, who should know better, are induced to turn a spotlight on the new music. Being lazy, like the rest of us, they take the critic's word—are relieved from thinking for themselves.

The composers and their "benefactors" forget that critics from the beginning have been wrong. Expert judges have consistently neglected genius and praised mediocrity, missing Beethoven, Wagner, and practically every great composer.

That it is impossible to assay finally the value of a new composition never enters people's heads. And the critic, if he has any sense, knows that—though he dares not repeat it. Judging is his job. And he does it, blandly voicing his likes and dislikes, making believe that his hatred of Wagner or Debussy is of any more interest to people than his inability to digest apples or cucumbers.

He does not realize that what he thinks of music on a particular evening depends on what he has had to eat, not to mention drink—with whom he has slept the night before, and on countless other details. He will not have the same view of *Tristan and Isolde* at fifty that he does at twenty, unless he has a good memory. To prove it, all you need to do is drag out from its well-merited obscurity a column that any eminent critic wrote about this or that composition thirty years ago. You will see it is not what he is saying today.

A critic's approach depends quite as much on the country in which he happens to reside and, for that matter, the city. The critics in Zion City or Fort Worth can not be expected to take the same view of *Salome* as the critics in New York. Most likely they have never heard her. Likewise, it is difficult for us to catch in Sir Edward Elgar's music what the estimable Ernest Newman hears in it. Mr. Newman would reply that due to the general lawlessness and the lack of mature, discriminating taste in America, our "plate" is sensitized differently from an Englishman's, and that therefore we react differently to Elgar's music.

To a larger extent, a critic's view depends upon the century in which he lives. There is something in the mentality of an epoch that falls, we are told, on the blind spot of the eye of another period. The Victorians took many things seriously that are jokes to us—for instance, a lady's dowry, a woman's morals.

Brahms, for example, was recently considered dull, involved, dry. For the late Henry T. Finck, the appearance of a Brahms symphony on a program was the signal to pull a newspaper out of his pocket and read until the last note was sounded and the applause had died away. Most people are more interested in Brahms today. It is Bruckner they snore through. And tomorrow it may be Wagner.

Critical standards change. Works are differently interpreted, just as is the Constitution of the United States. The fallibility of critics exists beyond the shadow of a doubt, and only a fool could value their opinions as more than a curiosity.

Critics are useless as a guide to contemporary music, for they are too lazy to acquaint themselves with the actual context of a new work even when it is available in the library. They frankly confess to unfamiliarity with the composition, or make some wisecrack about it. You often read: "It seemed to me much ado about nothing," or "at first hearing its significance was not clear." When they are afraid of jeopardizing their reputation with posterity, they straddle the fence or become "yes-men."

If labels are mixed, they are put off altogether. Will they ever live down the scandal Fritz Kreisler perpetrated? After the performance of his own new composition to which Mr. Kreisler gave the name of a seventeenth century composer, a prominent New York critic lamented: "How unfortunate it is that contemporary writers of music have lost that remarkable breadth of style and easy flow of melody that characterized the seventeenth century Italian Masters." That must have made Mr. Kreisler grin! It's author did.

Critics presume to tell how composers want their music played. The knowledge, apparently, is gained by a secret, patented process, involving interviews at the tomb. Providence, in a bright moment, revealed the mystery to the elect. Should a living composer happen inadvertently to contradict the critics, the usual procedure is to state that they know far better than he how his works ought to be performed.

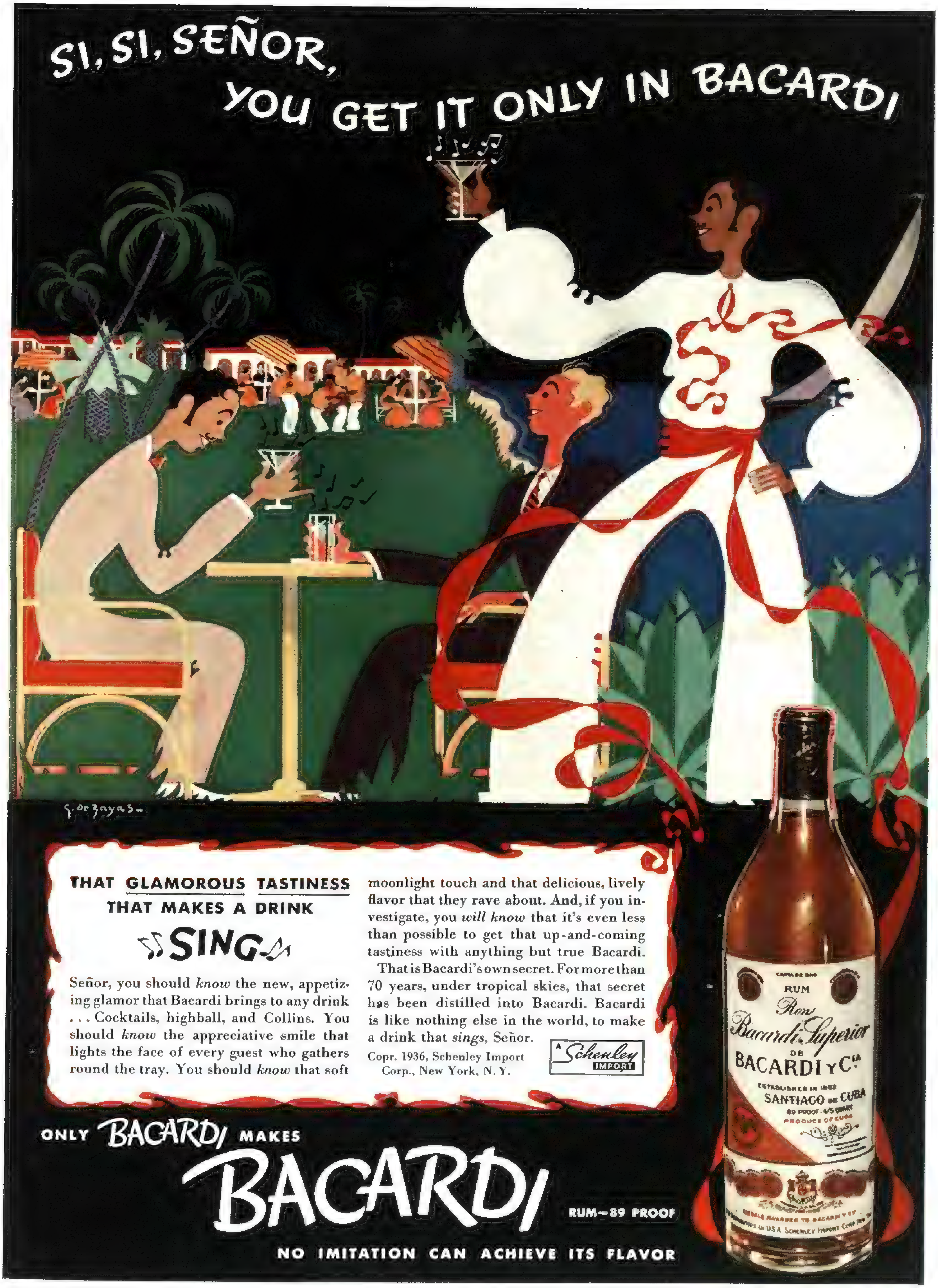
The tradition of papal infallibility must be maintained at any cost. And the advice given to young apprentices over a century ago is adamant on this point. "You will be respected only if your word takes on the finality of a law. You must say, 'That is trash!' and 'This is a work of genius!' as though it were the Judgment Day and you were the Creator.

"Never pen an impartial criticism. People won't like it. Make certain you have artistic cravings and a sense of 'poetical justice,' and note that every performance is unable to satisfy them.

"Give the impression that your thoughts are profound and of the utmost importance. It is well if the public believes that when you frown, the Immortals shiver.

"A help in this regard is to read a score or any other literature you may have with you. Close your eyes now and then so as to deceive suspicious meddlers when you do fall asleep. And, whatever you do,

Continued on page 159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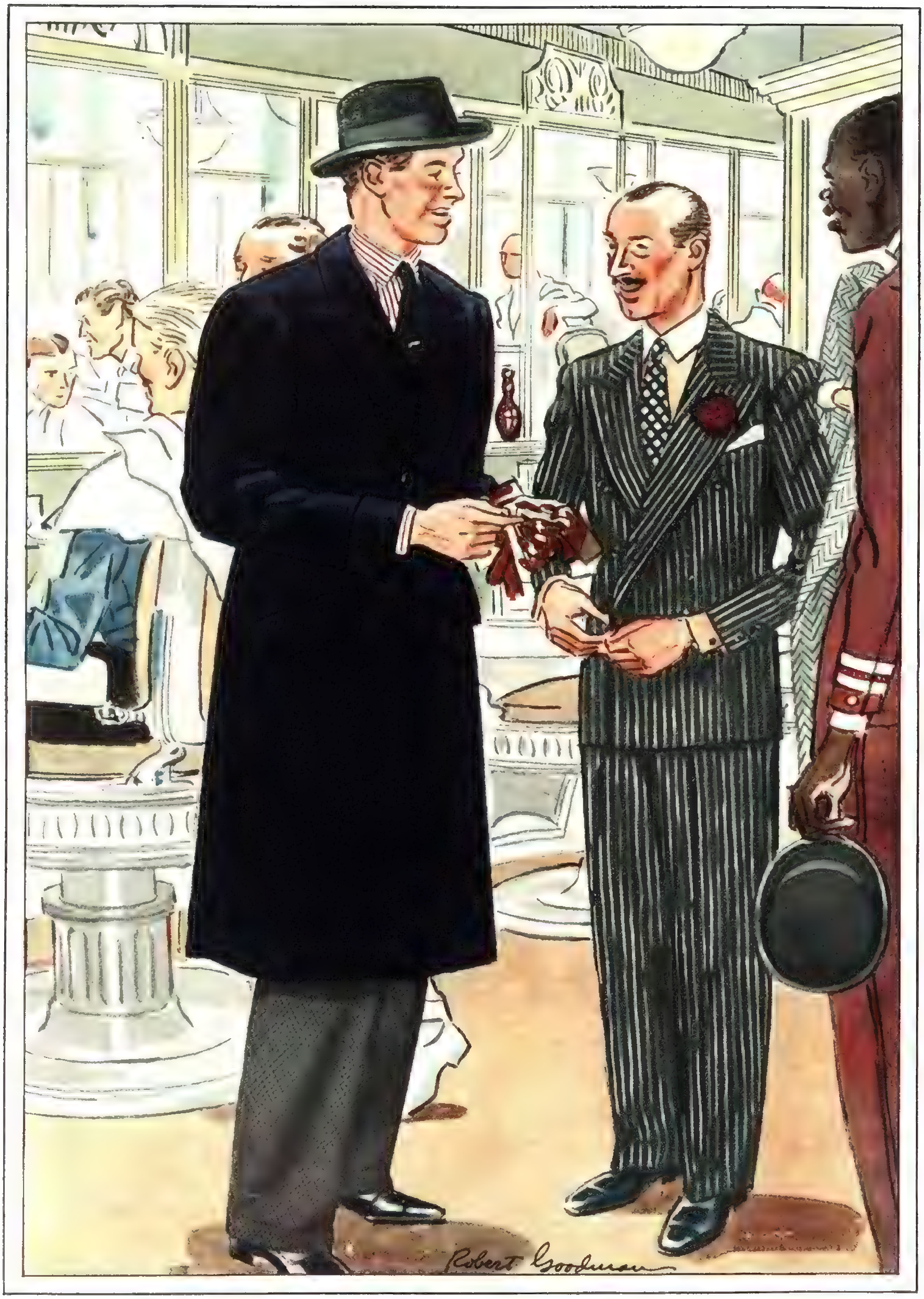

TWO AMERICANS PUTTING ON THE ENGLISH

Both these outfits are very New York. Each reveals traces of direct and recent English influence. (Our English readers say that our fashions look American. Our American readers, outside of New York, keep saying that our fashions look English. It all simmers down to the fact that New York is not America. But in time, as New York goes, so goes the nation.) The coat on the left is of medium weight cheviot, a trifle more formal than the double breasted guards' coat. In fact, you can wear it with evening clothes. The suit is sharkskin, the gloves are red cape, the oxblood striped shirt has a matching starched collar, the hat is the increasingly popular black Homburg. The tie is a black heavy weave Spitalfields worn with a gold animal figure stickpin. The most noteworthy detail of the other outfit is the champagne silk shirt, with French cuffs—new and smart with black clothes.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Consider the Critics

Continued from pages 94-154-156

never jump as if startled when your score drops with a thud.

"It is helpful, also, to make marks on rough copy-paper so that your neighbors will notice. They will thrill, too, for it gives them a sense of importance to sit near critics. They will prefer watching you to the performance, and, when you choose, you can put on your show. Indicating phrasing and dynamics, if you can see the conductor, is easy. Shake your head disapprovingly now and then. It implants in others a sense of envy at having missed a fine point.

"If anyone speaks to you, do not praise the performance. Finding fault with the reading of the conductor, the basso's intonation, and the period of the setting is impressive. A remark like this: 'Her high E was slightly sharp,' will place you at once. Recall frequently the good old days when there were real singers.

"Should you meet an artist when friends are along, be mysterious about his work. Refer to something else. For instance, to a tenor whose specialty is high C, say: 'You were in fine form today—your tights fitted beautifully.'

"To a composer, always speak enthusiastically of the way the composition was performed: 'Your work was well executed,' or the like. But preserve a stony silence about the work itself. To a performer, say: 'What a beautiful composition!' and of course mention nothing about his performance. If necessary, look carelessly at the ceiling or with friendly anxiety at the artist's shirt-studs, or the lower portions of his anatomy. Never look him in the eye.

"Be careful not to congratulate the tenor on having sung the bass role. And when an unfamiliar name is mentioned, never say 'he' or 'she' until you are sure which it is.

"Remember that one good Mephistopheles is more seminal than a dozen bad Fausts. Deliberate carefully before deciding whether you can be more annoying to an artist by disparaging his merits or by saying complimentary things about his colleagues.

"Always seem to be ruthless and aloof . . . lonely in your sublimity. Feign to prefer musicanship to showmanship, and run down clowns often.

"Finally, when in the slightest doubt, be silent."

It is unfortunate, but critics sometimes have to write. It's easy to collect examples of their ignorance, ranging from the country scribe who always mentions the *Grieg Concerto in a mirror* to the Manhattan authority who wrote, when a tenor sang very badly and made lots of mistakes, that he was singing in the best Bayreuth tradition and who then proceeded to lambast the innocent conductor. Another time a Wagnerian singer was forced to sing on short notice "Gurnemanz" in *Parsifal*, a role new to him, and he went around the stage with a blank look on his face, not knowing what to do. A critic complimented him on his helpless appeal and found it appropriate to the role.

If you haven't attended the concert yourself, you will never know whom to believe. One morning the *New York Times* finds that Guiomar Novaes in her playing of the last movement of Chopin's B flat minor sonata, did not suggest "leaves whirling over the graves of the dead heroes," and the same day the *Herald Tribune's* appraiser says that "the wind blew over the graves with undiminished expressiveness."

And the *Times* and *Tribune* differed also, on the subject of how Toscanini interprets *En Saga* of Sibelius. The *Times:* "We do not agree with Mr. Toscanini's treatment of this composition. . . . It is the interpretation of an artist and a patrician. It is a Latin's document of the ancient North."

And the *Tribune:* "It received a performance marked by imagination, and insight, dramatic interest rising steadily, inevitably toward a climax; one which could readily suggest an old, remote, and undoubtedly tragic narrative of Nordic legend."

Of course, critics are under no compulsion to agree. The Supreme Court reverses itself frequently and with pleasure. And, no one cries "idiots" (though maybe we should), when that distinguished body of jurists gives a five-to-four decision.

Eminent authorities in any field are likely to disagree and there are matters in music about which a legitimate difference of opinion is to be expected. But almost any good copy-boy rushed to a performance can tell whether a singer is in good voice and acts a staid, traditional role, or whether the orchestra can strum a simple Verdi accompaniment. Not so, the learned New York music critics! They ponder the matter and disagree about self-evident facts. And not all the slips can be blamed on the copy-reader!

The morning after the last Metropolitan Opera opening, when *Traviata* was given, the *Herald-Tribune* announced: "Mr. Tibbett was in excellent voice." The *World-Telegram:* "He was by no means in good voice."

The *Times* stated that Mr. Crooks "astonished those who had long been his admirers, by the simplicity and distinction of the figure he made on the stage." The *Sun* thought "he would assuredly look better if he knew a little more about stage carriage."

As to the orchestra, various reviewers agreed it "sounded well," was "entirely satisfactory" and "properly inconspicuous" and then, while the *World-Telegram* said it "carried off first honors," the *Evening Post* knew it "was somewhat less than exciting . . .

Continued at top of page 160

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Consider the Critics

Continued from pages 94-154-156-159

that Mr. Panizza took several unwarranted liberties with Verdi's music: an unaccountable slowing up of the tempo . . . and an equally unaccountable pause."

Such contradictions only cancel each other. Agreement among the Dons of the press exists today only in Italy and Germany, where they must sleep over their thoughts. In these two countries there are no disputes either about fact or opinion. A central propaganda bureau issues rules by which to measure and value art, and also indicates the conclusions to be drawn from the application of the rules. Doubt never exists in the minds of any of the pre-stuffed critics. If it does, and should they be forgetful enough to mention it, they cease to be critics.

In Italy, for instance, the name of Toscanini is deleted from the language by much the same process as Dr. Hugo Eckener's has been in Germany. In a Munich newspaper last summer I read that visitors at the Salzburg Festival performances did not fill half the house, that foreigners were buying tickets at a sixty per cent reduction, and that the Austrian government had rented two hundred foreign automobiles with foreign license plates and had filled them with miscellaneous persons who could be induced to drive to Salzburg and sit through mediocre performances. The same identical story appeared in every German newspaper.

As a matter of fact, the *Ausverkauft* was displayed at Salzburg for all but one or two festival performances. There was not an empty seat in the theatre and tickets frequently sold for double their marked price. But German puppet critics agreed to a man in their lie.

Is it any wonder that when they reflect on all this, music critics are glad that paper is patient?

They have not forgotten, either, the retort a composer made to their Viennese colleague, Karl Korngold, when the latter mailed him a vicious attack: "Dear Doctor, I received your criticism. I now have it before me while I am in the smallest room of my apartment. Very soon I shall have it behind me." #

The White Shoes

Continued from page 76

workers' union had been present at the funeral.

Father and daughter had occupied two rooms in the house of an old woman who also sold flowers at a market in the cité. Mado kept on one room, and wheedled the flower-seller into letting her have her father's bed in exchange for her own. With her own hands she had washed and ironed the sheets between which the dead man had lain, and she now slept between them herself. She had also washed all her father's linen, cleaned and pressed his suits, the working clothes as well as the suit he wore on Sundays or whenever he attended a political meeting. She took his boots to the cobbler to be freshly soled, and what she had neglected in the matter of sock darning during his lifetime, she made up for after his death.

These tasks accomplished, Mado sat down and took stock of her life. An existence in which there was no man on whom she could lavish worship and adoration seemed to her ungodly, immoral, and empty. She was determined not to endure this state of things one second longer than she must. So, in her new white satin slippers, she set off for the Ball to find a second God and Father.

In Paris you will find hundreds of young workmen in caps and mufflers who impress you with their swagger, charm, and general air of distinction. Strangers usually imagine that they carry knives or revolvers in their pockets. If you are fortunate enough to get to know them, you discover that they are high-principled, extremely fine fellows, with a horror of violence and an intense love of sport and women, whom they do not, as one might imagine, rape without compunction, but spend endless time, care, thought, and exercise of charm in winning.

Within five minutes of her entrance into the ballroom, Mado had made the acquaintance of one of these young men, and she was not in the least disappointed to know that he was neither an artist nor a student. How could she have been so misguided as to wish for a lover with any other profession than that of her departed God!

As she danced with him, her little Japanese doll head of shining black hair close to his breast, she thought of a name for him. "Pierre," she decided, "that's what you're called, and you're going to be my husband." She also tried the words "*mon Pierre*" over to herself, quite unaware that she had chosen this name because of its close resemblance to "*mon pere*." She showed no surprise when a friend coming in at the door called out to him: "Allô, Pierre!"

Mado and Pierre experienced all the exquisite delights and burning pangs of dawning love, on this first evening. Nothing escaped her watchful eyes: when she was obliged to dance with another partner, in order not to risk a scene, she saw the brows of her new God draw into an angry line, sharp and blue-black as a swallow's wings. How those brows would be able to rage! She knew it already, this man would storm at her for days on end and then entirely forget her existence. But he would always be jealous and exacting in his demands for com-

Continued on page 162

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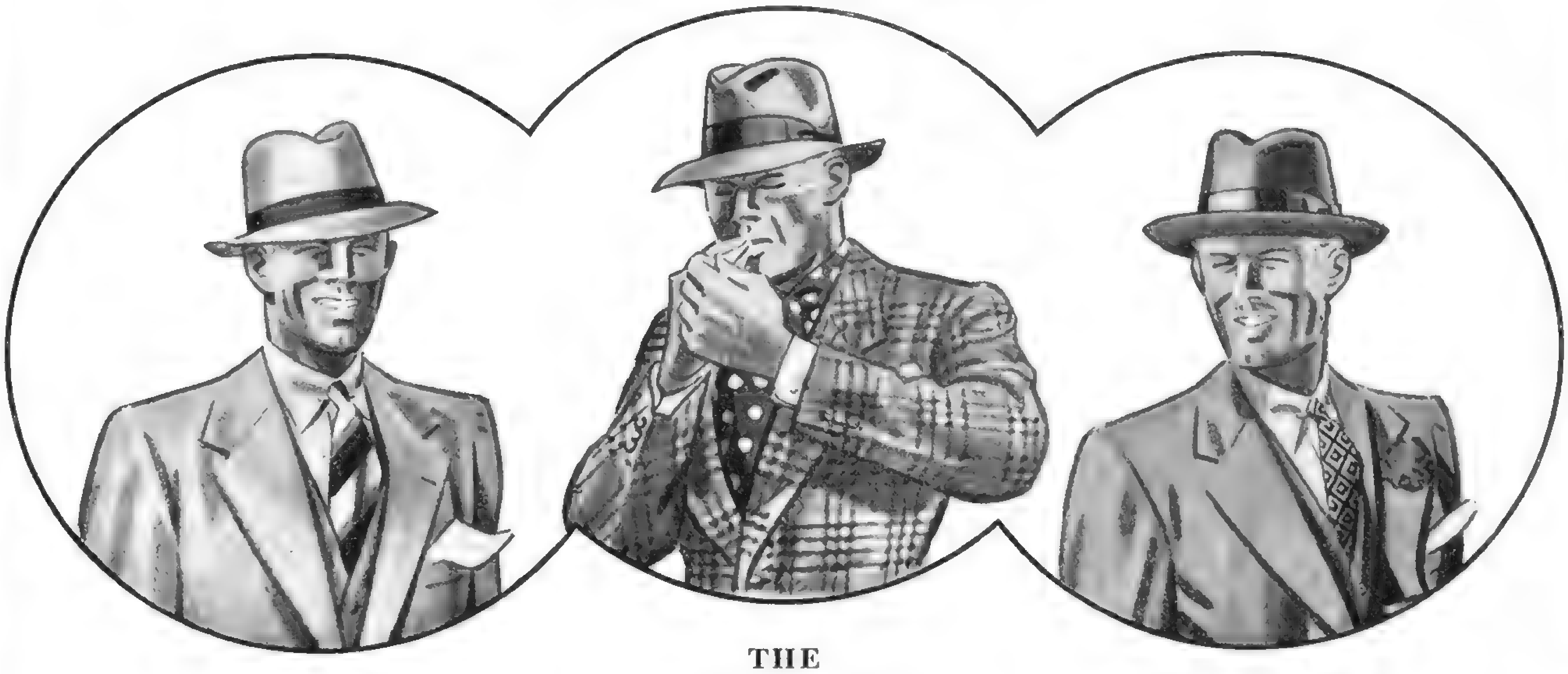

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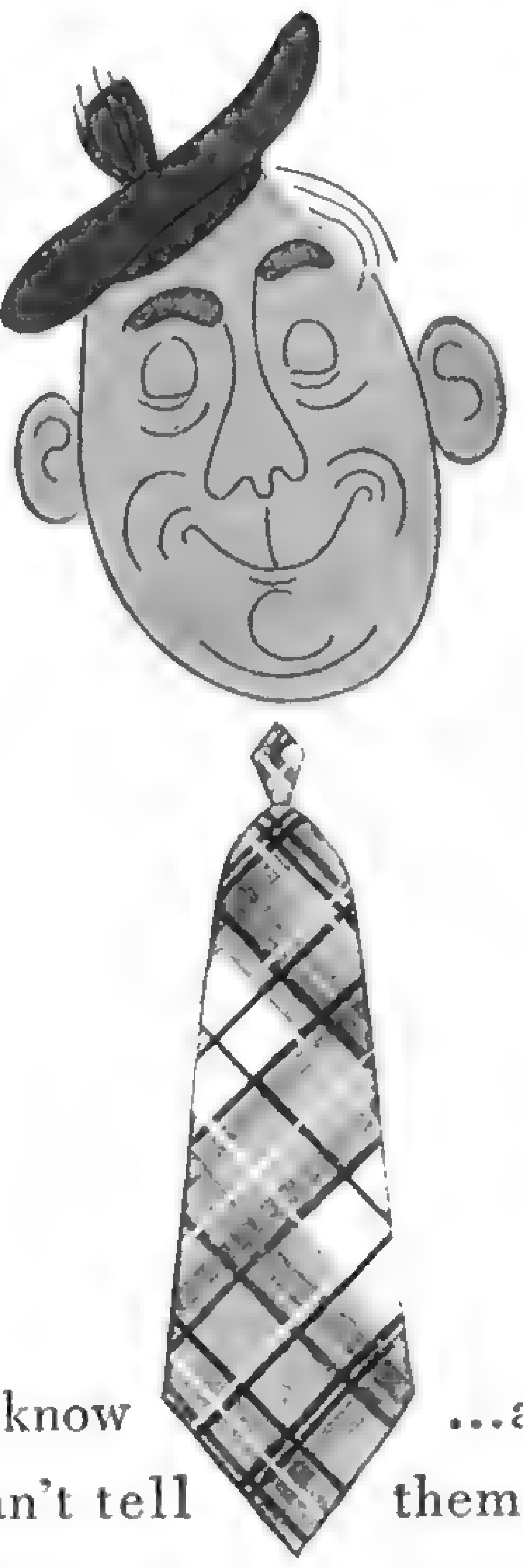

Most folks don't know ...and even their best friends can't tell them...that every Scottish Clan includes not only bearers of the primary family name...such as Ferguson, Stewart or Macbeth...but that there are long lists of family names such as Baxter, Bell, Boyd, Moore and others also entitled to the wearing of a Tartan. Go to your Botany dealer...and check *your* name against his large showing of Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties in authentic Scottish Clans... And even if you don't "rate" a Clan ...you can always wear one. The Scotch are generous that way. These ties are thriftily priced at only $1.

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THE BOTANY TIE MEN'S AND WOMEN'S WEAR FABRICS
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The White Shoes

Continued from pages 76-160

plete and unquestioning adoration on her side. Her lips curved in a half tender, half pouting smile as she anticipated their future together.

"That man annoys me," she burst out suddenly while they were dancing.

"Which man?"

"That one."

"The hunchback in the orchestra?"

"Yes. The one with the accordion."

"What has he done to annoy you, Mademoiselle?"

"He's got a face and a nose and teeth like a death's head."

"You're uneasy, Mademoiselle. Are you superstitious?" Pierre asked anxiously.

"Yes. I'm both. My father died only a fortnight ago."

"Oh!" said Pierre. It was a deep, soft, long-drawn-out "Oh!" of profound sympathy. Then Mado saw a shadow of disapproval dawn and struggle with the other emotions on his face.

"I'll teach you to find fault with me because I come here and dance so soon after my father's death," Mado thought, and she almost smiled. "You wait, I'll teach you!"

But suddenly her face went deep red with anger.

"Why does that skull-faced creature keep on looking at my shoes and grinning? I paid for them! I don't owe him anything!"

"He's not looking at your shoes, Mademoiselle," Pierre replied, mildly astonished. "He's a connoisseur of pretty feet and ankles, that's all." And he added, soothingly, for the last thing he wanted was to start a quarrel with the miserable hunchback, "They are very pretty shoes. Good shoes, too, one can see. No doubt you paid a great deal for them."

"A bargain," Mado smiled, her mouth lifted close to his. "Only five francs, sale price."

She wanted to boast a little, to show off her talent for buying beautiful and elegant things at the price of a song. But just then she had a horrible shock. She felt the balls of her feet grinding on the wooden floor—she had danced through the soles of her new shoes in less than an hour!

"Excuse me a moment, please."

She went to the wall and examined the soles of her feet.

"*Merde*! Oh, *merde!*" she cried, in sweet, heroically anguished tones such as a tragedienne of the *Comedie Francaise* might have used in apostrophizing the impermanence of all earthly things, and more particularly, shoes. "Now I shan't be able to dance with him any more!" She would not have been her father's daughter, however, if her mood had not immediately changed to one of boiling rage. Oh, how she longed to give the *vendeuse* of the shoe shop, the entire staff, the proprietor, and his wife, a piece of her mind! Her fingers tingled with the desire to box their collective ears. Let them call a policeman and have her arrested—but box their ears she must!

She found Pierre standing at her elbow. He was looking at the damage, he even lifted her resisting foot in a big, careless hand to get a better view of it. The round patch of naked skin which showed through the sole seemed to please him. He smiled in a fatherly way.

"Bad luck! But never mind. We'll go on dancing, won't we?"

"Did you ever see anything like it?" Mado fumed, lifting her flushed face and indignantly raised lashes to Pierre. "They've used imitation leather soles—they're only paper, just look at them! *Sacre nom d'un chien!*"

As they danced, Pierre swinging Mado in his arms so that only the tips of her toes touched the floor, they continued to inveigh against the shoe trade in general, against the little salesgirl whom Pierre desired to give a piece of his mind, against the entire social system whose evils had once again been so clearly demonstrated over this scandalous affair of the paper soles. Five francs, after all, was quite a sum of money. If it weren't, argued Mado, would the Banque de France be bothered specially to print blue notes, and important people like the Head Cashier and the *Secrétaire Général* sign them with their own names?

It did not improve Mado's temper to observe that while the hunchback accordion player continued to draw the sweet and melancholy strains of a tango from his instrument he never once took his eyes off her feet, and that his face was wreathed in a grin of fiendish malevolence. Whenever Pierre and Mado danced past him, he would swing his instrument in a respectful half circle towards Mado's feet.

"Look out, you!" Pierre called a contemptuous warning after one of these encounters, for it was beneath his dignity to start a quarrel with such a wretched little specimen of humanity. But the hunchback nodded as if Pierre had told him a good story, his smile was knowing, conspiratorial, triumphant. In honor of this pair of new lovers he began to play the old song which Parisians never grow weary of hearing: *Ça c'est Paris.*

When he and his orchestra had played it over for the third time, Mado announced, "Now the heels have gone, too!" She was almost in tears. "How shall I ever get home?"

"I'll carry you."

"All the way to *Les Gobelins?*" she asked with a flash of tender mockery through her damp lashes.

"Yes," said Pierre calmly.

And he did. When the last of the dancers had left the hall and Mado's feet were almost raw, Pierre carried her home through the grey light of a Paris dawn. Late revellers and early workers called out jokingly at the sight

Continued on page 165

A FAD BECOMES A FASHION

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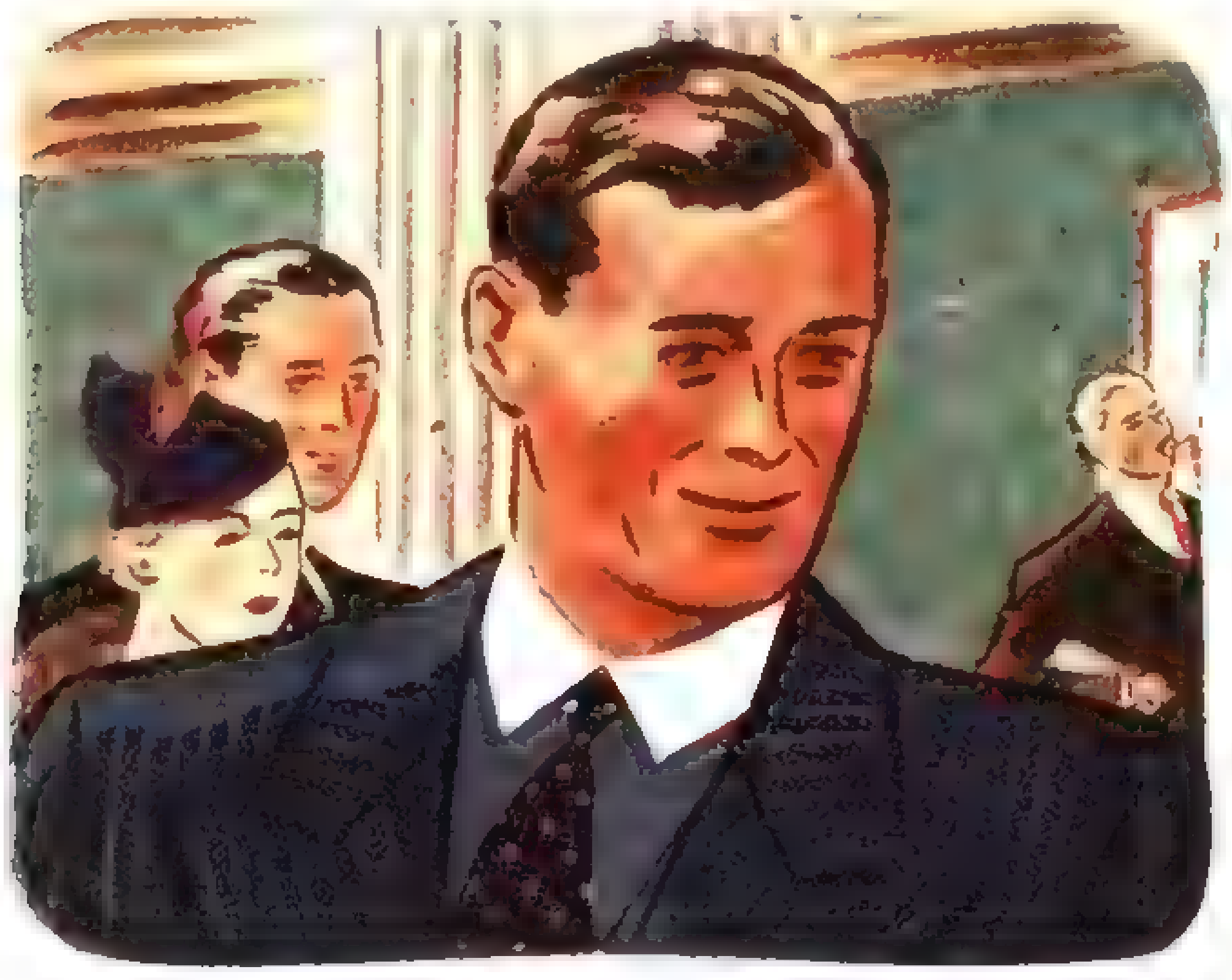

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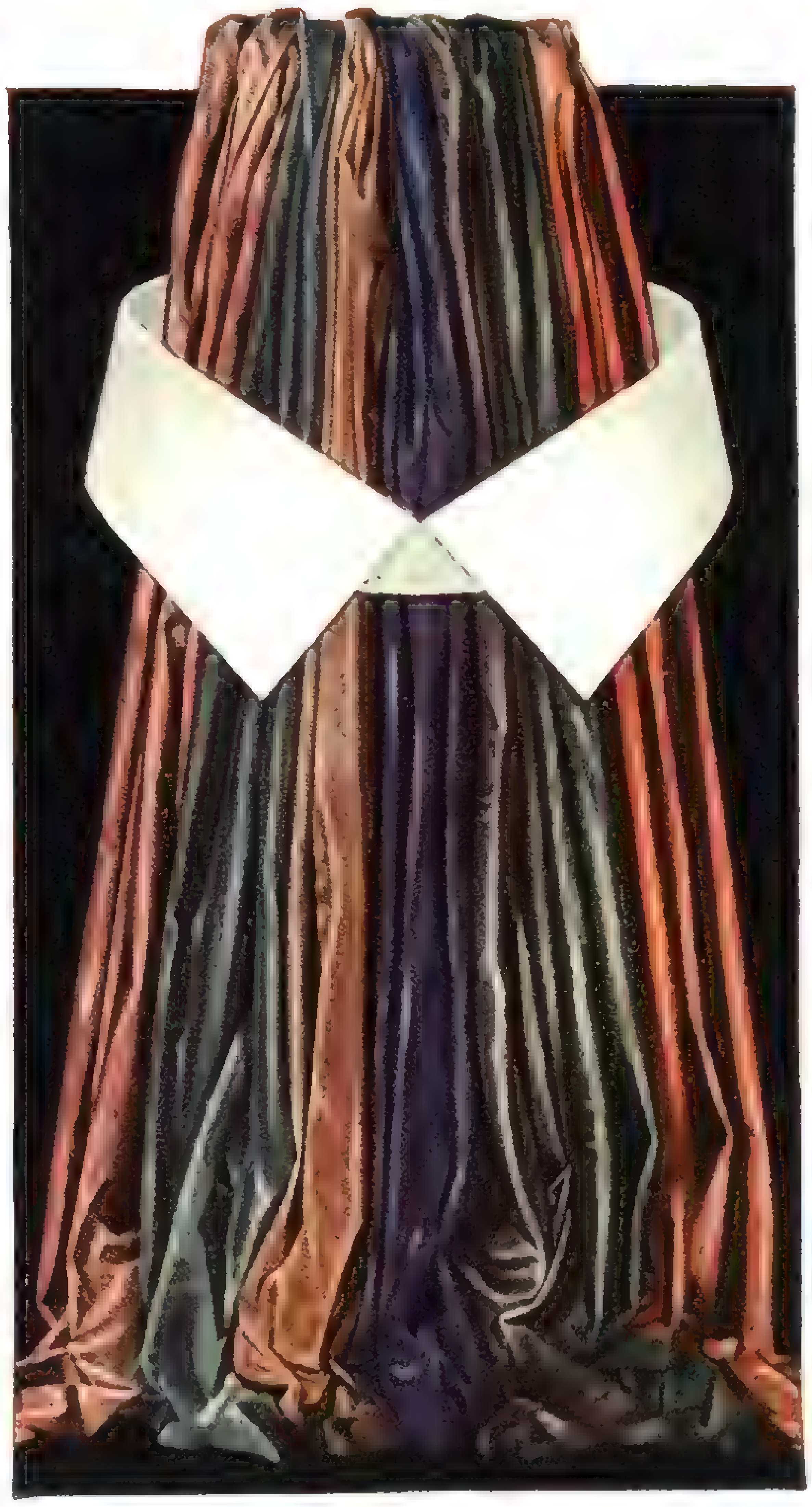

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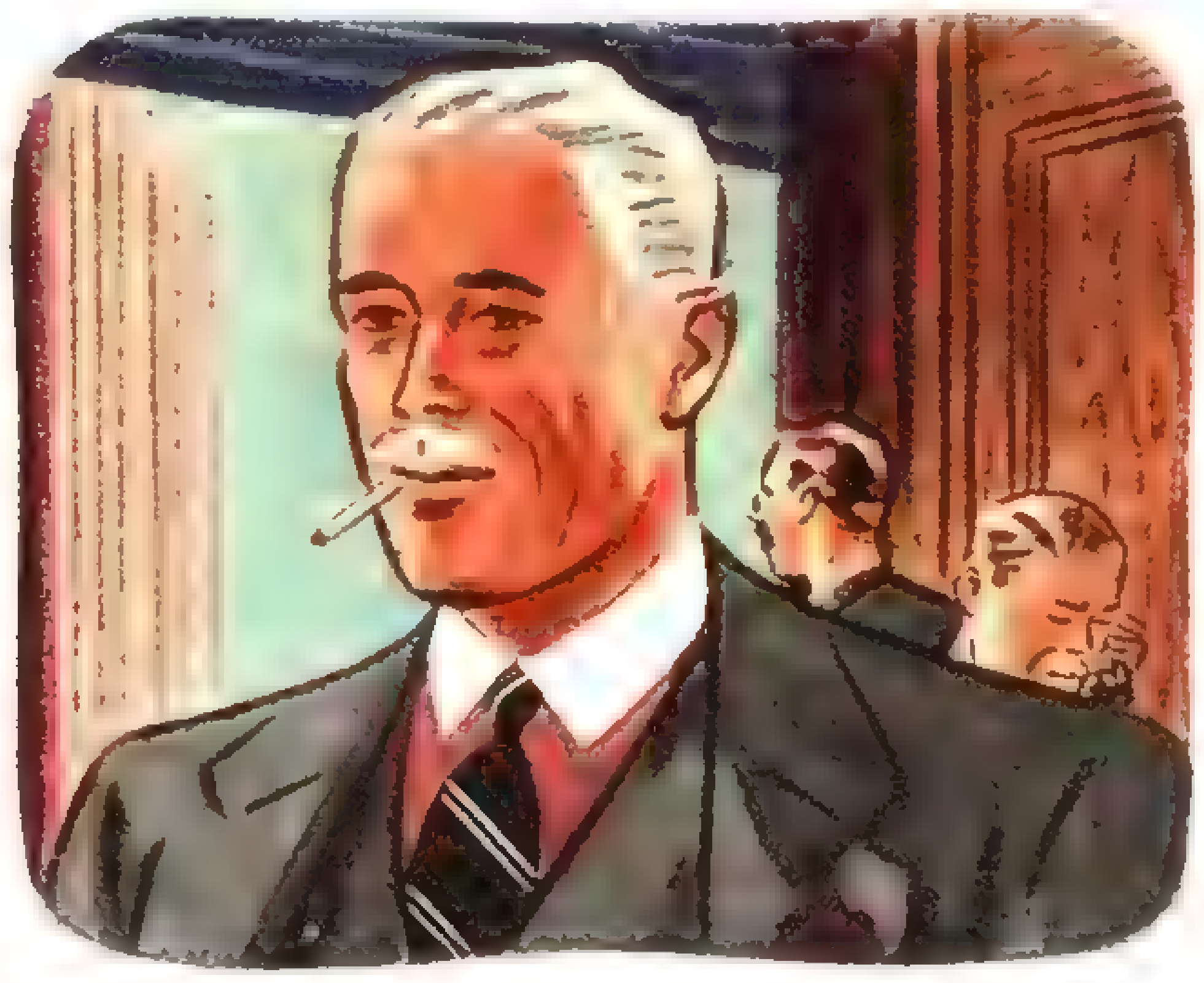

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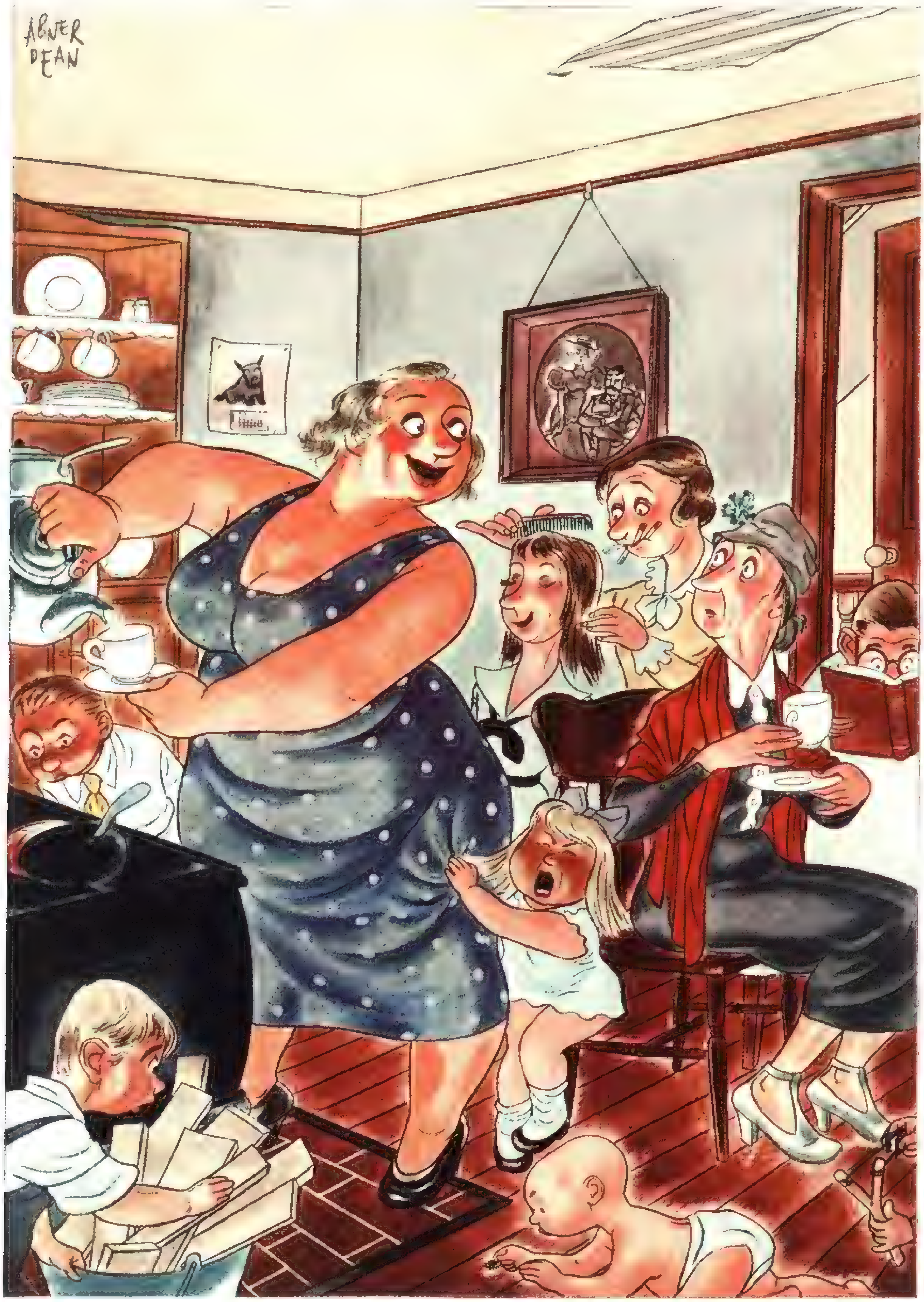

"I always wanted children but my husband didn't!"

The White Shoes

Continued from pages 76-160-162

of them, offering their respect to the endurance of those little feet which were now quite bare save for a few tatters of white satin. Some of them even touched the naked soles in the remnants of dancing slippers, superstitiously, as people touch a hunchback or a sweep for luck. And if any of them—tipsy young students or friendly gentlemen in top hats—tried to go too far, Mado would kick one little foot out sharply from where she nestled in her lover's arms.

When at last they reached a deserted back street Pierre set her down for a moment so that he could kiss her better. As he swung her up again and carried her on, whispering a thousand tender endearments into her hair, they suddenly heard the sound of an accordion quite close. The hunchback was coming towards them, surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen in evening clothes and smartly dressed women. As they drew level, the hunchback swung his instrument in a circular sweep of greeting round Mado's feet, at the same time calling something over his shoulder to his companions at which they all burst out laughing. Mado kicked out violently at his flat, ugly nose. The musician rubbed the back of his hand over his face, called out something to her which she did not understand, but the men and women in evening dress laughed again uproariously, almost doubled up by the piercing wit of the hunchback musician. A moment later they were lost from sight in the uncertain grey light at the end of the street.

The unutterable happiness Mado had experienced the night before on the bed of her lost and now reborn God and Father, did not prevent her from making her way to the shoe shop with a paper parcel under her arm during her lunch hour.

"I wish to speak to the manager, Mademoiselle!" she announced.

The little *vendeuse* could hardly control her features at the sight of this young working-girl who had bought a pair of five franc slippers.

"The manager, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, the manager himself. I've a serious complaint to make."

Before he was summoned, the manager appeared from the office at the back of the shop, like an octopus feeling its way out from a coral grotto through ooze and floating seaweed. He had the appearance of a hungry shark, whose natural predatory instincts had been insufficiently satisfied by a life of honorable commerce. A shark in pince-nez which trembled in confirmation at every word he spoke, seeming to say: Yes, that's how it is!

"What can I do for you, Mademoiselle?"

"I should be glad if you would have a look at these shoes which I bought here for the sum of five francs yesterday evening."

The manager gazed at the shoes, then gazed severely and accusingly at their purchaser, while his pince-nez nodded: I see! I see!

"You danced in these shoes?" he demanded sternly, looking as if he were going to have the owner of the white satin shoes arrested instantly for an offence against public morality.

"Is it not permitted, Monsieur?" Mado enquired with profound scorn. "Is it then not permitted to dance in your shoes, Monsieur?"

"No. It is not permitted," the patron retorted, and the pince-nez on his nose trembled in agitated confirmation: No! It is not permitted! It is not permitted!

Mado gave a short laugh.

"So one may not stand, walk, lie, run, or dance, in the shoes you sell!"

The shark fixed Mado with his watery, gimlet eyes.

"There is only one thing one may do in these shoes: Lie still, and nothing else. Lie still with one's nose pointing to the ceiling."

"I beg your pardon?" Mado asked, growing pale.

"They are corpse shoes, Mademoiselle." The glasses on his nose nodded eagerly: Corpse shoes, Mademoiselle, corpse shoes . . .

When Pierre came to take Mado for a walk that evening he found her in tears.

He hesitated.

"Has anyone here said anything to you because I came home with you last night?" he demanded.

Mado sobbed and shook her head.

"Then Mademoiselle regrets her conduct of last night?"

Mado jumped up and pressed her tear-stained lips fiercely against his cheeks—the right one first, which was accorded special homage on account of the bayonet scar it carried as a relic of the war, and then more hastily the left one.

"I am going to die, Pierre!" she moaned. "I danced with you in corpse's shoes last night, and Death played the music for us."

Pierre laughed when he heard her words. For he was far more superstitious than Mado herself. He stroked his new love's shining black hair with a gentle hand.

"Don't you know? Didn't they teach you at school? In the old days when they wanted to be sure of a long and happy life in a new house, they used to put a skeleton under the foundations."

Mado's expression was attentive.

"You did better than that. You kicked Death himself on the nose with your corpse's shoes!"

Mado's sobs had died down to a short, dry, little girl's gulp in her throat.

"Don't cry, little Mado. Everything will be all right for us." #

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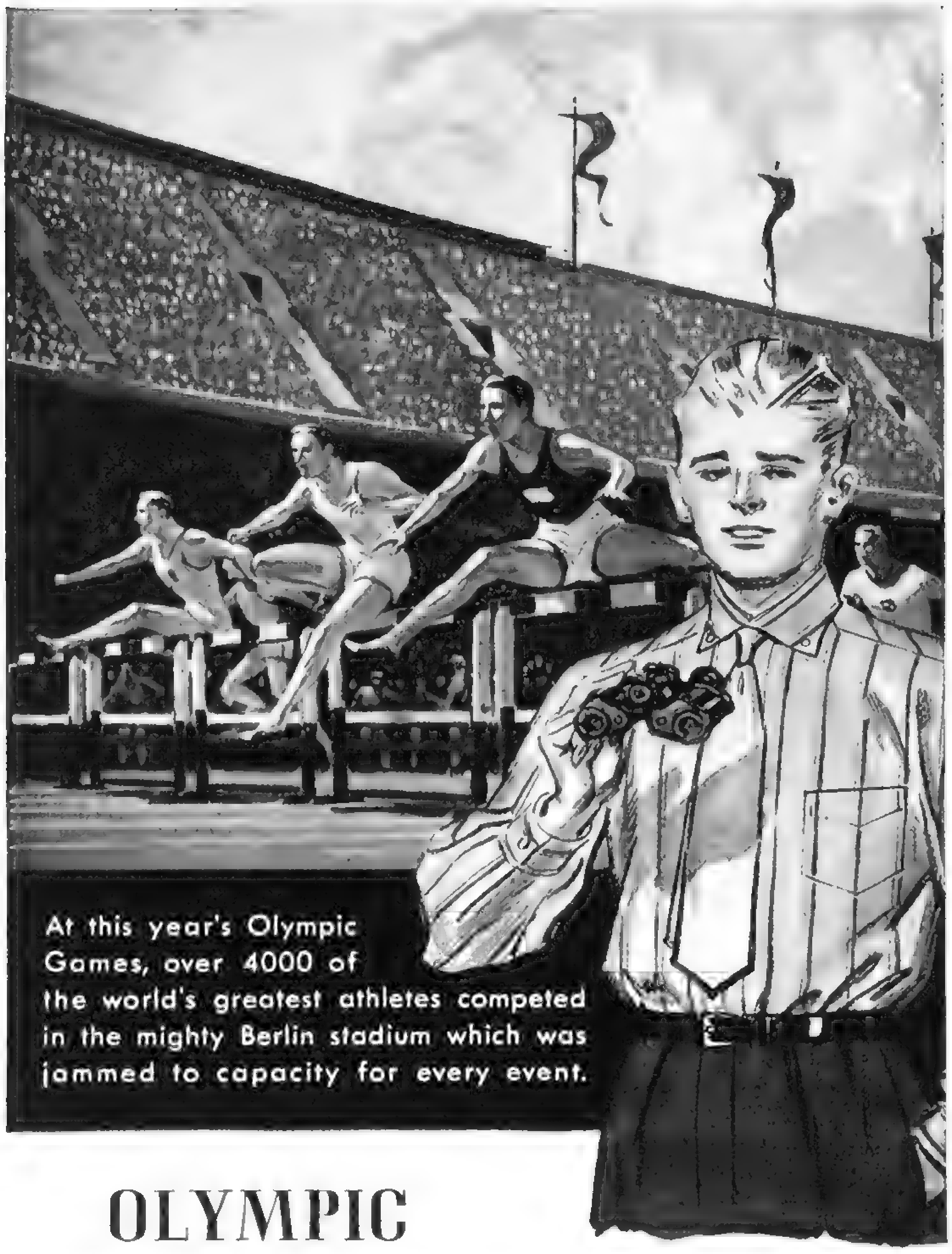
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Calling in the Night

Continued from page 81

desperately to convince himself. Only Julia. He stood straight, ruffling his knuckles across his ribs, feeling each rib separately until he heard his breath come rapidly through his mouth. Slowly he put the other arm into the sleeve of his robe, very slowly. Then he tied the cord and untied it again.

"Henry," his wife called from the stairway.

"Yes," he said and went on again, forgetting to switch on the light.

"Henry," she called wearily. "Hadn't you better turn on the light?"

He did not answer. Thrusting his hands deeper into the pockets of his robe he walked warily on, guided by the grey square of light which entered the window at the end of the hall. George could have heard. He should have heard. He stopped in front of George's door, fingering his throat, then brushing his tousled hair back from his forehead.

"Henry," he heard his wife's voice dimly from the stairway.

If he should open when I call him . . . he thought desperately. If he should . . . he formulated the words precisely, his lips hard with desperate hoping. If he should answer . . . His fingers felt the paneling of the door and found support on them. Fiercely he wanted George's voice to come, even before he called, even before he knocked. But why shouldn't he knock on his son's door? Knock on a grown son's door, never shout, remain austere, serene, the father of grown sons. He shut his eyes and shook his head as if to force serenity upon himself.

"Henry," the cry came impatiently from the stairway.

He took his hands off the door. "George," he called. "George," louder, but no answer came. "George," he cried again.

"Henry, shake him. Why do you stand in the hall calling?" she cried querulously from below.

He opened the door and stood in the dark room and knew that the bed was unoccupied. He had known it all the time, even while he was answering the telephone. He had known it but he had refused to believe it, because believing was impossible. Even now that he was sure, he turned to the light and switched it on and stood gazing upon the untouched bed, at the tennis racket on a chair and at a picture of a queerly green landscape with dim animals. Sheep, he thought. He had known and now he had to believe. He confronted the picture. "Sheep," he said aloud, in the silence of the room his voice seemed to shake him into standing very straight, one side of his mouth twisting upward into a smile. All the time . . . This morning over the ruse of the zinnias . . . hearing their voices . . . later standing between them, seeing her violet blue eyes light up with relief at George's jocosity about Mr. Towers. This evening when George had gone up to his room, he himself had been lying in bed, and the rain had drummed away the fear each time it came, and had drowsed him at last, fiercely not trying to believe.

"Henry," his wife's voice came plaintively.

He turned. He hastened out of the room and reached the stairway, where she still sat, her face turned away from him, heaped and tired in dull expectation. Then he ran back to George's room and turned off the light and shut the door very carefully as if he were shutting something behind it he never wanted to discover again.

When he descended the stairs toward her without speaking she asked: "Is he coming?"

"No," he said. He stopped beside her, touching her hair tenderly. "No, he's not there. He's not in his room," he added at last. "He's out."

She lifted her face and looked incredulously up at him. "Henry, I know George can't be out. Why, he can't be out."

But he saw that she was already believing him, whatever interpretation she might have found for herself. He assisted her down the remaining steps. "No, he must have gone out again," he said kindly, as if George's going out at three in the morning after he had gone up to his room once was a common and expected vagary on George's part, too simple a thing to bother about.

"But he never does that," she said firmly.

At the foot of the stairway they stood uncertain again, each one suddenly conscious of the other's age and frailty. She roused herself first. "Well, George may be out, but we have to go and tell Julia. We've got to tell her at once. I'm going with you."

She walked into the bedroom but he remained leaning against the bannister, untying the cord of his robe. She should not go. She had to remain here and never learn what she should never learn and want to learn. In the sharp light of the room the goldfish flashed orange when they turned past the glossy ferns and a few raindrops still glittered on the panes. "Anna," he said. "I can call Julia on the phone. I can prepare her over the phone. That's better." He walked toward the telephone.

She appeared in the doorway her face contorted with indignation. "You're a child, Henry. What is the matter with you? You must pull yourself together," she cried sternly, and laid her hand on his arm to keep him from the telephone. "You must, Henry. Don't you realize that Merrill's friend could have called her? But he thought it better not. Then why are you so foolish? Why?" Unexpectedly she broke down and cried, leaning heavily against him. "It's Merrill and we have to do something. Why don't we do something?" Then drawing herself straight again she said: "But you're not going to call her. You're not going to, do you hear? We'll go together."

At last they stood together on the porch and he had shut the door of the house. They paused there, struck a little by the incongruity of their being there, as if they were not part of reality, as if they were wandering alien souls deposited there by some grave mistake.

All at once it seemed difficult to go on. There seemed nothing to do but stand still and look at the dripping of the heavy trees and at the small puddles which reflected the street light. Together they gazed up at the sky but saw nothing but darkness.

"Why on a night like this, should George want to go out? That I can't understand," she complained. She drew her robe closer around her, but did not go on.

It seemed that once they had closed the door of their house behind them there was no further impulse toward activity. The black night made them reluctant, the night and that still mass of a house next door, lying waiting, an old animal half in the burrow of the night.

"I don't know," Mr. Chadwick said at last. "I don't see." Vaguely he thought of themselves as two disheveled old wanderers in a play he had seen somewhere. An opera perhaps.

The wanderers had come very far and would never reach their destination. But there had been dismal music rising up around them exuding everything those shapes represented. There was no music here. Nothing but the dull thud of drops falling from trees, then a dog crossing the street, recrossing it, disappearing as if it never had been there, as if it had been a morsel of shadow which had detached itself and scudded away again to make the desolation more complete. He had not managed well. He had managed badly. He had stood stunned and unprepared.

His wits should have prevented her from coming with him. This was not grappling with tragedy. So the weak acted and the distraught. He took a few steps forward as he felt her hand tugging his sleeve and saw her foot move beneath the long white nightgown.

"Henry, we must use our heads," she was saying. They went down the steps together, testing the wet walk gingerly with their slippers. There had been something in her voice denoting that she was the leader. Woman was born and shaped for tragedy, he thought a bit hostilely. But they walked on together, pausing again when they were in front of Merrill and Julia's house.

"And she saying that the quota was full. Wasn't that an odd thing to say?" she complained, peering down the dark street.

"But," he protested, "but Merrill's only hurt."

She shook her head. "Of course, he's only hurt."

Then they stood blackly reflected in the window of the large door.

Hesitation was no longer of any use. He pressed the doorbell firmly, pulling his hand carefully out of her tight grasp. Now he wanted no voices, not George's voice, and not George coming to the door. If you want a thing badly enough you can always get it.

After the fourth ringing he heard faint stirrings in the house and something akin to voices. He pressed the bell again, long.

"I heard her coming," his wife said.

No lights went on. Likely she was peering through the dark house at their shapes visible in the street light. Perhaps it had been George coming to the door first, then running back when he saw who they were, making Julia come instead.

He knew the house, every nook and room of it. In the darkness the door opened and Julia confronted them.

She did not speak. She stood there almost defiantly, expecting them to speak of the other thing, of George being there, he realized suddenly. She did not ask them to come in, but held the door and gazed down upon them. "Julia," Mr. Chadwick began. Now to get it over with. No slow delicate preparations in spite of his wife's fingers pressing on his wrist. He should talk before she started. There was no use preparing for the dead when turning to the dead was almost a matter of relief. "Julia," he repeated. "We just had a telephone call. It came from one of Merrill's friends." He saw her lean toward him a little, sagging a little. "About Merrill. He's not well, Julia. Something has happened."

He paused and looked no longer at her face which was now anxiously extended toward them. And yet she must have been relieved. "Merrill was in an accident. He's hurt. He's in a hospital. He's seriously hurt. We'll have to go to him," he almost blurted out to get finished.

Slowly the door opened wider. "Merrill?" Julia asked. "You must come in. You standing there like that. You must come in," she said huskily.

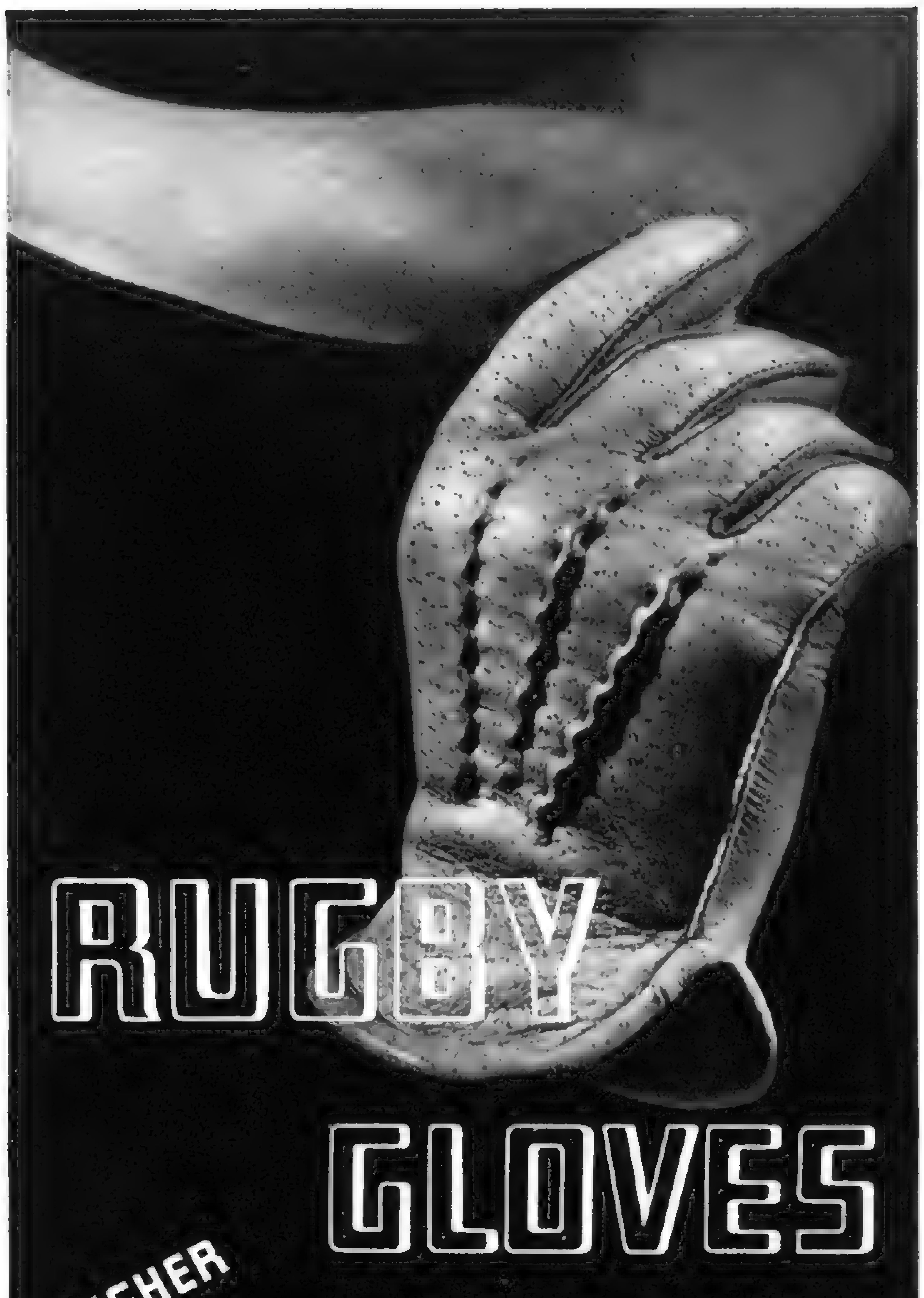
But Mr. Chadwick held his wife back. "No, maybe we'd better not come in. Not if you're all right, Julia. Isn't it better we all go back and dress?"

Julia stepped back into the deeper darkness of the house. "Yes, I suppose we'd better get dressed. I'll put on some clothes. Yes, we'd better get dressed. Yes, I'm all right. I'm quite all right."

Mrs. Chadwick pushed her husband's hand away. "But Julie, what are we going to do? Father will have to drive because George isn't home."

"No, George isn't home," he echoed hurriedly. "But I can

Continued on page 168



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Calling in the Night

Continued from pages 81-167

drive, and maybe he'll show up any minute. He'll show up." He tugged at his wife's arm. "We must hurry, dear. We'll talk later."

"Yes, likely George will be back soon," Julia's voice answered from the dark.

Then they walked toward the house again and heard Julia close the door. "We shouldn't have left her, Henry. Did you see how she looked? Petrified. You are so stupid tonight, Henry. She was stunned, she needs one of us." But she walked tiredly along with him while his arm guided her firmly.

"It's better this way," he comforted, but he stooped over the wet flowers beside his doorstep, lifted their leaves and felt them. "She's all right."

Impatiently she waited at his side, sliding her fingers over his stooped back. "You are awful tonight, Henry. Now in the dark you're looking for bugs. Pull yourself together, Henry."

Perhaps if he looked long at the plants, feeling their stems for caterpillars, feeling their wet leaves for coolness, never listening for George's footsteps through the privet hedge in the back, those footsteps mounting the back stair furtively, then they might yet enter the house and find George there, and all start questioning, explaining, wondering. But he could dally there no longer, not with his wife's fingers trailing over his back and her voice saying that he must pull himself together. He straightened. "We must start dressing at once," he said. But in the house they sat down each on a chair and looked at the goldfish between the ferns.

There were no sounds. But before sounds could come he rose hurriedly. "We've got to hurry," he urged. He pulled suits out of the clothes closet and spread them on the tumbled bed, examining them minutely. He walked unnecessarily in and out of the bedroom.

Slowly his wife had started to comb her long grey hair. They chattered a little about clothes, about the car and the distance, until he heard sounds of footsteps lightly on the back stairway. He ran into the bathroom and turned the tap so that the water spouted hissingly into the washbowl.

A little later he returned to her, holding a clean shirt near his eyes as if he were examining it minutely. "Anna, what a fool I've been. Why I never looked on the porch upstairs. Naturally George went to sleep on the porch in this warm night. Didn't he mention something about that at dinner time?"

"George wouldn't be such a fool as to sleep on that porch in this rain," she said scornfully.

"But the wind is the other way. He'll be there," he continued hopefully.

"Then why don't you run and look?"

He dropped the shirt on the bed and went toward the stairway. "Yes, I'll do that," he said. But as he mounted the stairway he started to go slower. At last he reached the hallway and saw light shine beneath George's door. Falteringly he shuffled toward the light, holding to the wall for support. This time he did not knock. He opened the door and faced George, who was nearly fully dressed and whose eyes were avoiding him.

"You'd better get the car out, of course," he said to George, and he found that his voice came surprisingly level and steady. "We'll be ready in a minute. Of course, we're all going. He'll likely not live." He looked down upon George's head and watched his fingers fumble with his shoe laces. "I guess that's all. You know. There isn't any use saying anything else is there? There aren't any words. Just mileage now and gas and time." Then he shut his lips firmly and turned to go.

George was still stooping over his shoes. He opened the door and shut it carefully behind him. It was done. It was all done. It was even accepted. He realized that he had known for a long time that Merrill was dead. That there was only George left to save for his mother, perhaps eventually to forgive. Eventually. He wondered what forgiving was. After a long tired ride to Chicago, forgiveness, huddling again over plants in the garden, the thoughts groping along with the hands, at last finding everything right and bearable again. If only with the first streak of dawn he could go out now to putter among the plants everything might be much easier. What did one forgive, what good did it do? He found himself gazing toward the east and its cold murky greyness. At last he descended.

"Was he there?" she demanded.

"Yes, I've told him. He'll be ready any moment."

"To think, that he slept through it all. Did he take it calmly?"

"Yes," he said.

"Yes," she continued, shaking her head, "you can take it calmly. You can because you can't realize it, Henry. It still doesn't seem true. But it will be much better that he does the driving, and then Julia can sit with him. They understand each other so well, they understand . . ."

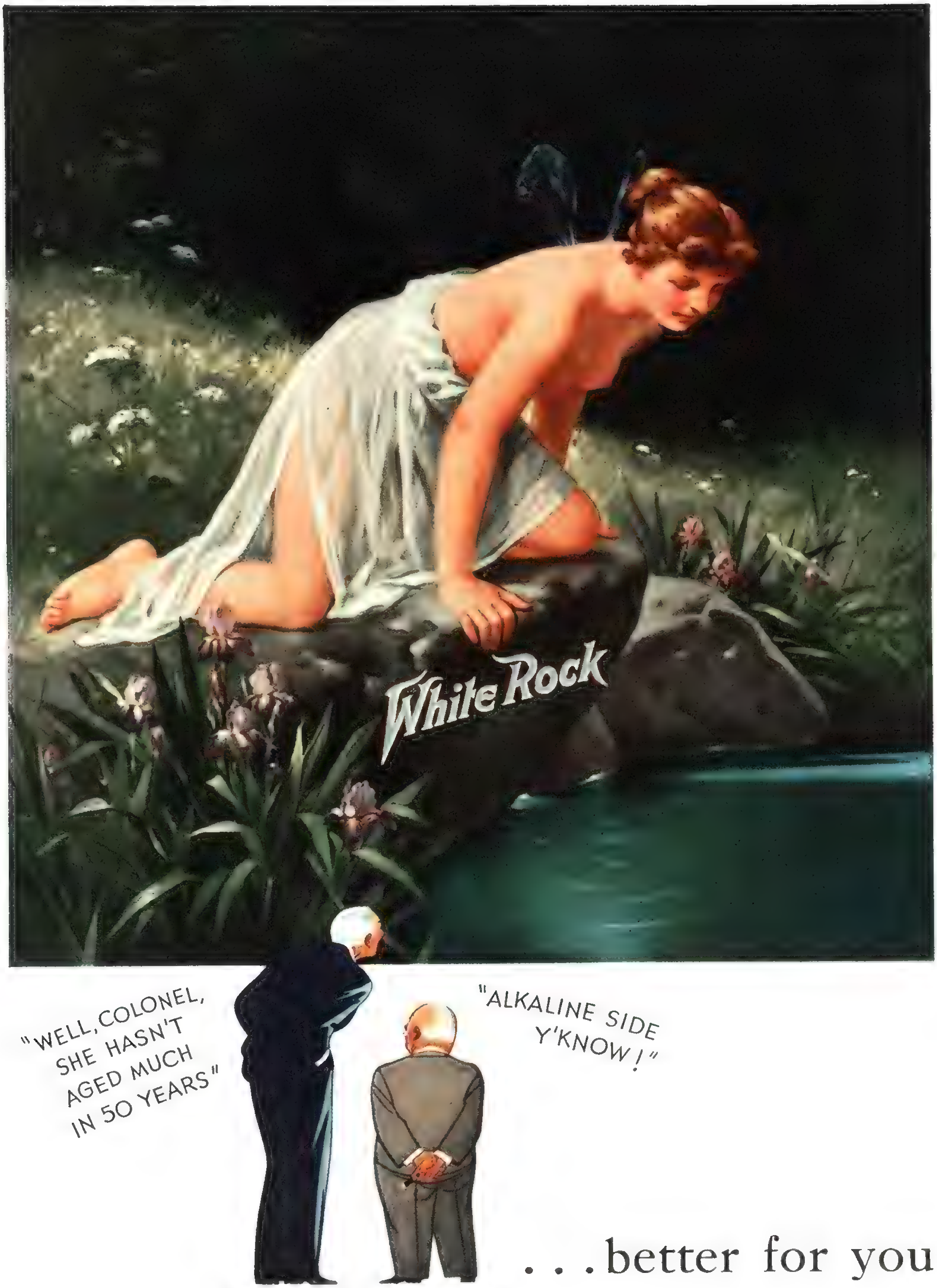
"What do you mean?" he demanded, regarding her fixedly and fearfully.

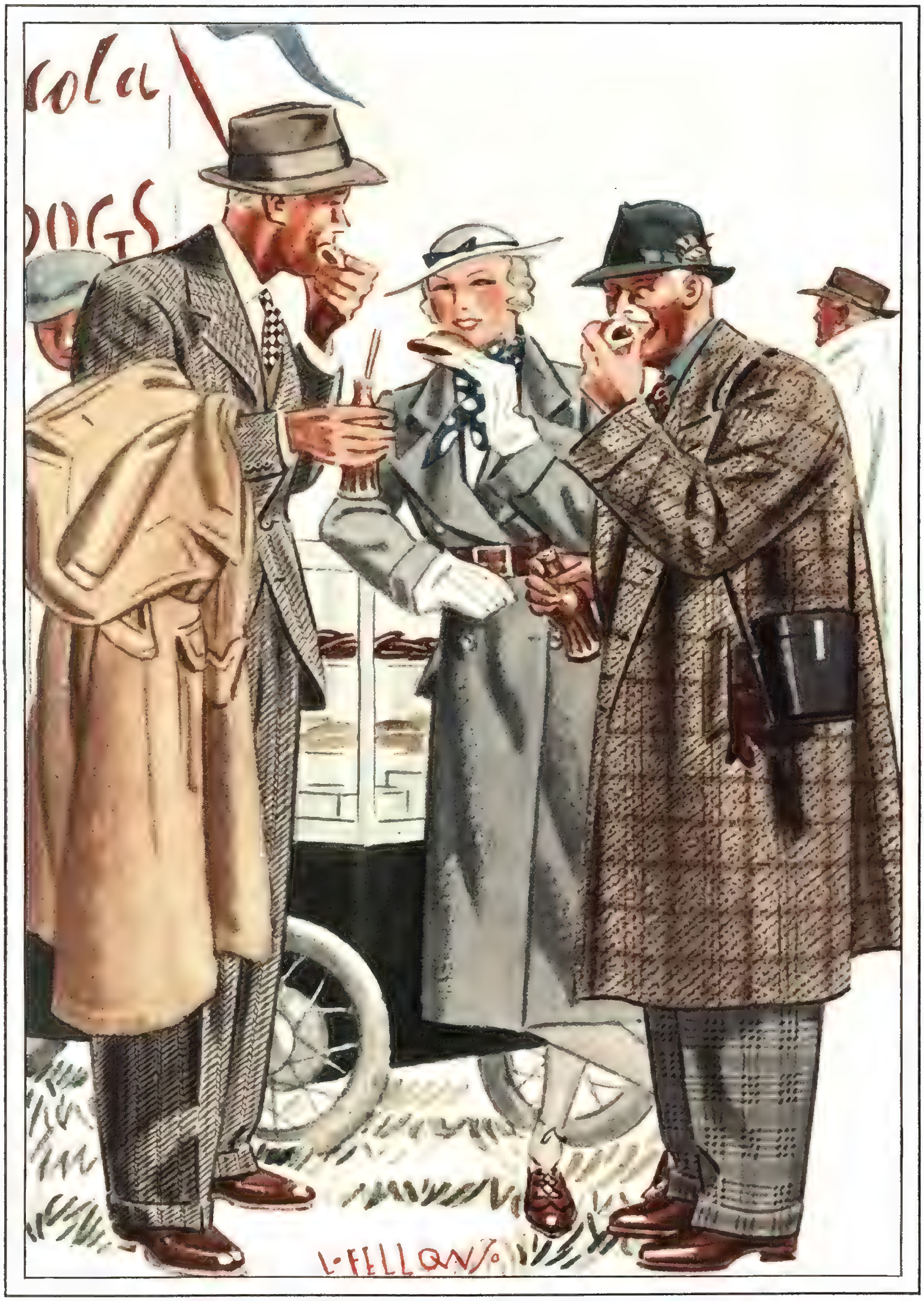
"Why," she stammered, "why, of course they're both young, and they know each other so well and get along together so well . . ."

Again he interrupted, "Just what do you mean?" he cried frantically.

She shook her head at him, "Henry you mustn't," she said soothingly. "Henry, you must keep yourself calm now. This is a time we need all our calmness."

He lowered his eyes. "Yes, I must," he said. ⧺


White Rock
"WELL, COLONEL, SHE HASN'T AGED MUCH IN 50 YEARS"
"ALKALINE SIDE Y'KNOW!"
. . . better for you



THREE WHO PAUSE AS THE HOT DOGS BOIL

Dramatis personae: *Jack*, an undergraduate; *Jane*, a friend; *John*, his or her father; *Alfredo*, a hot dog vendor; *Bystander*, in a pork-pie hat. Time: between halves of early season game. Exeunt *Alfredo* and *Bystander*. *John:* What are you wearing, Jack? *Jack:* A snuff colored hat, a stone colored shirt with wool tie, a silk striped cheviot suit, Norwegian shoes and over my arm the inevitable camel's hair polo coat. What are *you* wearing, John? *John:* About as lively an outfit as becomes a man of my age, consisting of a raglan tweed overcoat with large rust overplaid, a grey Glen plaid Saxony suit, blue Oxford shirt with red and green foulard tie, brown wing tipped brogues and a semi-Tryolean hat. *Jane:* I can't understand how you two have escaped being grabbed off by the big broadcasting interests; you sound twice as natural as any radio script. *Alfredo*, returning: Hotta dog, bologney!

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Good Cellars for Roof Raising

Continued from page 101

friends, will call for some laboratory work. But it is all the pleasantest sort of experimentation, not to mention the by-products that may astound you. As our palates cool off from the effects of the flaming years of bath-tub compounds, we are becoming discriminating and quality is appreciated in a host, as well as quantity.

Also, if you cock your ear at the bars you can soon learn what most men prefer. Or just sit in a receptive mood and learn about the women.

The sample cellar listed is a combination of all ten and is as simple as possible. The prices are only approximate, as the varying state taxes make many differences. The unit is one bottle but anyone who does not live over a liquor store will probably want to carry the cellars in higher multiples.

1 Bottle Dry Gin	$ 1.50
1 Bottle French Vermouth	1.50
1 Bottle Rye Whiskey	3.00
1 Bottle Italian Vermouth	1.50
1 Bottle Bitters	.75
1 Bottle Scotch	3.50
1 Bottle Port	2.50
1 Bottle Sherry	2.50
1 Bottle Excellent Brandy	4.00
1 Bottle Rum	3.00
1 Bottle Pernod, Ojen, or Oxygene	3.00
1 Bottle Champagne	4.00
1 Bottle Liqueur	4.00
	$34.75

A hospitable roof offers a generous cellar. ⧺

The Golden Land

Continued from page 41

The two boys nodded, looking down at the ground.

As they came up to the train again they saw a shack by the side of the tracks. A group of men was standing by the open door. Some of the men had on state policemen's uniforms.

"They probably check up on everybody who crosses over," said the man from California. "Just to make sure . . . It's a good idea."

As they came to the shack a state policeman stepped out in front of them and said, "Inside, boys."

They went inside and took their place in a line with a dozen other men. The line moved slowly forward.

An officer seated at a table took the name of the man from California.

"How much money you got?" he asked him.

The man reached in his pocket. He looked embarrassed.

"Well, this is all I got with me," he said. "I been sort of short of cash lately. But as soon as I get to the Coast I'll be all right." He smiled up at the officer and said, "I'm a native son, you know. I've just been away for a little while."

The officer stared at him.

"I suppose you do this to sort of check up on any . . . uh . . . fugitives from justice, don't you?" said the man. "It's a good idea."

"You'll have to go back," said the officer.

The man looked up quickly, then gave a short laugh.

"How do you mean, go back?"

"You can't get in," the officer said. "You haven't got enough money. You can't get into California if you're broke, that's all."

The man gave another laugh.

"But listen, I come from California," he said. "And I know lots of people there. Why, I know . . ."

"That's all right," said the officer, wearily. "Everybody knows lots of people . . . until they get there."

"But I have to get back," the man said. "I came all this way and . . ."

"It's tough, buddy, I know," said the officer. "But that's the way it is. We got enough bums in California now. We had to do something about it, and so . . ."

"But I'm not a bum," said the man. "I just been out of a job, that's all. I never had to do anything like this before. I . . ."

"I know, I know," said the officer. "It's too bad, but that's the way it is."

Another officer stepped up to the man and touched him on the sleeve, motioning toward the door with his head. The man took a step forward, then stopped.

"But where'll I go?" he called back over his shoulder.

The officer behind the desk didn't seem to hear him.

The man went out.

Soon the two boys came out too. They walked up to where he was standing. No one said anything.

After a time they picked up their things and began to walk away, back in the direction from which they had come.

It was getting late now and behind them, in the west, the blue sky was slowly becoming golden, vast and beautiful and luminous above the immeasurable sweep of the desert.

Suddenly Harry stopped and put down his suitcase. He faced the others.

"Where the hell are we going, anyway?" he said.

They looked at him for a second or two, but without answering. Then they all started to walk once again.

Behind their backs the western sky was throbbing with light. But they did not turn around again to look at it, walking back in the direction from which they had come.

In the silence of the approaching night the only sound was the scrape of their feet against the unyielding surface of this hard and barren earth. ⧺

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Mystifying the Man who Mystifies the Public

by **BLACKSTONE**

World's Foremost Magician

Magic is bread and butter to me. I earn my living by mystifying the public with such famous illusions as the apparently disembodied and living head of a woman. Yes, I've amazed and baffled millions of theatre goers the world over with this trick and many others. But the tables were turned the other day at the Gillette factory in Boston. This time I was the one who was amazed and baffled during an inspection tour of this truly marvelous plant where Gillette Blades are manufactured.

I found sheer mechanical magic—wonders I can't explain—on every floor of this scientific factory. I stood wide-eyed with astonishment as I watched the operation of the automatically controlled furnaces in which Gillette steel is hardened. On each furnace is a magical black box. In this box is a steel strip of exactly correct hardness for perfect razor blades.

Then—as the steel in process passes through the furnace it must match this bellwether strip for hardness. If the slightest variation occurs—presto chango!—the temperature in the furnace is automatically raised or lowered to bring the steel to the exact required temper for perfect blades.

No less mystifying is a remarkable device that "sees" through steel. Every coil of Gillette steel is submitted to this searching test. No hidden flaws can escape.

And I was amazed to discover that the edges of the Gillette Blade are so sharp that they are positively invisible. I was unable to see them even with the aid of the most powerful microscope.

I could write on and on about the marvels I saw. But summing it all up—when the scientific wonders in this plant can mystify a professional magician—isn't it natural that the Gillette Blade shaves stubborn bristles with magical ease? I am convinced that every Gillette Blade shaves you in perfect comfort because every Gillette Blade is itself perfect. It's a mystery to me how any man could shave with any other blade.

With these important facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Godiva in Taxco

Continued from page 85

anticipated me, and was already seated at a table with two other young men to whom he was obviously recounting his meeting with me. I heard one of his companions murmur, "Absolutely priceless!" in a weary monotone.

I glanced swiftly at the other tables and noted a spare, gray-headed gentleman mournfully caressing a drooping mustache and moodily sipping his drink. There were half a dozen or so young men in a striking variety of costume that by its very dissimilarity became similar. Polo shirts, smocks, flowing ties—the kaleidoscopic paraphernalia of Art was strangely drab. There were not more than three or four women at the most. Two, I recall, looked fifty acting thirty; bright red fingernails, a complexion whose thin topsoil was cultivated with hopeful care; scarlet toenails protruding through the straps of their huaraches.

My inspection was interrupted by the suave voice of the bus. I turned around to see the yellow-haired young man beckoning to me.

"Oh I say, won't you sit down?"

As I hesitated he went on, "We're all going out to Eve's for tea later. Is she expecting you?"

"No. I didn't tell her in my letter just when I would arrive."

"Oh I say, do sit down. *Do.*"

He pulled out a chair; I could not gracefully refuse.

He waved at the others. "This is Charles and this is Dirk. This is Mr.— Mr.— uh—"

"Morton."

"Mr. Morton. I was telling Mr. Morton about Eve's peculiarity. I told him he should pay no attention to it, don't you think so?"

"Rather," said the young man on my left.

"Assuredly," echoed the other.

"It may be rather startling, but we all think it's best that she keep her illusions, poor girl."

"Who's going to the tea today?" asked Charles.

"Mr. Morton will have a drink," said my bus companion. "Berta, *uno tequila* cocktail."

"Ev'ybody as usual," said Dirk. "Of cou'se."

"Are you coming to the tea, Mr. Morton?" asked Charles.

"Certainly," my bus companion answered for me. "He came down to Taxco just to see her."

"You don't say!" said Dirk, using double exclamation points.

"I told you," said yellow hair, "that he knew nothing about her peculiarity. Absolutely nothing." He turned to me. "You *will* be careful not to disillusion her, won't you?"

Everybody at last came to the cantina. My bus companion, whose name I learned was Harry, took charge of me, called a *mozo* to carry my bag, and herded everybody together for the walk out to Evelyn's house.

The house was like any Mexican house: an unprepossessing wall of cracked adobe in which was set a massive door of heavy wood. Harry opened the door without knocking and led the tea party *en masse* into the green patio. A fountain splashed in the center; the *corredor* was massed with flowers. Harry dismissed the *mozo*, leaving my bag near the entrance, and then he called, "Eve! Eve! Here's ev'ybody and an old friend."

I heard Eve's voice, as gently soothing as I had remembered it. "Who is it?"

"Mr. Morton, a lawyer, friend of yours."

She gave a gasp of surprised pleasure. "Jack, is it you?"

"Yes, Evelyn."

She became at once apologetically regretful. "I'm sorry, Jack; you can't see me till after the tea party. Then we'll have a good talk."

Was this an invitation to leave? "When do you want me to come back?" Harry made a sign which I did not understand.

"Jack, don't you dare leave! You stay right here for tea. But you can't see me till the others have left."

Puzzled, I saw Harry looking at me again. I caught his signal, but, still bewildered, I followed him into the room off the *corredor*. He whispered in my ear: "Don't you remember what I told you? She likes to be invisible at her tea parties, thinks it gives them that certain something. It does."

The room was a *sala*, furnished with native Mexican crafts. Evelyn always had good taste, and I could see that she had not lost it. We, "ev'ybody," took our places around the empty tea table. One of the women whom I had noticed in the cantina—her name, she informed me in a damp whisper, was Margot—made use of the time to tell me about the assembled geniuses. All of them either wrote or painted, and all of them were so far unrecognized by the undiscerning public. I had the good manners to repress my thoughts, and was fishing about for a noncommittal answer when I heard Evelyn's cheery voice outside. "Just a minute everybody. I'm bringing the tea things in."

She came in carrying a tray of tea things.

I was quite unprepared.

I knew that she thought she was invisible. I knew that she was not invisible. What I did not know was that the illusory magic of this fancied invisibility necessitated complete nakedness.

My jaw dropped and I could feel the eyes popping out of my head. Evelyn had been a pretty woman when I had last seen her, a youthful, smiling, gay woman with a well moulded figure. She was still all of that; whether it was the magic of undress that gave her a new radiance in my eyes I cannot say. She seemed now taller and younger and infinitely more beautiful. Then I noticed the small bead necklace around her neck.

She saw me staring and laughed. "Why Jack, I do believe that I frightened you out of ten years' growth. Didn't the boys warn you?"

"Yes, they did."

"Still you could hardly believe it?" She went over to put the tray on the table. "I can't blame you a bit. If I had seen a tea tray floating through the air like that a few years ago I would have been frightened too. Or this." She picked up a sandwich and began to eat it. "Did you ever see a sandwich disappear into thin air like this before?" She gulped it down and I saw her throat move with the effort of swallowing.

"I never saw anything like it before," I said, rather weakly. I looked over at "ev'ybody" to see how they were taking it. They went on talking and paid not the slightest attention to Evelyn. It was an old story to them.

Evelyn drew a chair up to the table. "That's what I meant when I said that you couldn't see me until after the party. I like parties like this. A whim, I suppose. Everybody else likes it too." She picked up the tea pot and began to pour. As she handed me my cup she said joyfully, "Isn't it weird?"

I assured her that it was.

When everyone was served, Evelyn stood up. "Now you go on just as if I weren't here. Out of sight, out of mind, you know." She began to walk slowly about the room, aimlessly at first, flicking an imaginary speck of dust from a chair back, straightening a rug. I watched her every moment as much as I could without letting her see that I was looking in her direction. She came finally to stand by me; I could see her out of the corner of my eye. Then she sat down on the arm of my chair. "Don't jump, Jack," she said. "Isn't it just too good to be true?"

I was assailed by many misgivings; one of my greatest problems was where to stay. Evelyn had written that she had a large house and many servants, and could easily put me up. I felt that I could not stay in the house if Evelyn continued to be "invisible." I felt that neither she nor I could afford to risk the scandal, which shows how little I knew about Taxco.

I was relieved at her words as the last of the guests took his leave. "Just a minute Jack. I'll make myself visible, and then we can have a good talk."

She was down again in a short half hour, clad in a dainty summer dress that in its own modest fashion merely hinted at the superb figure beneath. She came in smiling welcome. For the first time we shook hands.

"It's good to see you, Evelyn, looking so natural."

Our small talk was what it might have been; I found her, as Harry had said, perfectly normal in every other respect. Her mind was as keen as ever. Indeed I found it hard to believe the memory of my senses; the tea party seemed like an adolescent dream.

For the first two days nothing occurred to remind me of the tea party. My routine business was easily and quickly settled with Evelyn's help; I found her mind as alert as it had always been. The atmosphere of the town was delightfully langorous, a balmy soporific to the senses. I enjoyed myself and I enjoyed Evelyn's company. I had always found her attractive; but now she had gained some added witchery. We took long walks together; we stopped in at Berta's for a drink or two. I found myself more and more reluctant to take my leave.

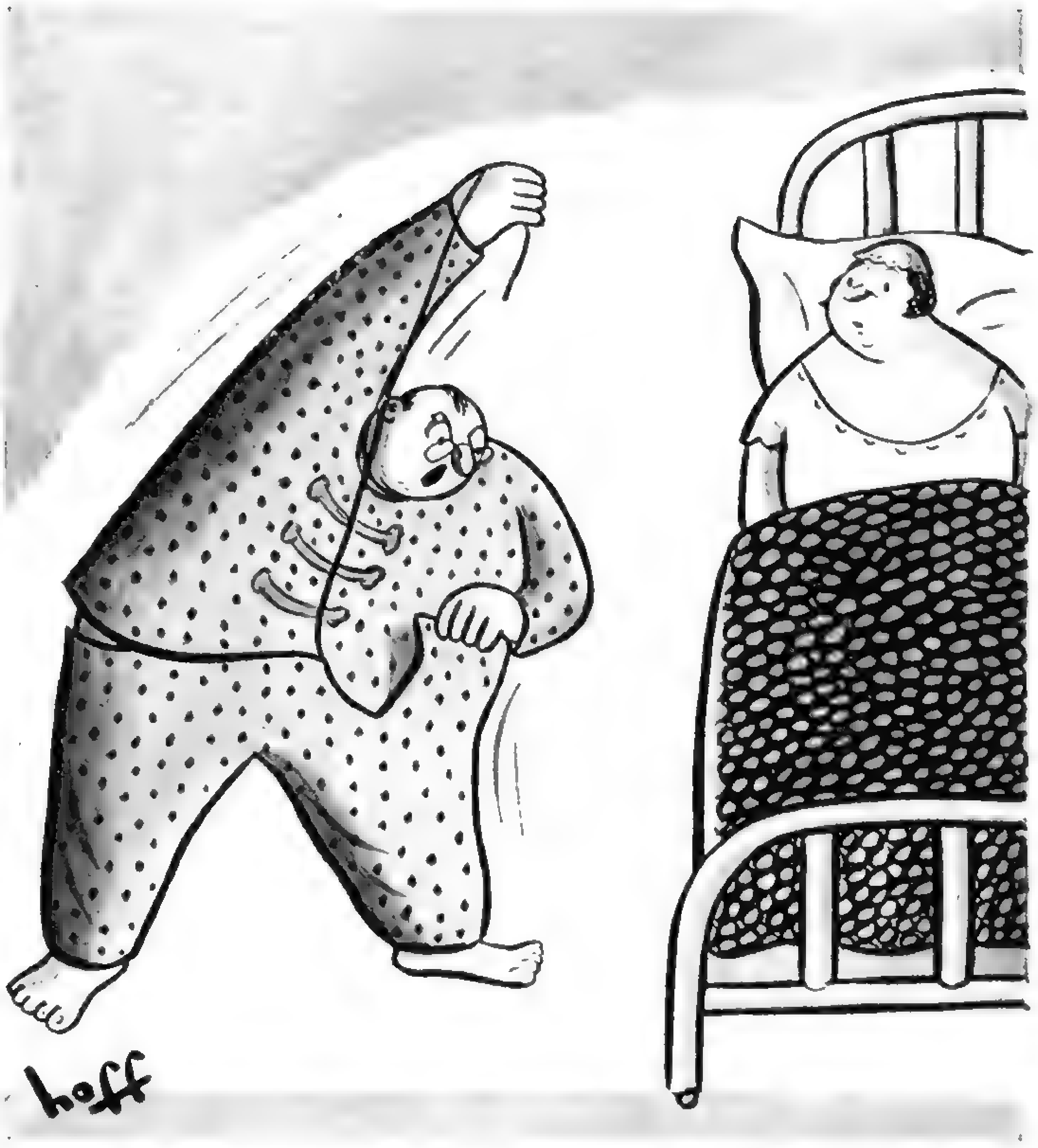
I was attracted to Evelyn, as I have said. I noticed, too, at first with pleasure, and then with embarrassment that she felt a similar attraction for me. It was first evident as it is evident with any woman: her attentive listening, the warm pressure of her hand, the softness of her eyes when we were together. Then it became even more evident in other ways.

I was reading a not very interesting book in the library when I heard the curtain at the door rustle slightly. I glanced up and saw Evelyn, naked but for the magic necklace, enter the room. I hastily returned my eyes to the now blurred print, but out of the corner of my eye I watched her movements. She stood in the doorway for nearly a minute, staring at me intently, with such warmth in her eyes that I was almost frightened. Then she moved on tiptoe nearer, and sat down in a chair directly in front of me. The chair creaked slightly as she sat, and she immediately froze into complete immobility. I riveted my attention on my book and took no notice. She soon relaxed her tense stillness and bent forward, putting her elbows on her knees. For five minutes her eyes never left my face; she studied it with the intense and unself-conscious scrutiny that she might have given to a photograph. At last she rose carefully, blew a kiss in my direction, and tiptoed from the room. Fifteen minutes later she reappeared, completely clothed. She yawned ostentatiously, stretched her lovely arms in a catlike gesture and said, "I've just had a lovely nap."

That was the first, but not the last time. She began to follow me about, always looking at me with eyes of devoted tenderness. I might glance up from the papers I was looking over to see her standing beside me in her invisible nakedness, studying my face.

I at last became so accustomed to this that I paid no notice. By her ever-presence she had at last

Continued on page 174



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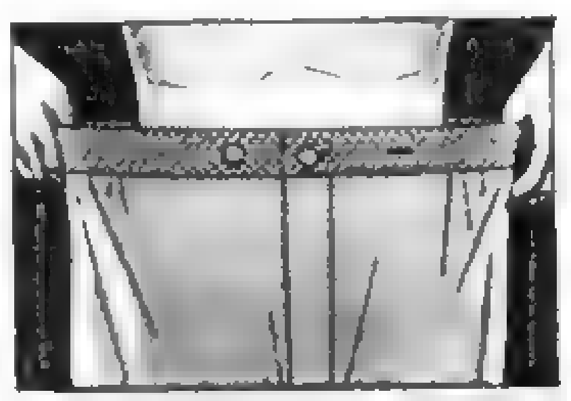

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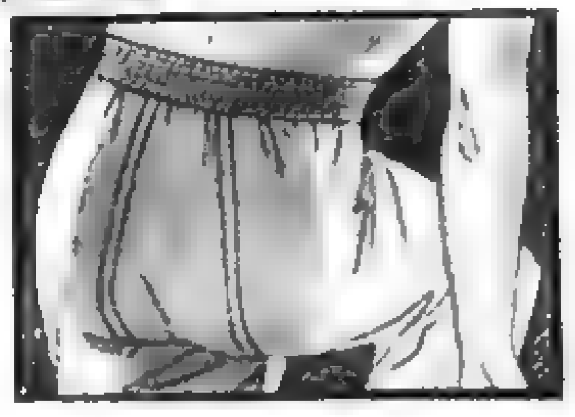

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If you do not live near one of these stores write to "Hardwick," 1440 Broadway, New York City

Godiva in Taxco

Continued from pages 85-173

acquired a psychological invisibility in my consciousness. But I never thought that she would follow me to my bath.

The bathroom was a high-ceilinged pink and blue mausoleum that contained an ancient tin tub. I was sloshing luxuriously in the luke-warm water when I heard the door open softly. I knew enough not to turn around to look; I waited hoping to hear the door again to tell me that she—it must be she—had gone out again. I washed myself twice over, waited in the cooling water as long as my patience would permit. Perhaps I was wrong; it was unjust to suspect her of such peeping games. I rose and reached hurriedly for a towel. There she was in the far corner of the bathroom, watching my every movement. I wrapped the towel hastily about my waist and, seizing my bathrobe, scurried for my room.

That night, as I was getting into my pajamas I heard a hinge squeak softly. I completed my preparations for bed with as much nonchalance as I could manage, and hopped under the covers. She was standing in the corner by the bureau. I closed my eyes and pretended sleep. After an interminable interval I heard the soft pad of bare feet on the tile floor, and sensed the warm fragrance of her body near my face. I opened one eye the fraction of an inch and saw her bending over me, not six inches from my face. She bent still lower and kissed me lightly on the forehead, then straightened up and went out on tiptoe . . .

At breakfast I told her that I had to leave that very day. The disappointment in her face, the beseeching glance, the unuttered words of protest tore my heart. I wavered, but, thank the Lord, I did not yield. After all, I am a married man, and if Martha should ever find out—

Evelyn began to chat gaily, struggling to hide her disappointment, talking about this and that, about the estate, home, and, finally, about her power of invisibility.

"You know," she said, "I have an unquenchable curiosity about the lives of other people. One of these days—soon—I'm going to find out how the other half lives." She paused, waiting for my grunt of encouragement.

"This wonderful power that I possess," she went on, "will enable me to find out anything that I want to know. I'm going into town and look into all of the houses and watch the darling Indians eat their beans and tortillas, go about their daily tasks, and live their simple lives. Then I'm going to write a book."

I had a sudden horrible picture of this bobbed haired, pedestrian Godiva, my client, parading through the streets of Taxco. "Oh, no," I said with vigor. "You mustn't."

"Why not? Lots of people write books."

"Yes, yes, of course. But I mean going around invisible, prying into people's lives like that. It's not decent."

She laughed. "What they don't know won't hurt them."

I groped desperately for a valid objection. "They're superstitious, you know. I wouldn't want to be around if they saw—tea things floating through the air, you know."

She brushed this aside. "But I wouldn't carry anything at all. No, I wouldn't frighten the poor dears for the world. I'd just look, and they wouldn't know that I was there. You'd be surprised if *you* knew the things I can see and do when I'm invisible."

"I'm sure I would," said I.

The full import of this idea left me weak. I had some responsibility for Evelyn aside from my friendship for her. I could not leave her while she cherished this plan. I asked about the necklace.

"Jim brought it home from the Orient. It was supposed to have this magic power, but he never discovered the secret; nor did I until I got to Taxco."

"How did you discover it?"

"Oh, I told Harry about it; and then everybody thought it would be a good idea to try it out. So I did, and it worked. Isn't that just too marvelous?"

"I suppose it is. Tell me, when did you think of going around invisible to look in all the houses?"

"That was Dirk's idea. He suggested it some time ago, and I've had it in my mind ever since."

"I see. There's one other thing. Do you have to wear the necklace to be invisible?"

"Of course," she said. "That's it. And—" she lowered her voice —"I'll tell you a secret. That's all I can wear. Isn't it killing?"

I excused myself and went upstairs mumbling something about having to pack. Instead of going to my room, I went to Evelyn's with the intention of ransacking the place if necessary to find the necklace. Fortunately, I found it quite easily in the bottom drawer of the wardrobe. Jamming it into my pocket, I hurried to my room and packed as quickly as I could.

It was the only solution to the problem, short of taking Evelyn home with me by force, or of murdering Harry and Dirk and Charles and "ev'ybody" else. Nevertheless, I felt somehow guilty as I said good-bye to Evelyn, and again I felt a surging reluctance to leave her. I saw the tears start to her eyes, and, as the bus jounced down the steep cobbled street, I looked back to see her waving a slow

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WASHINGTON, Stetson Shoe Shop
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YOUNGSTOWN, Scott & Bergman

wistful gesture of farewell.

That is almost all there is to tell, except for the tragic sequel. I like to tell myself that I did the only thing possible; nevertheless that guilty feeling persists. Against my reason I cannot help holding myself responsible for Evelyn's death.

As I heard later, she was quite broken up over the loss of the necklace; but she recovered too soon. She had lost the power of invisibility, and for some obscure reason which I will leave to the psychologists to fathom, she conceived the idea that she was a locomotive. She began to dog trot about the streets of Taxco, fully clothed to be sure, but always saying to herself in an explosively sibilant whisper, "choo-choo, choo-choo, choo-choo-choo."

When she came to a cross street she would simulate the whistle of a locomotive, "whoo-whoo, whoo, whoo." Finally she took to running up and down the ties of the narrow gauge railroad that runs to Cuernavaca. She was killed, finally, in what I am sure she would have referred to as a train wreck, a head-on collision with a slow freight. It would have been a great satisfaction to her to know, I am sure, that the freight was derailed, tearing up thirty yards of track. All traffic on the line was suspended for two weeks. The Mexicans aren't very clever at repairing things. ⧺

God Made Little Apples

Continued from page 93

harbor, a Mexican pearling village lay. The Pacific burned his eyes. Porpoises sometimes caught his eye. He sang over and over again a tuneless melody, meaningless, and, as he mouthed it, somehow terrible: "God made little apples, sho nuff. God made little apples." Stars burst in the darkened heavens. He began to chew the back of his hand. The pain was pleasant. He dreamed of red beef. The kisses of women haunted him. He screamed to hear his voice. The sea rolled in rhythmically, and he kicked at it with his feet. Terror came out of the forest at night and slapped him with grey dead fingers.

Funnel smoke rose in the distance to devil him like ghosts of black djinns, laughing. The sun burned and shrivelled the strings of guts inside him, and the land whispered African language full of drum beats. The wind and rain flayed his flesh, gulls mocked him, and he sang, "God made little apples, jes' like six little monkeys." He poured the pearls between his fingers. Within each one was the tiny reflection of a lovely woman, dying. They repeated over and over again, sighing, "Tain't right." He smiled and said, "Prob'ly tain't," and fired his revolver and threw it at their sadly shaking heads. All but his first. She was chaste.

With an heroic effort he shook himself free finally of his insanity. It wasn't reasonable. One day he poured water on the smudge fire. He was hungry again. He ate a large oyster, absently flicking the little pearl within aside. He sat on the beach and nibbled a fish. He was tired. It was a brilliant, halcyon morning. His eyes ached from staring at nothing.

Pearl, gold, copper, scarlet, purple, blue, the dazzling colors turned into hours. He built another fire to cook himself some more clams. The fishing yacht was big before he saw it, having moved around the cliff point of the harbor. It was a ship, all right, putting in. The white sails fluttered limply as its navigator tacked. He waited a few moments until he really believed it. Then he clutched at his belly, to feel his pouch of pearls. A gorgeous cry, that made no sound in his throat, surged up out of him.

Now the yacht seemed to be painted on the glistening sea. Deggs waved frantically, then jumped up and cast himself into the water and, with swift and effortless strokes, swam toward the tacking vessel riding inshore. Above the gentle seas that lapped his cheeks he watched the prow of the boat approaching. They would give him money for some of his pearls, take him away where he could dispose of the others. God sho did make little apples, he exulted. The sail now swung broadside, and he could discern the figure at the tiller paying out a halyard.

Deggs yelled, waving frantically, but the vessel swung lightly up-coast. He plowed furiously ahead in an effort to come within the sailor's vision. At last he understood what was happening. The yacht had swung shoreward in a curve simply to tack around, never having intended to put in. He changed his direction, swimming madly in a desperate hope of still coming within the vision of the craft, shouting wildly, waving, screaming. Finally, spent, he could barely make out the bobbing hull in the distance.

He swung around, but the shore seemed to have vanished. His body cried achingly with his tremendous efforts. The white outline of the beach wavered thinly before his eyes. His breath came in shorter gasps. He put his hand to his side and felt for the pearls.

Something seemed to suck him down into the roaring sea. He tried to breathe the air into his bursting lungs. Green water filled him and a million stars spun in his head. He floated lightly, without effort. It seemed beautiful, suddenly, to die. A lovely apparition in a white veil seemed to envelope him. It had the face of Angel. Suddenly he remembered nothing. Where Georgia Deggs had gone down there remained but a gentle eddy of spume and blue. ⧺

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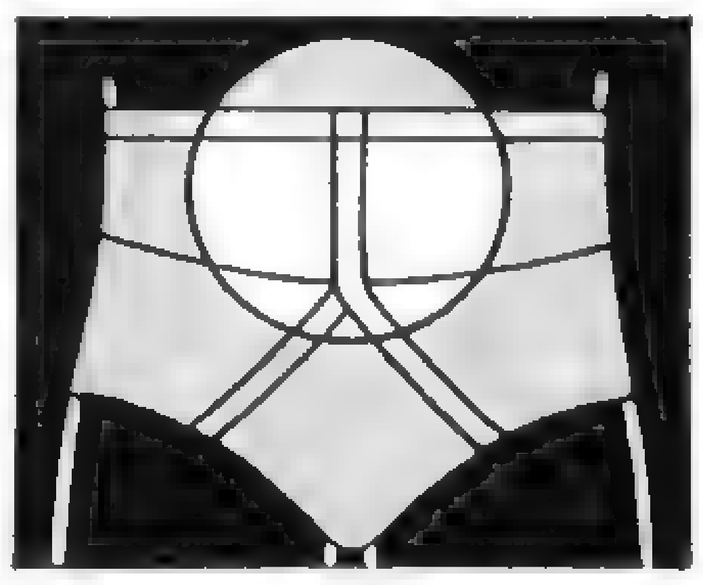

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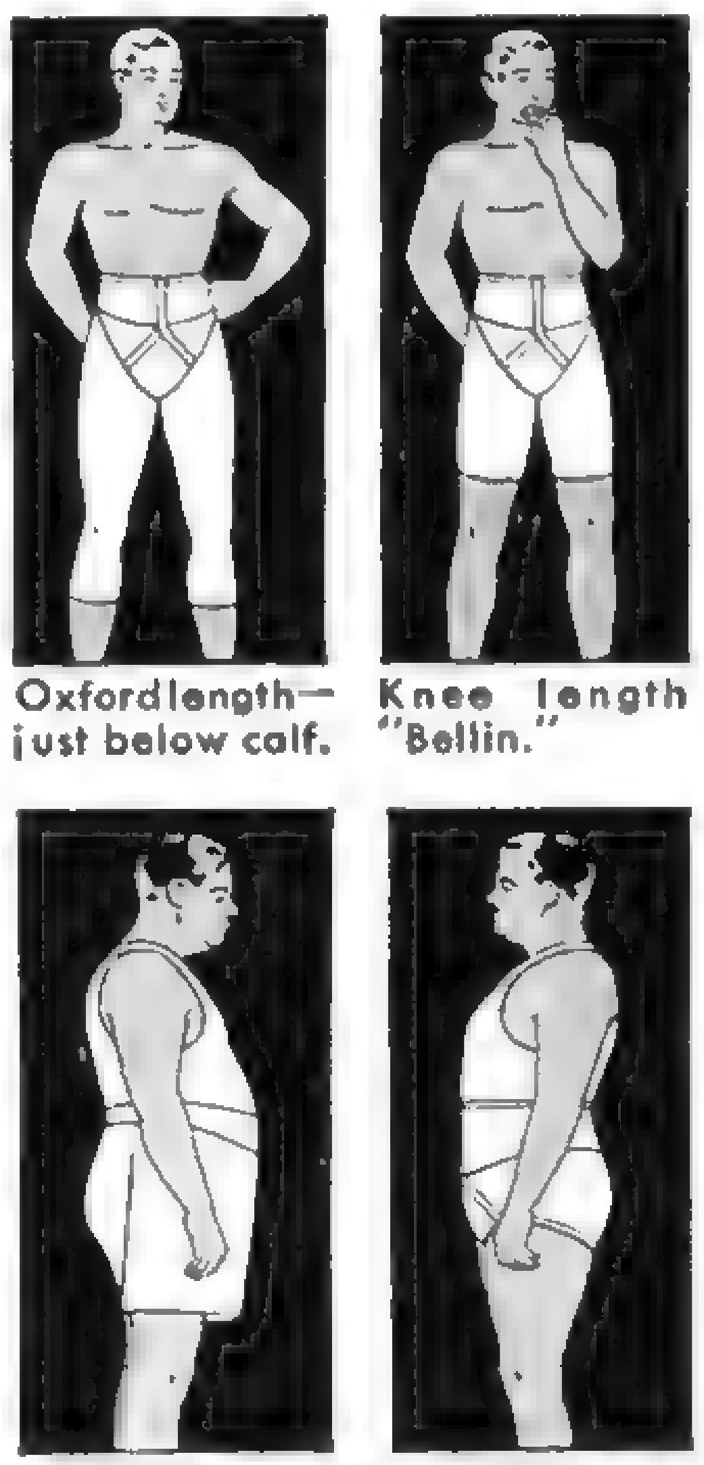

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Your Alcohol and Mine

Continued from page 60

started on the day shift. He got so drunk the first night that I had to help him get out from behind the bar when we closed up shop. Jim came the next day. It took me a whole week to find out that he was a souse too. I never saw him take a drink. No bartender lets the boss see him take a drink unless he wants to. But I watched him work. His movements were too deliberate, too careful. I checked these observations against the figures of the "liquor control." On the basis of the liquor which had disappeared in the course of the week, we should have taken in nineteen hundred dollars. Actually we had taken in seventeen hundred. Two hundred dollars down the drain! I don't mean to say that Jim drank two hundred dollars worth of liquor. I don't know what became of it. I don't know how much he gave away. I don't know how much he stole. I don't know how much he spilled. I imagine, though, that there were a lot of free drinks that week. A number of customers asked, "What did you fire that new bartender for? You get a good man and then you let him go."

Angus seemed too good to be true after Jim. He wouldn't take a drink even when he was through for the day. And his yields on the liquor were the best we ever had. He seemed to be able to squeeze an extra drink out of every bottle. Of course, he didn't have the makings of a popular bartender, but he was good. Then one day, after the first month, he didn't show up. I had to go behind the bar myself until I could get a substitute.

Angus came in a week later. He was in that condition a man gets into after a prolonged bat and no Turkish bath to finish off on. I am always extremely suspicious of a bartender who doesn't drink.

Fortunately Angus' substitute turned out to be the steady drinking, level headed sort of barman who is easy to work with. Nevertheless, I checked Mike carefully and often, to see that he was getting all the money out of the liquor that there was in it.

The system we used is simple and effective. Every well-run bar has one similar to it. It is set up by determining what every bottle in stock is worth, in terms of sales value. Simple arithmetic does it. Each bottle holds a certain number of drinks, of the size you serve. The number of drinks in the bottle, multiplied by the price at which you sell them, gives the sales value of each bottle. Then it is a matter of finding out how much liquor has been used over a given period. To do this, you subtract the amount of liquor at the bar at the end of the week, in terms of sales value, from the combined amount, of the liquor at the bar at the beginning of the week, and the liquor taken to the bar during that time. The amount of liquor which has been used is then checked against the actual receipts for the week. If liquor with a sales value of two thousand dollars has disappeared and you have taken in nineteen hundred and fifty dollars your bartender is all right. He is fifty dollars short, but you have set the sales value of the liquor high enough so that he will have to sweat to break even in the books. If, on the other hand, you have taken in only eighteen hundred and fifty dollars something is wrong. And here is where the advantages of the system are evident. You don't talk percentages. You talk dollars. It means something to a barman when you say, "You were one hundred and fifty dollars short last week. You've got to do better." What is more, you don't have to worry about where that hundred and fifty dollars (sales value) worth of liquor went. That is the barman's worry. Instead of trying to find the leaks, which is almost impossible, you let the bartender stop them. And he knows that if he doesn't someone else will take his place.

Usually it isn't a question of honesty. It is too easy for a bartender to give too many drinks on the house to thirsty customers. It is too easy to get the thirsty employees drunk. As one waiter confided to me, "When I drink I am happy. When I am happy the customers like me better and they give me bigger tips." The barman is beset on all sides. If for no other reason, you have to check the bartender to protect him from the customers and the employees. Another way to help the bartender is to keep a very small stock at the bar. It has a psychological effect on him. He is apt to get over generous if he is up to his ears in bottles. If you ever see a bar which does a big business and yet has a small bar stock, that is the reason.

Despite all the headaches, business boomed. At the end of a year the Antique did a near-capacity business. There was only one trouble. The bosses were making very little money. It dawned on me that it was a question of getting fired or getting larger profits out of the bar. Now, the bar was running as efficiently as possible. I knew that if I pressed the bartenders any harder they would start watering the stock. It was obvious that the liquor costs had to be reduced—without losing our reputation for good liquor.

Luck was with me. As people had become sophisticated about liquor they had become less choosey about many things. I tried changing to some cheaper ryes, to start with. No one noticed the difference. People had come to accept blends. Bonded whiskies were, as a rule, too expensive. And many people liked the blends better for the simple reason that some of them go down the gullet more easily than the one hundred proof straight whiskies, however aged. In addition, as time went on, the cheaper whiskies had improved. They were aged a little longer.

Just as I was getting over the jitters acquired in the process of cutting the quality on our ryes, I ran into a piece of good luck in the form of numerous complaints. Customers said, "You serve the best drinks around, but over at Willie's we get a straight drink of whisky twice the size of yours." So I went around and bought a rye at Willie's. It was disconcerting to see that Willie's drink was much bigger than ours. When I left I took the whisky glass with me.

Our glass was an ounce-and-a-half whisky glass. That is, the customer got an ounce-and-a-half of whisky. When I measured Willie's glass with a druggist's measure it proved to be an ounce-and-a-quarter glass. It was so thick sided that it was noticeably heavier than ours, but since the customers liked it it was a better glass. The saving amounted to twenty per cent and after we changed to Willie's glass we never had a complaint about the size of our drinks. I assure you that if you are ever curious about the size of your drink, the only way to tell is to measure it. The company which makes Willie's glass now makes one which looks exactly like it and holds only an ounce.

I went on to look for other cuts. I made tests with mixed drinks. I found that I couldn't tell the difference between an Old Fashioned made with our best whisky and one made with our cheapest. The bitters and sugar covered the difference. The lemon and sugar in a sour did the same thing. So we found a cheap blend for these two drinks.

On the other hand I found that a Manhattan, which calls for little or no bitters and not much vermouth, required the best vermouth and a good whisky, or it tastes flat. The Martini is also a sensitive drink. The reason it is often difficult to get a good Martini, despite the fact that it is a simple cocktail, is that it requires the best gin and vermouth on the market. But our fine gin was wasted on a Tom Collins. It got lost. When we stocked a cheap gin, with a coarse, strong flavor, you could taste the gin even if there wasn't so much in the drink. The same thing is true of the other mixed gin drinks.

We cut on Scotch and brandy simply by finding a cheap, little-known brand, in each case, for "bar" use. The people who knew liquor always asked for a particular brand of Scotch or brandy, but the majority didn't. They got the bar liquor.

It might seem bad business to jeopardize a reputation for fine liquor by cutting down, but actually the changes helped rather than hurt business. We didn't have to watch our stock so closely. The bartender was left free to give more drinks on the house. And for the first time the bar began to make real money.

Even after the changes were made I sometimes felt foolish when I saw what other bars were doing with their liquor. It may be that the owner of a bar is honest enough so that his customers get a square deal, but if he is out to get every cent possible, and people do not run bars for love, there are dozens of ways of chiseling the customers.

Most people depend on the sense of taste to see that they get their money's worth. Nothing ruins the sense of taste like a few drinks. After three drinks the bartender can usually substitute an inferior drink, if he hasn't already put an inferior drink in a superior bottle. After ten drinks he can start adding water, if he hasn't already put some water in the bottle. In the end it doesn't make any difference what he gives the customer, provided, it isn't a Mickey Finn. In some bars all the customer can do is watch to see what bottle his drink comes out of and then wonder whether it belonged there.

It is advisable never to drink a highball with any sweet water. Many bartenders automatically use the poorest liquor on the bar when such a drink is ordered. They know that the sweet water will conceal many sins. It is best to watch for an excess of bitters too. Bitters can be made to cover the taste of almost any drink.

The eyes are often more help than the sense of taste. Never be impressed with a grand array of bottles behind the bar. The bottles which are not prominently displayed are the key to any bar. Watch to see what the mixed drinks are made of. And watch to see how the drinks are made. If you see shaved ice used in making cocktails you are getting gyped. If, on the other hand, your drink is filled with lumps of ice you are probably taking a licking again. The drink tastes strong, what there is of it. Also see that the bartender doesn't use the old speakeasy trick of floating the liquor on top, which serves the same purpose.

On beer you may as well give up, unless you really know beer. Beer can be blended like anything else—below decks. Two kegs are easily connected to the same line. Usually that isn't necessary, unless it is imported beer blended with domestic. Any kind of beer can come out of a tap. The chances are that, as far as you are concerned, the beer is any brand the bartender happens to think of in answer to your question.

During those lost years of prohibition there was a peddler who sold his wares on the streets of a Connecticut town I know. On one occasion a state police officer stopped him, "That's cider you're selling, isn't it?" he asked.

The old gentleman looked him up and down. "Hell, no," he said. "That's applejack. They buy that to get drunk on."

Whenever I find myself wondering what is in a drink I think of that old peddler. After two years in the bar business I take what the bartender gives me. #

NEWS

IN DUNLAP UNIVERSITY HATS

Look to the universities for hats that will be worn this coming season. Campus approval establishes the new, wide welt edge; you see it in Varsity Street (worn with style by the bookish chap on the left). Quad Street (worn by the future architect, with T-square under arm) is the bound edge that's off to a fine start in university circles. These are the hats that go back to school this season. Naturally, they're by Dunlap, to whom younger men look for style in hats.

Dunlap Hats, $5 to $20.

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HARRISBURG, PA.	Jos. Freedman, Inc.
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LOS ANGELES, CAL.	Bullock's
MILWAUKEE, WIS.	Toepfer & Bellack
NEWARK, N. J.	L. Bamberger & Co.
NEW YORK CITY	B. Altman & Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	Jacob Reed's Sons
PITTSBURGH, PA.	Kauffman's
PORTLAND, ORE.	Meier & Frank
PROVIDENCE, R. I.	Callender, McCauslan & Troup
ROCHESTER, N. Y.	National Clothing Co.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.	Roos Bros.
SEATTLE, WASH.	Fredrick & Nelson
ST. LOUIS, MO.	Boyd's
ST. PAUL, MINN.	Hubert W. White, Inc.
SCRANTON, PA.	Samter Brothers
TOLEDO, O.	B. R. Baker Co.
WASHINGTON, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop

Only the Fools Get Caught

Continued from page 48

he said, "that's the racket nowadays. Not greedy nor extravagant, just a neat little game with a modest little profit of five thousand francs a month.

"I'll tell you how it's worked. I have a friend in Berlin who buys the stuff there and travels down on the night train in a Wagon-Lits compartment to Cologne. He unpicks a corner of the upholstery in the compartment, pulls out some of the stuffing and puts in the box of razor blades or the bottle of crystals, and sews it up again neatly. At Cologne he gets out and the car goes on to Aachen across the Belgian border. At Liege I climb aboard the train—you understand that I have a sideline job as traveling salesman for a coffee-machine outfit—and I say that I want to ride in the Wagon-Lits car because I'm rather tired and have some accounts to write up, or what not.

"I know what compartment the stuff's hidden in, so I take that one—it's easy enough to arrange. I unpick the upholstery, take out my little packet, put back a handful of horsehair and sew her up again, as easy as that. But with four trips a month I have my profit of five thousand francs—nothing to write home about but enough to live upon, which is all I want nowadays. I mean, you see, it's a variation of the trick I did with the diamonds on the *Mauretania*. There's no risk and mighty little expense, and the thing is fool-proof. It's only the fools who get caught."

He rubbed his chin reflectively and added with a somewhat rueful look—or perhaps I was mistaken—"I could do the same thing with cocaine, you know, but dope is nasty stuff to handle, and dangerous. Besides, Yvette here doesn't like it. She hates the idea of doing it, don't you, darling?"

His wife, who until then had said little, made it quite clear that Julie, as she called him, would never smuggle dope as long as she had anything to say about it, and it seemed she had a lot to say.

For the first time I envied him—his wife and his little son, his house near Antwerp, and the Ford car, and his fool-proof racket which brought him the modest competence which every bourgeois so ardently desires.

Three months later I saw a piece in a Brussels newspaper. It was short, and to me quite sad. The headlines ran, "Notorious Smuggler Caught Redhanded," and here was what followed:

"Julius B. Vanderlyne was today sentenced to twelve months imprisonment and a fine of 100,000 francs for violation of the customs regulations. Investigation showed that he had been defrauding the customs consistently over a term of years. His method was ingenious; a confederate on the German side of the border secreted smuggled goods in the upholstery of a sleeping-car compartment, which Vanderlyne occupied after the border had been crossed, during the journey from Liege to Brussels. On December 1 of this year, however, an elderly lady, the Baroness de Brunen, entered the train at Aachen on the German-Belgian frontier and occupied the compartment in question. As the controler came to examine her ticket, Madame de Brunen was taking off her bonnet, which was secured by hatpins. She asked the controler to put the bonnet on the rack, and turning, attempted to place the hatpins in the upholstery beside her. The pin struck a hard object, somewhat to the annoyance of the Baroness, who said to the controler, 'Your cushions are deplorable; this one is hard as iron.' The controler took the hatpin and immediately discovered that there was some solid object secreted in the cushion. He asked the Baroness to move to another compartment and summoned one of the Belgian customs officials who had not yet left the train. They found a packet of five hundred dozen razor blades secreted in the upholstery. The customs official replaced the packet and waited to see what would happen. At Liege the compartment was entered by the man, Vanderlyne, who was later arrested with the smuggled goods in his possession. Inquiry showed that smuggling was his main source of income, and it is estimated that in the course of the last few years he has defrauded the Belgian authorities of no less than 200,000 francs."

There was nothing I could do about it, but as it happened I knew the warden of the Antwerp prison to which my friend was sent to serve his sentence. I asked if I might see him and bring him cigarettes and other minor comforts. The Belgians are a humane people and my request was granted.

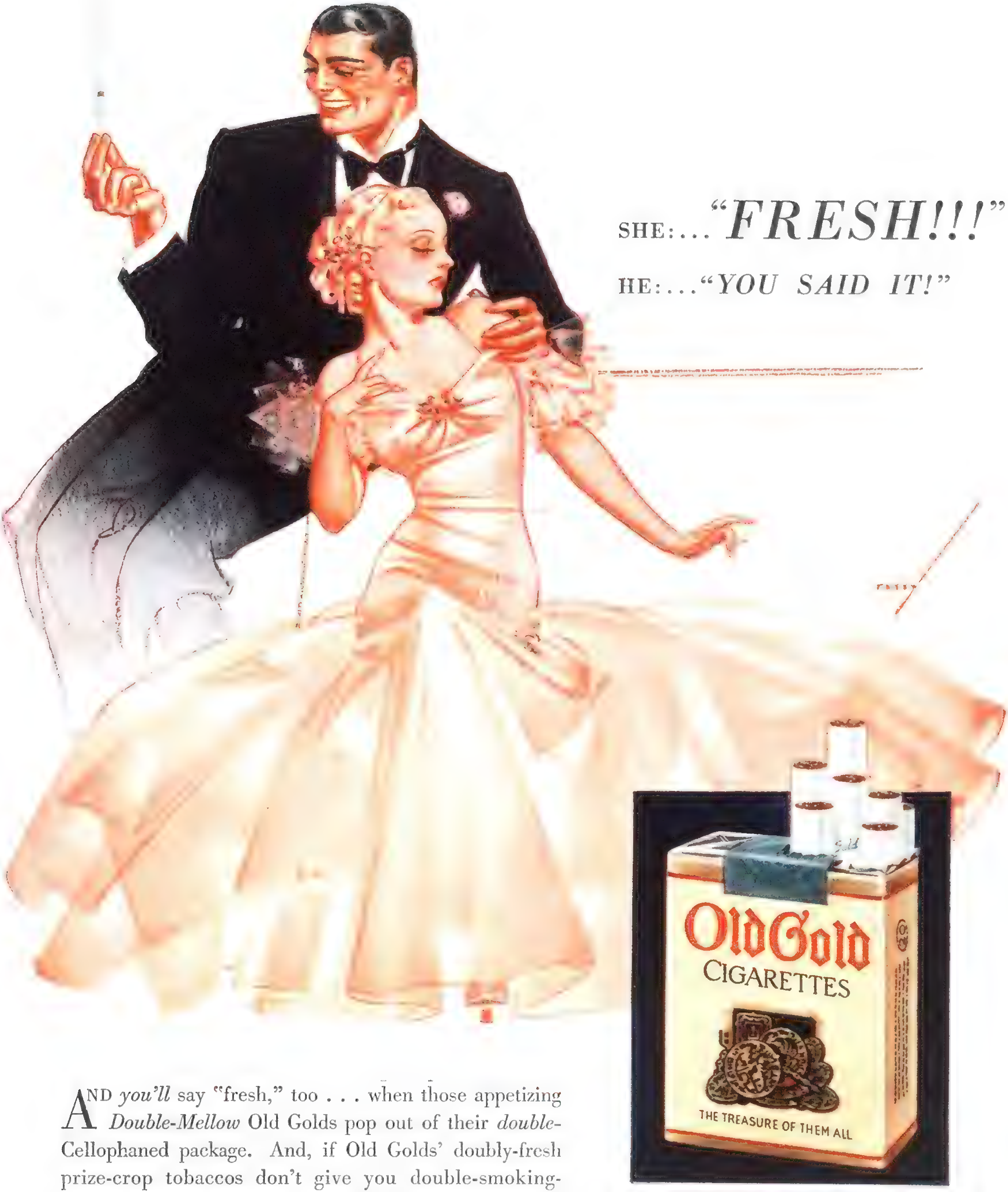
Vanderlyne was less downcast than I had expected. "It's not so bad as all that," he said, "and after all I still have money in the bank despite that heavy fine. But I can't do business in Belgium any more, that's certain, and it won't be nice for my boy to think that his father was in prison. I'm planning to go to Mexico; they say that there is a most lucrative trade in running Chinese across the border into the United States. Of course there's always the White Slave business in Argentina, but my wife wouldn't like that. You know what she is,"—he shook his head sadly—"no dope and no White Slaves. Yvette won't hear of either."

I found him a little too complacent. "I thought you said," I remarked maliciously, "that only the fools get caught."

He grinned at me unabashed. "And wasn't I a fool," he retorted, "to forget that elderly ladies who wear Queen Mary bonnets have to hold them on with hatpins. What a fool I was to forget that. It's just as I told you, only the fools get caught." ⌗

SHE: . . . "*FRESH!!!*"

HE: . . . "*YOU SAID IT!*"


Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL

ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!

Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.
Inner Cellophane Jacket opens from the Top.

AND *you'll* say "fresh," too . . . when those appetizing *Double-Mellow* Old Golds pop out of their *double*-Cellophaned package. And, if Old Golds' doubly-fresh prize-crop tobaccos don't give you double-smoking-pleasure double-quick . . . THEN, we'll pay you double-your-money-back. And *that*, folks, is a double-dare.

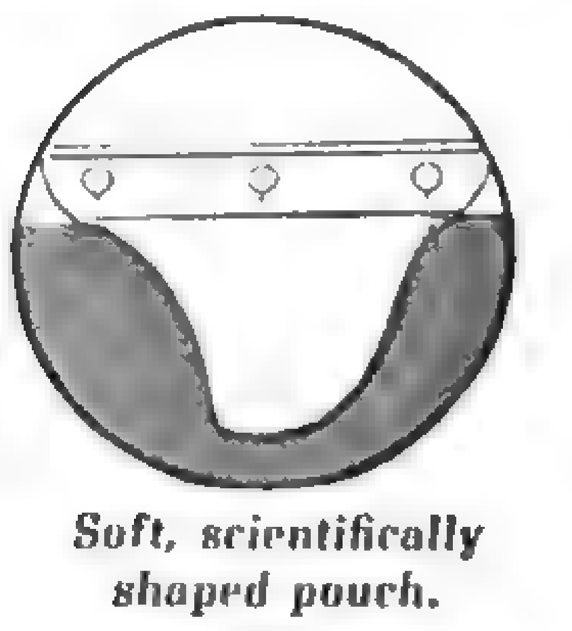
Copr., 1936, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

PRIZE-CROP TOBACCOS MAKE THEM DOUBLE-MELLOW

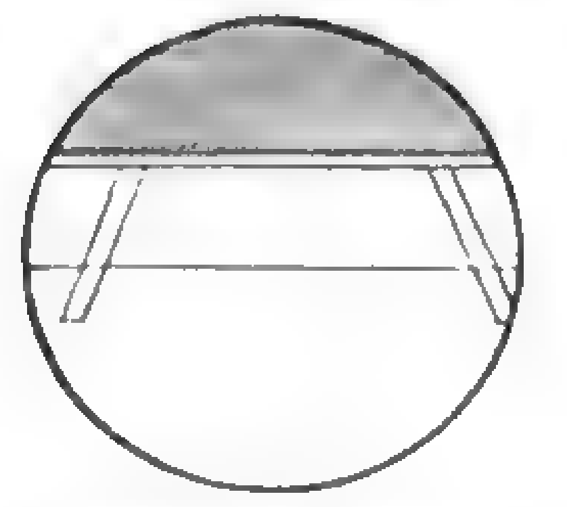
2 JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE" KEEP THEM FACTORY-FRESH

It's the Ticket
. . . FOR MEN WHO
WANT TO LOOK TRI
VOTE
X
SUPPORT-"U"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Highest quality 2-way stretch washable Lastex



Soft, scientifically shaped pouch.



Completely encased supports prevent rolling—insure comfort.

You don't have to be athletic to wear a Support-"U"—but it will give you that trim, slim, athletic appearance; that tummy-in, chest-out carriage. Makes clothes look better—fit better. Mannish as a bass voice; smart as "Esquire." Scientifically designed by scientists in the fine art of correct next-to-body apparel. Ask for the genuine Support-"U" at leading men's stores and department stores. The price is $2.00. For the fastidious—the Support-"U" Zephyr—a four-ounce featherweight—priced at $3.00. If there is no dealer nearby send remittance and waist measurement and we will supply you direct postpaid.

LITTLE CORPORAL COMPANY
Department E-3, 231 South Green Street
Chicago, Illinois
In Canada—T. Eaton Co., Ltd., exclusively

Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 28

RALPH CANNON (*Football's Forgotten Men*, page 64) conducts a sports column in the *Chicago Daily News*, called *Campus Canopy.* He started it for the *Chicago Evening Journal* back in 1923, when Red Grange was big stuff, and began with, of all things, a parody of *The Congo*, by Vachel Lindsay. The business office objected that the man on the street wouldn't be interested, but Cannon maintained that people could be sports fans and be literate. He still thinks so.

•

HAROLD V. POPPE (*The Red Menace*, page 70) says: "I was educated all over the country (my father having been an engineer who couldn't stay put) and I finally wound up at Columbia where I stayed for a year. Then I worked for my father as foreman of a crew of Italians on one of his contracting jobs. I learned that most Italian shovel-wielders are opera lovers who spend all their change for gallery tickets to the Metropolitan. Work, for most of them, is merely an avocation. I seemed to get more music than work out of them so my father suggested that perhaps I'd be happier somewhere else. Then I became a sort of actor, so to speak, joining a company which contained Helen Twelvetrees and Gertrude Niesen. I predicted success for Gertrude and she did the same for me. It was decent of her but inaccurate. Long before the company gave her reluctantly to a grateful world, they gratefully gave me what is known vulgarly as 'the air.' I took the hint and got into radio work, writing and performing a fifteen minute sketch every week for a small New York station. I played all the parts and my family liked it very much. I used to feel very lonesome while broadcasting and had the unpleasant conviction that I was talking to myself. This later proved to be substantially correct. So I gave up radio and kept on writing. I have to date published one poem, some magazine articles and two one-act plays, a British edition of one of them having been recently published by Samuel French. I got the notion for *Red Menace* while watching a line of people obediently advance each time the counter girl in a cafeteria told them to 'keep the line moving.' I wondered what would happen if someone asked, 'Why?'"

•

Imagine our embarrassment when, in answer to William Saroyan's obviously rhetorical question in this space in August ("How old is Charlie Atlas these days and how's he getting along with his perfect development?"), there came in our mail, like the awesome voice of a jestingly invoked Greek god, this word from Charles Atlas himself:

"As a constant subscriber to and reader of your unique magazine I was interested to find my name brought into a discussion relative to the accuracy of one of your fiction pieces by Mr. William Saroyan.

"Thinking you might be interested in answers to one or two of the questions raised, I am pleased to be able to report that, at 43, I'm enjoying even more robust health than at age 22, when I won the title of 'World's Most Perfectly Developed Man,' and that I have almost exactly the same height, weight and dimensions.

"I can still, on a moment's notice, reel off a 10-mile run in within eight minutes of the world's record for the distance; swim for several hours; lift six average-size men; pull, by means of a rope around my neck, a half-dozen heavily loaded automobiles, and bend and break a 240-penny nail.

Charles Atlas

"For your information I am enclosing a very recent photograph of myself, which tells the story, I think, of how I'm getting along with my perfect physical development.

Cordially,
New York, N. Y. CHARLES ATLAS"

If this doesn't, at least momentarily, take some of the fizz out of the effervescent Saroyan nothing ever will. We had supposed, and we're pretty sure Saroyan had too, that Charles Atlas was just a corporate identity, as little likely to be encountered in the flesh as, say, Mr. Victrola or Mr. Kodak.

Now that we know better, our faith is up to a new high that it hasn't touched since far-off childhood days. We are now prepared to accept unblinkingly, and we hope Mr. Saroyan is too, the news that there is a Santa Claus.

•

From W. R. Burnett, two-time contributor to these pages, we caught this crack upon the appearance in the August issue of Frank Scully's *Now It Can Be Sold:*

"I've always been greatly impressed by your air of superiority; now I take off my hat. What else can I do after reading in your pages how one of your writers not only wrote Frank Harris's 'best book' for him but also played George Bernard Shaw for a 'sucker' and, best of all, colossal in fact, was able to 'worry about the integrity of *Variety*.'

"It's really too bad that your writer didn't meet Frank Harris sooner; then we would have been spared those inferior versions of *Montes the Matador*, *The Life of Wilde*, and *The Man Shakespeare*.

Very truly yours,
Monrovia, Cal. W. R. BURNETT"

In our best fumbling manner we answered that by wondering, rather vaguely, whether it was Harris, or Scully or ESQ. that had got the goat of the author of *Dark Hazard* and *Iron Man* and, if all three, in what order. So we were obliged with this follow-up:

"I'm sorry my letter seemed ambiguous. But sarcasm or irony is always dangerous unless it is handled by a master of that sort of thing.

"To tell you the truth, I was very much annoyed by Scully's article. It is so easy to score off the dead. What Frank Harris, a great man and a great writer, needs is a little understanding criticism. He's always been shouted down by the babbitts, the time servers, the cheap politicians of letters. I hate to see a fine magazine like ESQUIRE join the chorus.

"His Short Stories, particularly *Montes the Matador* and some of the short western sketches, are as good as anything written in this country. He was a sort of Hemingway of the 'nineties, and nobody was ready for anything like that. His life of Oscar Wilde is a classic. His *Man Shakespeare*, no matter what the English Profs say (and what the hell do they know about it, anyway!) is one of the few live pieces of writing on the subject.

"His private life is his own business. I understand he was pretty hard to get along with. So what? As far as I can see that has nothing whatever to do with his stature as a writer.

"And, to return to Scully, if you don't think that that bit about 'Worrying About the Integrity of *Variety*' is a howl, then my sense of the ridiculous differs from yours. And what is there smart or interesting or even decent about referring to Mrs. Shaw as a 'spavined old lady'?

"I hope I make myself perfectly clear.

Very truly yours,
W. R. BURNETT"

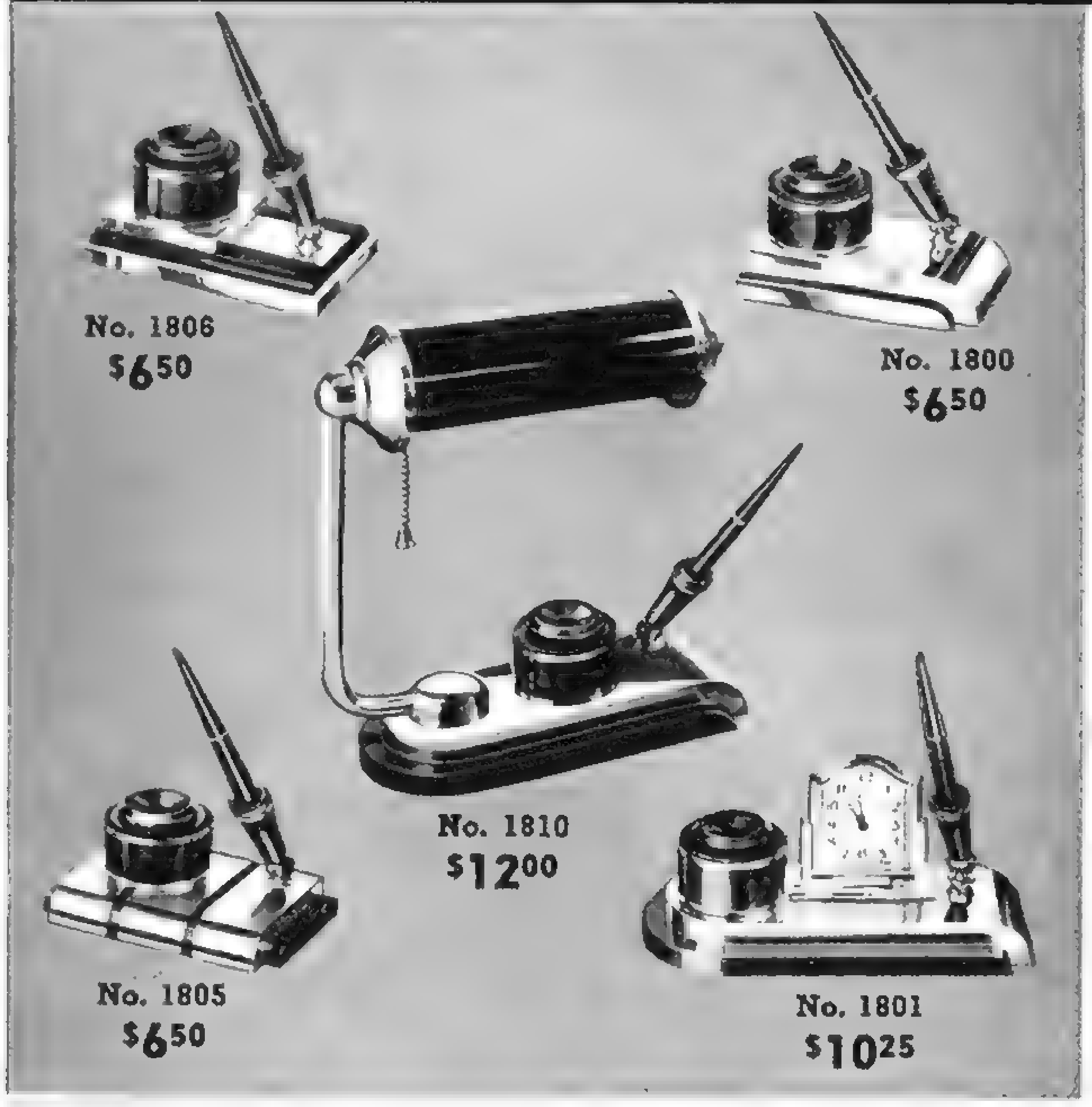
You do, *Little Caesar*, you do.

Continued at top of page 182

AIRITE
THE personal RADIO COMBINATION
desk set

THE LATEST IDEA FROM Sengbusch

Electric CLOCK ★ RADIO with illuminating unit WRITING SET



Sengbusch CHROME desk sets WITH THE FAMOUS Dipaday PEN

Chrome finish with black, red, or green enamel trim. Bright, sleek, modern designs. Banded pen holder . . . The gold-plated, iridium-tipped Dipaday Pen fills itself automatically when dipped; it writes a surprising amount before you need to dip it again. It remains moist and ready to write, in the airtight, free-swinging socket. Genuine Sengbusch Self-Closing inkwell, built on the principle used in literally millions of Sengbusch inkwells for offices, banks, and hotels during the past thirty years. In this field, Sengbusch is the world's largest manufacturer.

All in One

Why clutter up your desk with half-a-dozen gadgets when you can have them all in one beautiful modern unit, only 15 inches long? ★ The Airite gives you the correct time. It keeps you informed with news, market reports, and everything else that comes on the air — from a radio of amazing performance and tone for so compact a set. You write with a gold-pointed pen that *fills automatically when dipped* and never fails. And you can depend on Airite's "big-name" equipment—each unit the best of its kind. ★ Here's a set you'll be proud to own. Make yourself a present of an Airite, and remember it for Christmas. It's the idea of the year!

★ AIRITE No. 3000 (with Lux Electric or 8-day Clock). ★ AIRITE No. 4000 (with Waltham Self-Starting Electric Clock or well known 8-day Clock) ★ Only 15″ long, 6¼″ high, 7¼″ wide. AC-DC International Kadette Radio chassis — 4-tube performance with 3 tubes (1 double filament); Sengbusch Dipaday Writing Set (14 K. solid gold iridium-tipped pen and Sengbusch Self-Closing inkwell).

Black or walnut Bakelite Case - -	No. 3000—$39.50	No. 4000—$44.50
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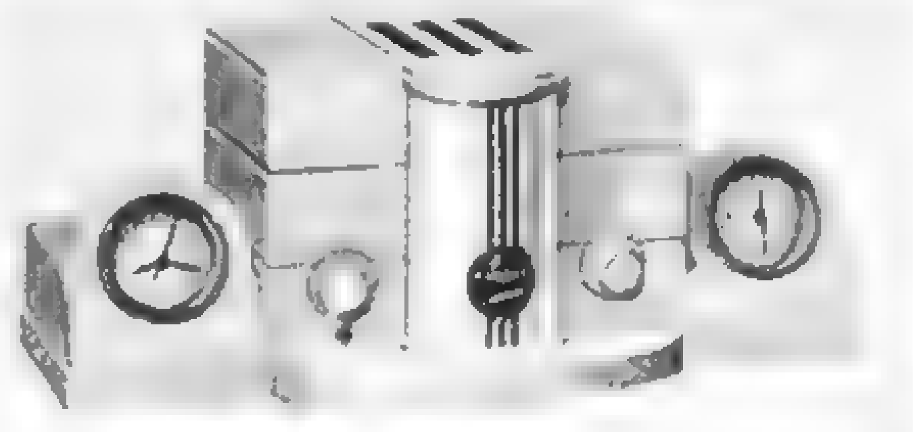
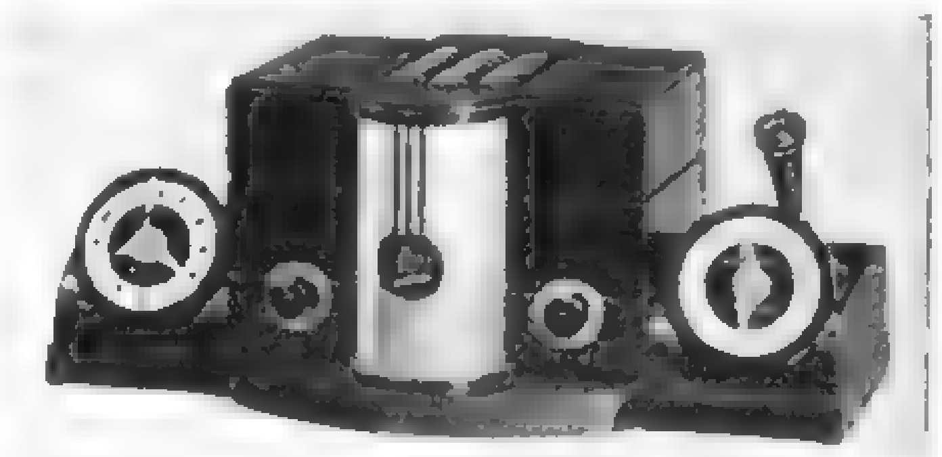


★ *Airite for bedside, mantel or kitchen* (with Airguide temperature and humidity indicator in place of writing set, at no extra charge). The illuminating unit provides a quick, handy light for telling the time, etc. Ivory No. 3013 (illustrated) with Lux Electric or 8-day Clock, $42.50.



★ *Airite for those who already have a favorite pen* (with Airguide and Sengbusch Adjustable Socket in place of Writing Set, at $3.00 extra). Fits any pen — air-tight seal keeps point moist. Black No. 4012 with Waltham self-starting electric clock (illustrated), $47.50.

On sale at leading stationers, department stores, men's stores, jewelers, and radio shops.

Sengbusch Self-Closing
Inkstand Company
10E Sengbusch Building,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Please send free folders on the Airite Radio Combination Desk Set and the Dipaday Writing Set.

Name..

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City.................................. *State*..........................

Backstage with Esquire

Continued from pages 28-180

Now it comes out that the reason we get so few articles out of George E. Sokolsky is that he writes so many, and such long, answers to the letters he gets concerning the few articles he does write for us. For instance:

"In regard to George E. Sokolsky's article entitled *Last Land of Liberty* in your August issue, I would like to bring several factors to his notice which he has over-looked.

"The article made me think of a man with infected tonsils. Dr. Sokolsky says, 'You ought to be glad you have infected tonsils. Look at all the other people who have worse things, like appendicitis, tuberculosis, venereal diseases, etc.' Don't you think, rather, that he should discuss the immediate care of the diseased tonsils?

"It may be true—no, I mean to say I'm positive it is true—that America has more freedom than other countries. But aside from that, it is deplorably true that *America also has practically no freedom to speak of.*

"As long as an individual is considered safe from the point of view of the government he has all the freedom Mr. Sokolsky claims for Americans. *But let the individual try to argue against the accepted forms of government, and freedom is no longer noticeable.*

"Mr. Sokolsky includes in his article a list of the liberties of the American. Among them are several which I know to be singularly lacking in this country. They are: *freedom of religion;* freedom of speech; freedom of the press; freedom of assembly; the right to be secure in our persons, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures; protection against plural jeopardy; protection against excessive bail; protection in the rights of citizenship which cannot be whimsically abolished because of race, religion, or economic or political affiliations. I have omitted the other 'liberties' because I have no idea whether they exist or not. The average American believes the 'liberties' I have listed above to exist. *They do not.* Of course newspapers suppress all stories which would cause these facts to become generally known.

"I want to say this before I close: what I have said here is gained mostly through various writings, and as such there is every possibility that they may be wrong. I freely admit this. On the other hand, however, I must say that my authorities are such that I have found no reason to disbelieve them, coupled with the fact that I have several personal friends who have experienced the lack of these liberties, notably a young man who spent a week in jail, beaten unconscious again and again, until they found he was *not* the kidnapper he so closely resembled. Is that freedom? Believe me, *that* story will never be found in any newspaper or magazine.

"America is, I firmly believe, the greatest country now in existence. But it could be so much better that an article such as that of Mr. Sokolsky is too misleading to be passed over lightly.

Sincerely yours,
(Miss) Jerry Tretiak"
Omaha, Neb.

Letter from George E. Sokolsky in reply to reader's letter:

"The editor of Esquire has forwarded to me your interesting letter of July 13.

"I regretted very much to read that you said, 'It is deplorably true that America also has practically no freedom to speak of.' That very sentence in your letter is evidence of our freedom, for in Germany, Italy, Russia, Japan and many other countries you would be arrested for sending through the mails a letter criticising the country and the government. And yet, here you are free to send anything through the mails, except pornographic and criminal literature.

"Then you go on to say, 'But let the individual try to argue against the accepted form of government, and freedom is no longer noticeable.' Every day in the newspapers and on radio men are speaking against the accepted forms of government. Earl Browder, candidate for President of the Communist Party, travels about this country advocating a change in the form of American Government by revolutionary means with as much freedom as President Roosevelt or Alfred Landon. I sat up here on my farm and listened to the Communist Convention in New York come over the radio. Norman Thomas does the same thing. I should imagine the Communists and the various Socialistic Parties will be making speeches advocating changes in the forms of government, and these men will be unmolested. You can go to any library and you can get the works of Karl Marx or of Prince Kropotkin, the Anarchist, or of Pareto, the Fascist, and all these books advocate governments different from the American Government, and no one will prevent the library from circulating them or you from reading them. In New York City you can buy on any newspaper stand copies of the *Daily Worker*, the Communist paper.

"Further in your letter you point to lack of freedom of religion, freedom of assembly, etc. I am sure you could not have given this very much thought. I am a Jew and I certainly enjoy complete religious freedom. So does a Mormon, so does a Catholic, so does a Christian Scientist. There are thousands of religious sects in the United States and no one interferes with any of them. I cannot understand why you would say that these liberties of which I speak do not exist, when every day in every city there is ample evidence that they do exist.

"The case you make of your friend probably did happen as you say, and as you also point out, it was a matter involving mistaken identity which is an accident which can occur under any circumstances. But when you say that stories of that type are not published in the newspapers, you are saying something which is not correct. Whenever the police exceed their authority under the law, the newspapers seem to take special delight in calling attention to it. I rather sympathize with the police sometimes because while on the one hand we demand that they should serve kidnappers, robbers and burglars, on the other hand we have so completely surrounded the administration of justice by limitations upon the authority of the police that they often find it difficult to do their job. It took such a horrible crime as the Lindbergh kidnapping to arouse us to a realization for the need of greater efficiency on the part of the police. And the Lindbergh Act was passed by Congress and the G-Men were organized to meet this necessity.

"I am enclosing an article from the *New York World Tribune* by Miss Dorothy Thompson, which demonstrates to you how these principles work. I am sure that you could not have read factual literature in contravention of what I have said because with very rare exceptions, due usually to some accidental bad judgment which creeps into every human source or to some aroused popular emotion which is of short duration, the freedom of which I spoke in my article does exist in this country. If you are still unconvinced, I shall be very happy to write you again.

Faithfully yours,
George E Sokolsky"

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8

ESQ ON THE GOLD COAST

My curiosity asks me—does Esquire receive letters from far distant places? I have never seen any on your pages yet, though I have only been a slave to your periodical some eight months, so perhaps I have missed such letters. Having spent some years in foreign lands I was only admitted to the wonders of your periodical while on leave from this country last summer and am afraid my remarks will not be up to the usual "vitriol-like" quality as those commonly displayed in your specially reserved spaces, for with one exception I can do nothing else but give you praise. The fine reading and amusing quality of your pages are gratefully received in a jungle mining camp.

I bear the distinction of being one of the two Americans in residence here, the population being about sixty Europeans, ninety per cent are British, and a native village containing about 3,000 "black souls," chiefly employed as labourers on the mine. Hence I would rather believe, comes the well worn phrase, "darkest Africa!"

As soon as I am finished with Esquire it is passed on to somebody else and in its turn proceeds through the whole camp, in the end to be probably filched by some Hottentot (pardon, Fanti or Kroo in this part of Africa). Not only do the readers enjoy the jokes and articles but find equal interest in the advertisements, they being so very much better than those displayed in English magazines. Now for what is heartily disliked, the one thing! The scathing retorts would do full justice to your *Sound & Fury.* These *Men's Fashions,* really, for the most part can this be what the "well dressed" man is wearing? Recall the above figures on population—then bear with me the indignities cast forth when you oft refer to your "canary-yellows and heliotropes," as, "seen on English race-tracks, Henley-on-Thames, or West-end London." Do you have a gentleman over the other side who observes these remarkable displays. If so the proximity and wealth of London "pubs" are about as far as said gentleman gets? If not, please make use of, to quote a well known article, the *Queen Mary* at once, and let us hope the gentleman is sane.

I console (I admit here, my typing is much worse than your Men's Fashions), you with the following; that the natives would greet such clothes as these with joyous salutations, and very soon there would be a fashion parade in the native compound. As actually seen at our annual track and sports meeting held on Christmas Day, worn by one of our "head boys"; black suede shoes, grey pin-stripe trousers, morning coat, stiff shirt, and grey Ascot tie. Need I say this is a tropical country and December one of our hottest months, in the "dry season."

We have no occasion for dressing up out here but like to know what other people are wearing, as we do not wish to appear out-of-date when returning to civilization. Our tour (as contract is referred to, but I assure you this is no health resort) lasts for one year, and as people are always coming and going, the fresh arrivals have yet to see Esquire's, what the well dressed man is wearing, in England.

As I mentioned before I am all in praise of Esquire and the excellent arrangement and display of your advertisements is second to none and the Petty drawings . . . the tropics is the place for them. A number of English people tell me of your popularity in London and that whenever they try to buy a copy at a station book-stall they are invariably sold out. Cheerio and Good Luck from West Africa!

Yours sincerely,
Gold Coast Colony D. W. Evans
West Africa.

SWING GUYED

the incredible ignorance displayed by a certain mr sam rowland (page seven nine, august) is pleasingly (to me) reflected in the fact of his failure to rise above a salesmanagership.

noticeable also is the fact that he sells slingerland banjos, but since these atrocities passed out of jazz many years and will remain out, i have to wish him luck in his gut-peddling in the ozarks.

it's a mighty big pity, esky moguls, that when there are so many capable writers and at the same time authorities on swing you should pick on this vellum-beater from chi, called rowland. what waste of valuable space.

sammy not only slanders his clients but his clients clientele, doubtless such subtle tactics emanate from slingerland's advt department. their world shattering business must consist in selling turkish crashes to the new york phil and drums to the salvation army.

coining a definition of swing from the notoriously inaccurate "downbeat" he babbles nonsensically about "arranged swing." since swing is a quality and not a style of playing jazz, it cannot be arranged. perhaps sammy has discovered a way, if he has he'd better take out a patent right away because guy lombardo might beat him to it.

so the casa loma ork, loud and fast noisemakers (with apologies to those members who are my friends), introduced swing for the masses? i've never heard them swing yet, p'raps one day they will.

gene krupa, another noisy snare drum smacker (like sammy?), is the personification of swing, is he? but, of course, sammy is a cha chi man and he would have heard of new yorks eddie dougherty or dave tough.

whoever heard of memphis jazz? new orleans, chicago. o.k., but memphis never. and if the dixieland band swung, produce them, boss, produce them.

what was it, sammy, scotch or rye or marihuana that made you scribe those soul stirring words? might i call them "advice on swing for debutantes." you prescribe short doses of bands that don't swing (goodman a possible exception) in order to learn about swing and you omit andy kirk who plays in your own home town.

Guy L. Nicholson
London W.C.1, England

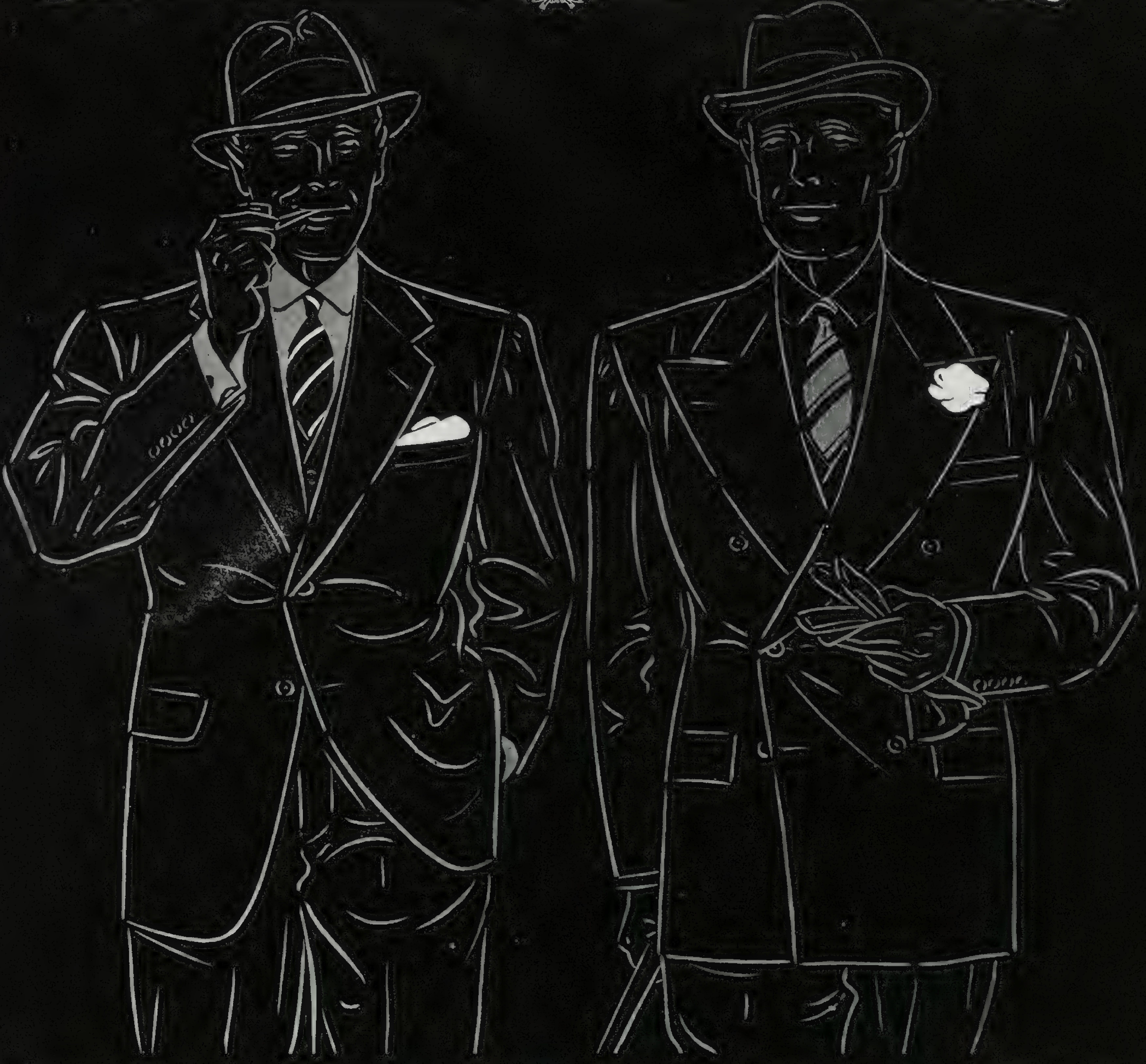
AN ORCHID TO AUGUST

The August Esquire was a whopper! About the best 50c worth of magazine I've ever got hold of. My wife took to it, and got a whole week's reading enjoyment out of it. We both think that stuff by Marcel Desage is putrid—false and laboriously "funny." But Frank Scully was priceless; and Burton Rascoe and Meyer Levin are both a stimulating help in threading our way through the maze of books and movies. Hemingway confirmed my own idea that death is obscene, not beautiful, in spite of all the Byronic verbiage of Charles Morgan's *Sparkenbroke.* Hannibal Towle's *Miss Lulu* was a lot of fun while she lasted; and not last nor least, Charlie Palmer's *Transcontinental Troop Train* was just plain swell: he almost had me crazy with the heat toward the end of the story, so much so that I was able to accept the incredible ending without a quibble.

Faithfully yours,
Berkeley, Calif. Robin Lampson

Continued on page 184

TO MEN WHO WEAR DISTINCTION WELL

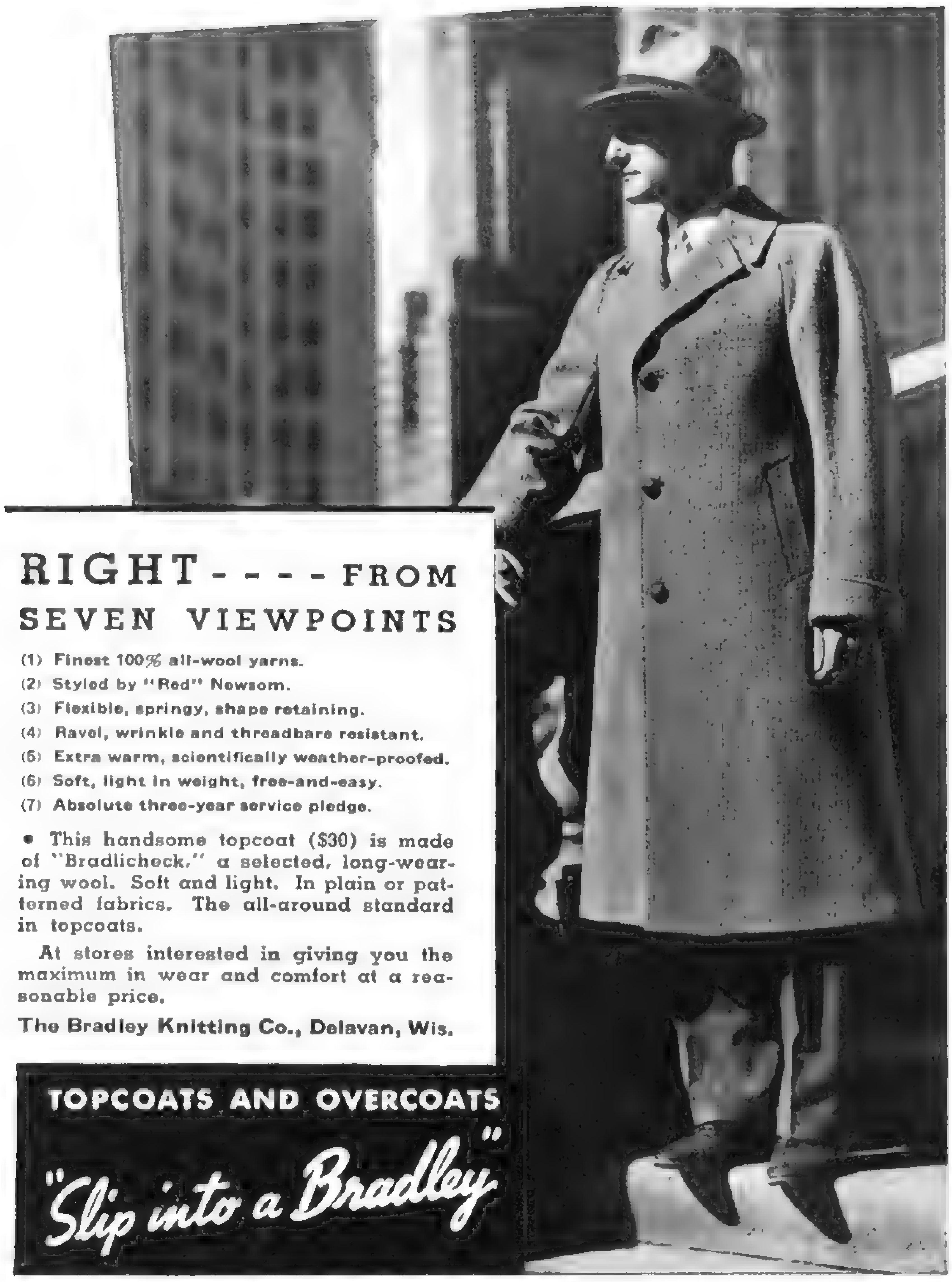


Not by chance do wearers of Stein Bloch clothes stand out—in any crowd. Their choice is clearest evidence of taste and of judgment. Proof that they recognize ultra-fineness in fabric, correctness in styling, high skill in tailoring. . . . Such men know well that the difference in quality weighs far more than the difference in cost.

Stein Bloch Clothes

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

BUSINESS SUITS, TOPCOATS, DRESS CLOTHES . . . SHOWN BY THE FINEST STORES ONLY . . . PRICED $40 TO $100



RIGHT - - - - FROM SEVEN VIEWPOINTS

(1) Finest 100% all-wool yarns.
(2) Styled by "Red" Newsom.
(3) Flexible, springy, shape retaining.
(4) Ravel, wrinkle and threadbare resistant.
(5) Extra warm, scientifically weather-proofed.
(6) Soft, light in weight, free-and-easy.
(7) Absolute three-year service pledge.

• This handsome topcoat ($30) is made of "Bradlicheck," a selected, long-wearing wool. Soft and light. In plain or patterned fabrics. The all-around standard in topcoats.

At stores interested in giving you the maximum in wear and comfort at a reasonable price.

The Bradley Knitting Co., Delavan, Wis.

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-182

COINCIDENTALS

I have just run across an interesting evidence of coincidence that I thought might amuse you, too. In the July issue of *The American*, in an article entitled (in some editorial burst of sheer genius) *You're Telling Me*, purporting to be a dialogue between William Seabrook and Walter Duranty, there are recounted two of the psychological or physical phenomena described by Hemingway in *The Snows of Kilimanjaro.* Duranty speaks of his sensations after his leg had become gangrened: ". . . they had to cut it off. I thought I was going to die any minute and I was so used up by pain, so tired, that I simply didn't care any more."

Later, when talking, in the best schoolboy tradition, of the strangest things they ever saw, Seabrook stops Duranty short: "You and I know perfectly well that the strangest thing is Death. And if any man has met Death face to face—I don't mean merely danger of death; I mean death personalized—and has lived to tell it, he knows." He elaborates on the theme; tells of stepping off the sidewalk once for a Negro because the Negro was "Death, walking."

I found these parallels rather satisfying, especially the latter. It had sounded a bit phoney in the Hemingway story; reading that Seabrook and Duranty (Who, though they may not write quite as well as Hem, have, really, in Hemingway's own phrase, "been a lot more places and seen a lot more things") had experienced almost the identical sensation was reassuring, though I must admit, I still slightly suspect all three of palming off a beauty on an innocent and inexperienced public.

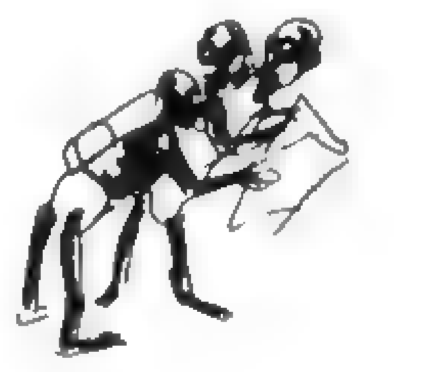
And, incidentally, may I congratulate whoever hounded that story out of Hemingway? It had a ring of authenticity, of integrated experience, and a sensuous, living smell and taste that date back to the days of *The Sun Also Rises.* I think it far and away the best thing you've ever run.

Sincerely,

Harrisburg, Pa. R. M. SPONG

FREE DISPLAY OF ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

Sometimes you jolly folk publish a type of writing that puts you in a class with *Wheezy Stories.* In this particular case I refer to an article in your August issue, said article bearing the title, *Racketeers in Literature,* written by a guy named Day Edgar who has been gracious enough to warn us all against the Big Bad Wolf in the field of literary critics, agents, and instructors. Of course, this Day Edgar may not be such a bad fellow at heart, but while he's on the subject of writing he ought to pause long enough to take a good look at what he's writing.



The total effect of Mr. Edgar's article was to suggest that anybody who has the idea that it's possible to learn how to write is just a poor, misinformed sucker. In other words, one must be born with the art of writing itching at his finger tips, such as the gifted Day Edgar. All of which leaves us with a desire to meet this man so that we might utter a forcible phooey, in hopes that such antagonism might stir the gentleman to the point of saying something really worthwhile. Because there is evidence in D. Edgar's article that he actually had something to say when he began it, but somewhere, as is often the case with authors, he went off the trolley. What he really wanted to say was that persons seeking help in their writing should beware of the quack collaborator or the phony agent, but in spite of the sentences such as the one beginning, "Not for one moment do I imply that all these teachers and critics are charlatans . . ." in spite of this, as I was saying, he does neglect the case of sincere persons who make an honest business of literary criticism and instruction. Thus, for persons inexperienced enough to believe all that Mr. Edgar has said, he is blocking the road to many for whom good criticism and sound instruction might mean success.

Yes, I know what you're thinking, but, no, I am not a teacher or a critic, except in this case, perhaps, in which I represent the class of your readers discerning enough to judge Day Edgar's article as being closely related to the magnus opus of a highschool lad. If you, or Mr. Edgar, want to know just who in the hell I am then I'll tell you who in the hell I am. I'm a talented, diligent, bound-to-succeed free-lance writer whose love for modesty is only one of many endearing traits, and I've been all over God's green pastures. In other words, I've seen life. Ah, yes! I'm fully equipped now to grow up to be a great feature writer, such as Day Edgar, except that it won't be by writing a lot of hokum for such gullible magazines as ESQUIRE.

Incidentally, your last rejection was particularly cute. In that delightful little way of yours you said, "Sorry, but this situation has become a formula." Ho, ho! All this just because I wrote a good Negro story with a lynching in it. You didn't like it because that kind of thing has been written before. Sure, it has been written before. So has everything else. Or didn't anyone ever tell you? Anyhow, I've just sold that story, rape, lynching and all. So nuts, my fine feathered friends, to you.

Yours,

Kansas City, Mo. SEWALL CLARK

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Aw, don't be so formal—just call us folks.*

LET THERE BE NO FLIES ON ESQ

A priceless hot weather hint to your readers. "Do Not Swat Flies With Esquire!" The other evening I aimed a tremendous buffet at a scurrying insect. He half rolled or looped and my somewhat wild swing smashed a Chinese lamp and demolished a Louis 16th table. (Louis is the name of an antique dealer and I suspicion he is the sixteenth one to possess the table.)

Later, my wife entered and fell in the wreckage. She turned pale and is no longer faithful, according to page 46, July issue. My conjecture is she had been out with you chaps, came weaving home, saw the ESQUIRE and blanched (that telltale ice cream hue). I can get a new table from Louis but how about a pristine wife? Let Petty pick her out, please. If she isn't red headed she will become so!

KEN BANKS

Famous painter of Willow Patch,
Burlington, Iowa

P.S. Send wife prepaid.

CUCKOO NOTE

She's No Longer Faithful If—

She suddenly becomes interested in the back numbers of ESQUIRE containing the articles *She's No Longer Faithful If*—and reads certain passages to you ending it with joyous, twinkling laughter.

That *really* is a guilty conscience—

Truly,

Evanston, Ill. F. MARSHALL

Continued on page 186A

Let's Settle This Argument!

City street scene. Setter meets Wire-Haired. Sniffs. Doubts. Condescension. A girl and two men are amused. Setter or Wire-Haired, what's it matter, so long as they're both thoroughbreds?

Same goes for that old hat argument: Homburg versus welt edge.

Which is THE town hat? Who's to say...if they're both thoroughbreds, built by Knox? And these are.

Judge a hat by the company it keeps. You'll find these two accepted (with a large welcome) wherever business and social events take a man.

The "Humboldt," a distinguished Homburg by Knox, right..."Fifth Avenue Special," a snap-brim with welt edge, left...are both seven dollars and a half.

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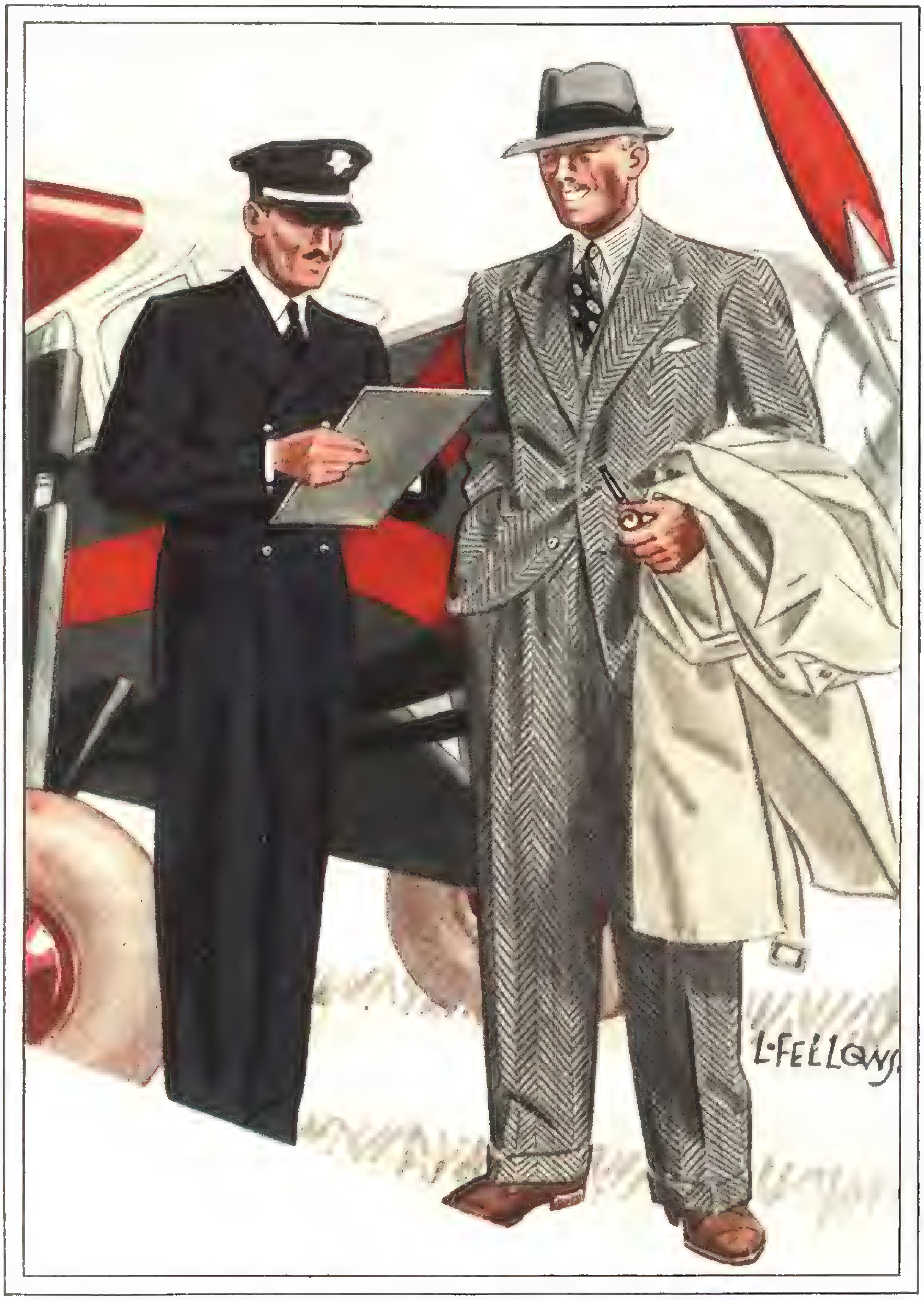

THE SUCCESSOR TO THE OLD TAB COLLAR

You will note that the collar of the shirt shown in this sketch has relatively long points and sits rather high on the neck. This collar has taken the place which was held by the old Prince of Wales tab collar for almost ten years. When the tab collar finally gained mass acceptance it was only to be expected that it would soon lose caste among those who set the fashions for the rest of the world to follow. Last year in London the very men whose original acceptance and long adherence to the tab collar had helped to spread it as a standard fashion item finally gave it up in favor of this new lounge collar. This resembles the old tab collar in that it gives the appearance of a stiff collar with the comfort of a soft one. This is accomplished by the inserted slot which keeps the tie and the collar itself in place. Note the trench coat. The model now favored has buttons inside to hold a detachable camels hair lining.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-182-184

PSYCHING THE S. & F.

The only reason I can give to myself for writing this letter is that I'm like the man who has the irresistible desire to jump in front of an onrushing train or from a high building. To date I have successfully avoided these inclinations, but reading the letters in ESQUIRE month after month, I have finally taken the leap and now that I'm in mid-air it has suddenly dawned upon me that in writing a letter to a magazine one should have something to say. So looking over the letters to see if I could get some idea, I notice that the majority of them are critical and these critical letters seem to encompass the entire magazine from cover to cover, starting off with ESKY and winding up with the women's ads . . . taking a good crack along the way at the editorial page, Hemingway, Petty's cartoons, the theatre, the picture critic, the book critic, and making a liar out of all the sports writers. My favorite letters are the ones that think the magazine is smutty. The batch of those letters that have appeared in this magazine would make a great volume of case histories in Freudian sex inhibition. The mind that ferrets for smut in everything and then is revolted, having found it, is a very amazing mind. It is a mind that gets sadistic pleasure out of being horrified and then tries to defend itself by writing a vitriolic letter denouncing the thing that has given it the most pleasure. I once knew a prim school teacher who blushed every time she said the word "precipice." These minds could be simply cured by making them take an obscene four-letter word and makthem write it a hundred times on the fence. By the time they had finished, the word would have no more significance than words like "ship" or "truck."

So, having nothing to criticize in your paper, because I think you know your business of publishing (and the moment I think you don't I'll drop your paper like a hot coal and you'll get no letter from me announcing the fact) and, being still in mid-air, I thought perhaps I should boost something about the magazine. But the fact that your magazine sells four hundred odd thousand speaks for itself and is a bigger boost than anything I could say. I won't tell you that everything you have in the magazine interests me. Some of the stories are very boring naturally. A lot of the cartoons are not funny. But on the whole you have a very high average. I have my favorites—such as Hemingway and Rascoe, and a fellow called Black (whom by the way I don't see this month) who handled the record music. If you haven't fired him, I wish you'd get him back.

I'm almost to the end of my fall, which brings me to a feature that has afforded me more silent laughs than anything else ever has that I can remember, and that is the gland articles by Mr. George Antheil which should have been called *How To Make A Girl In Six Easy Lessons.* Here's really something! Throw away your two dollars, get a copy of ESQUIRE, and go stand on a busy street corner, in a department store or a railroad station, and the first hyperthyroid that passes, just straight-arm her and you're a cinch.

Better still, if you're a college boy at a cut-in dance, you could get through a whole party in fifteen dances and you're bound to get lucky with that many chances. Of course, if all the boys have an ESQUIRE that puts it right back where it was in the beginning, right up to the girl. Which by the way recalls Miss Susie Smith's letter, who puts a small hairpin in Mr. Antheil's balloon because she let slip a little frank remark . . . (girls are never completely frank) . . . nevertheless she did say that it seemed to be up to the boys' "talents." Now she didn't really mean just that . . . what she meant to say was that a girl selects the boy long before he gets started which is why, if you'll think back, it was perfectly easy to meet some girls and you could never meet others. They seemed to avoid you. You still had the same lure and yet they had their eye on someone else. What she did was to make a quick estimation of both of you, which women can do in the twinkling of an eye, and sidestepped you like a matador does an onrushing bull, leaving you pawing the ground, by yourself.

Which reminds me, I'm on the floor, having fallen to the ground, and the ambulance carries me away.

Adieu!

Los Angeles, Calif. T.C.F.F.

The Lonesome Vigilante

Continued from page 35

"The other prisoners was so scared. We could see them through the bars. I never seen such faces."

The bartender excitedly poured himself a small glass of whiskey and poured it down. "Can't blame 'em much. Suppose you was in for thirty days and a lynch mob came through. You'd be scared they'd get the wrong man."

"That's what I say. It was kind of pitiful. Well, we got to the nigger's cell. He just stood stiff with his eyes closed like he was dead drunk. One of the guys slugged him down and he got up, and then somebody else socked him and he went over and hit his head on the cement floor." Mike leaned over the bar and tapped the polished wood with his forefinger. "'Course this is only my idea, but I think that killed him. Because I helped get his clothes off, and he never made a wiggle, and when we strung him up he didn't jerk around none. No, sir. I think he was dead all the time, after that second guy smacked him."

"Well, it's all the same in the end."

"No it ain't. You like to do the thing right. He had it coming to him, and he should have got it." Mike reached into his trousers pocket and brought out a piece of torn blue denim. "That's a piece of the pants he had on."

The bartender bent close and inspected the cloth. He jerked his head up at Mike. "I'll give you a buck for it."

"Oh no you won't!"

"All right. I'll give you two bucks for half of it."

Mike looked suspiciously at him. "What do you want it for?"

"Here! Give me your glass! Have a beer on me. I'll pin it up on the wall with a little card under it. The fellas that come in will like to look at it."

Mike haggled the piece of cloth

Continued on page 186B

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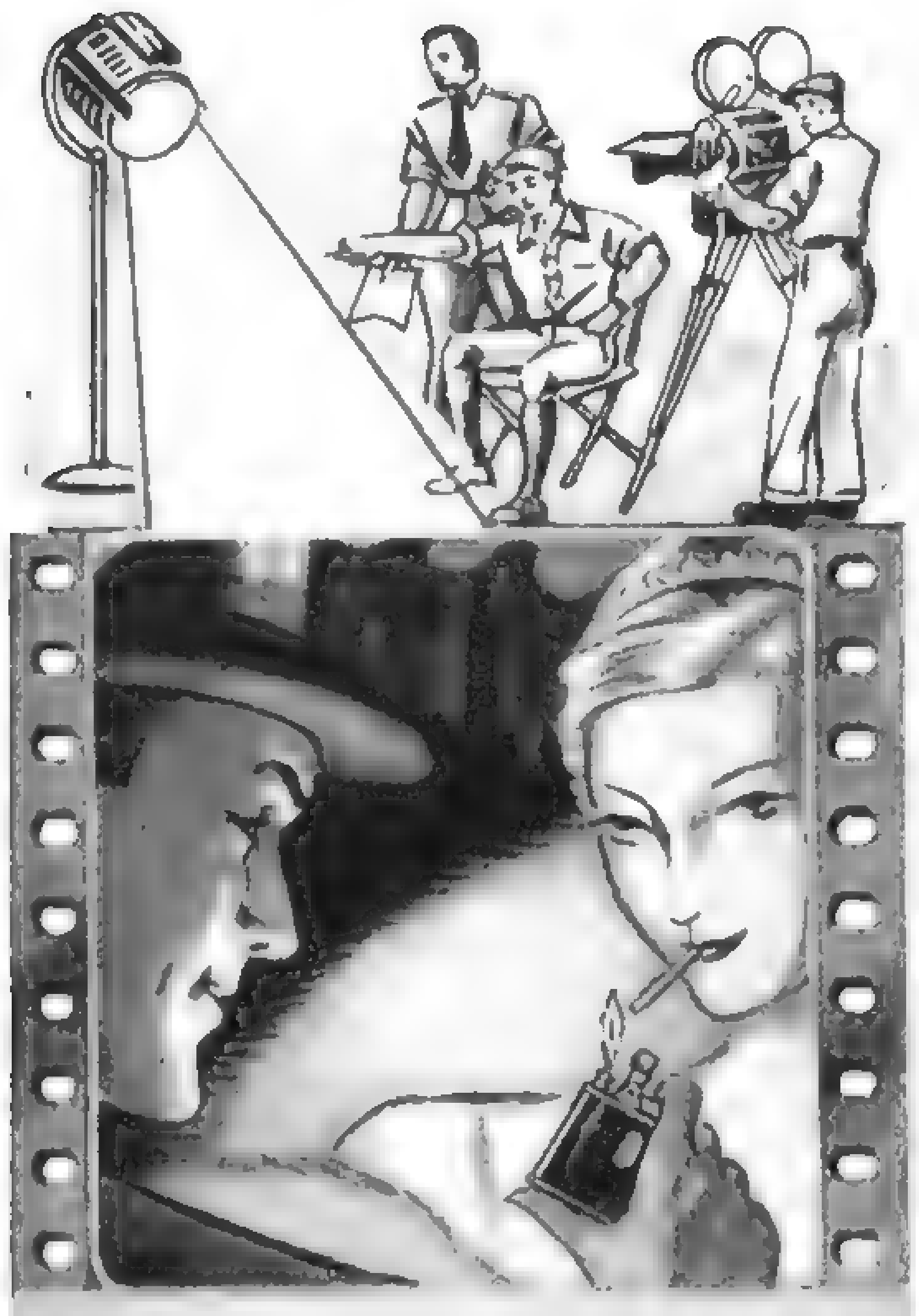

"Lights—Action"

The movies demand both and get them from—

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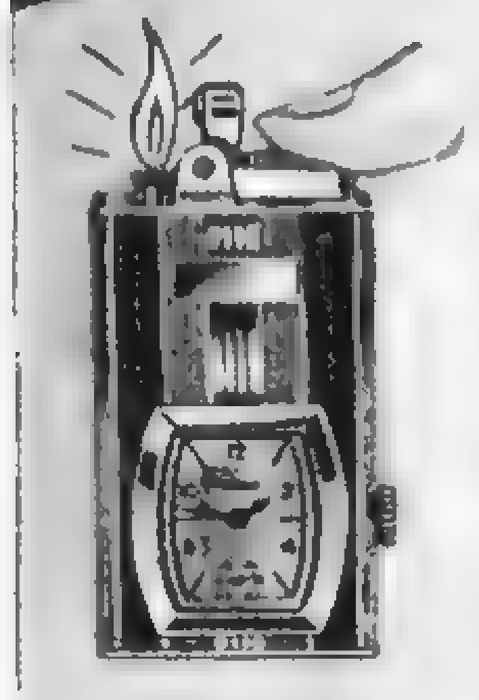
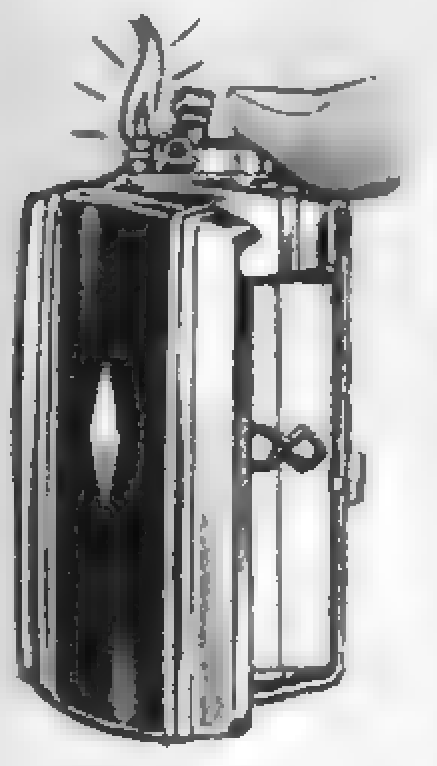
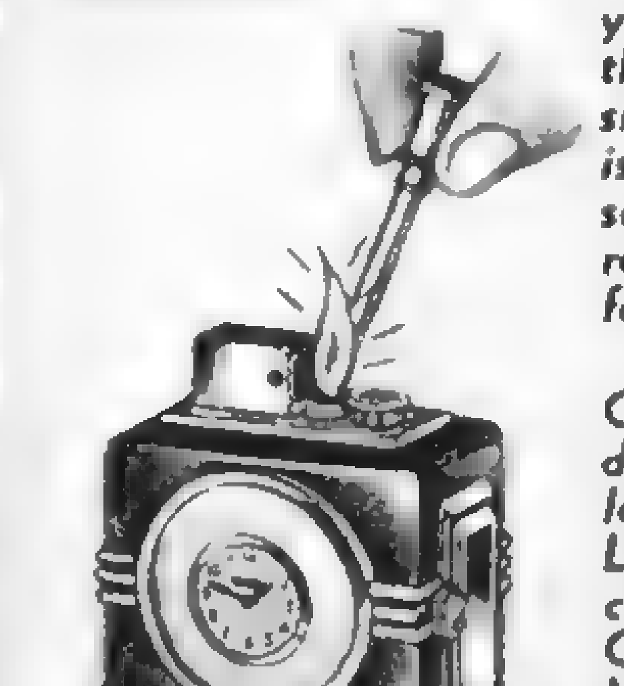


RONSON
Watch Lighter



RONSON
Lighter-Cigarette Case Combination



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The Lonesome Vigilante

Continued from page 35-186A

in two with his pocket knife and accepted two silver dollars from the bartender.

"I know a show card writer," the little man said. "Comes in every day. He'll print me up a nice little card to go under it." He looked wary. "Think the sheriff will arrest anybody?"

"'Course not. What's he want to start any trouble for? There was a lot of votes in that crowd tonight. Soon as they all go away, the sheriff will come and cut the nigger down and clean up some."

The bartender looked toward the door. "I guess I was wrong about the fellas wanting a drink. It's getting late."

"I guess I'll get along home. I feel tired."

"If you go south, I'll close up and walk a ways with you. I live on south Eighth."

"Why, that's only two blocks from my house. I live on south Sixth. You must go right past my house. Funny I never saw you around."

The bartender washed Mike's glass and took off the long apron. He put on his hat and coat, walked to the door and switched off the red neon sign and the house lights. For a moment the two men stood on the sidewalk looking back toward the park. The city was silent. There was no sound from the park. A policeman walked along a block away, turning his flash into the store windows.

"You see?" said Mike. "Just like nothing happened."

"Well, if the fellas wanted a glass of beer they must have gone someplace else."

"That's what I told you," said Mike.

They swung along the empty street and turned south, out of the business district. "My name's Welch," the bartender said. "I only been in this town about two years."

The loneliness had fallen on Mike again. "It's funny—" he said, and then, "I was born right in this town, right in the house I live in now. I got a wife but no kids. Both of us born right in this town. Everybody knows us."

They walked on for a few blocks. The stores dropped behind and the nice houses with bushy gardens and cut lawns lined the street. The tall shade trees were shadowed on the sidewalk by the street lights. Two night dogs went slowly by, smelling at each other.

Welch said softly—"I wonder what kind of a fella he was—the nigger, I mean."

Mike answered out of his loneliness. "The papers all said he was a fiend. I read all the papers. That's what they all said."

"Yes, I read them, too. But it makes you wonder about him. I've known some pretty nice niggers."

Mike turned his head and spoke protestingly. "Well, I've knew some damn fine niggers myself. I've worked right long side some niggers and they was as nice as any white man you could want to meet.—But not no fiends."

His vehemence silenced little Welch for a moment. Then he said, "You couldn't tell, I guess, what kind of a fella he was?"

"No—he just stood there stiff, with his mouth shut and his eyes tight closed and his hands right down at his sides. And then one of the guys smacked him. It's my idea he was dead when we took him out."

Welch sidled close on the walk. "Nice gardens along here. Must take a lot of money to keep them up." He walked even closer, so that his shoulder touched Mike's arm. "I never been to a lynching. How's it make you feel—afterwards?"

Mike shied away from the contact. "It don't make you feel nothing." He put down his head and increased his pace. The little bartender had nearly to trot to keep up. The street lights were fewer. It was darker and safer. Mike burst out, "Makes you feel kind of cut off and tired, but kind of satisfied, too. Like you done a good job—but tired and kind of sleepy." He slowed his steps. "Look, there's a light in the kitchen. That's where I live. My old lady's waiting up for me." He stopped in front of his little house.

Welch stood nervously beside him. "Come into my place when you want a glass of beer—or a shot. Open 'til midnight. I treat my friends right." He scampered away like an aged mouse

Mike called "Good night."

He walked around the side of his house and went in the back door. His thin petulant wife was sitting by the open gas oven warming herself. She turned complaining eyes on Mike where he stood in the door.

Then her eyes widened and hung on his face. "You been with a woman," she said hoarsely. "What woman you been with?"

Mike laughed. "You think you're pretty slick, don't you? You're a slick one, ain't you? What makes you think I been with a woman?"

She said fiercely, "You think I can't tell by the look on your face that you been with a woman?"

"All right," said Mike. "If you're so slick and know-it-all, I won't tell you nothing. You can just wait for the morning paper."

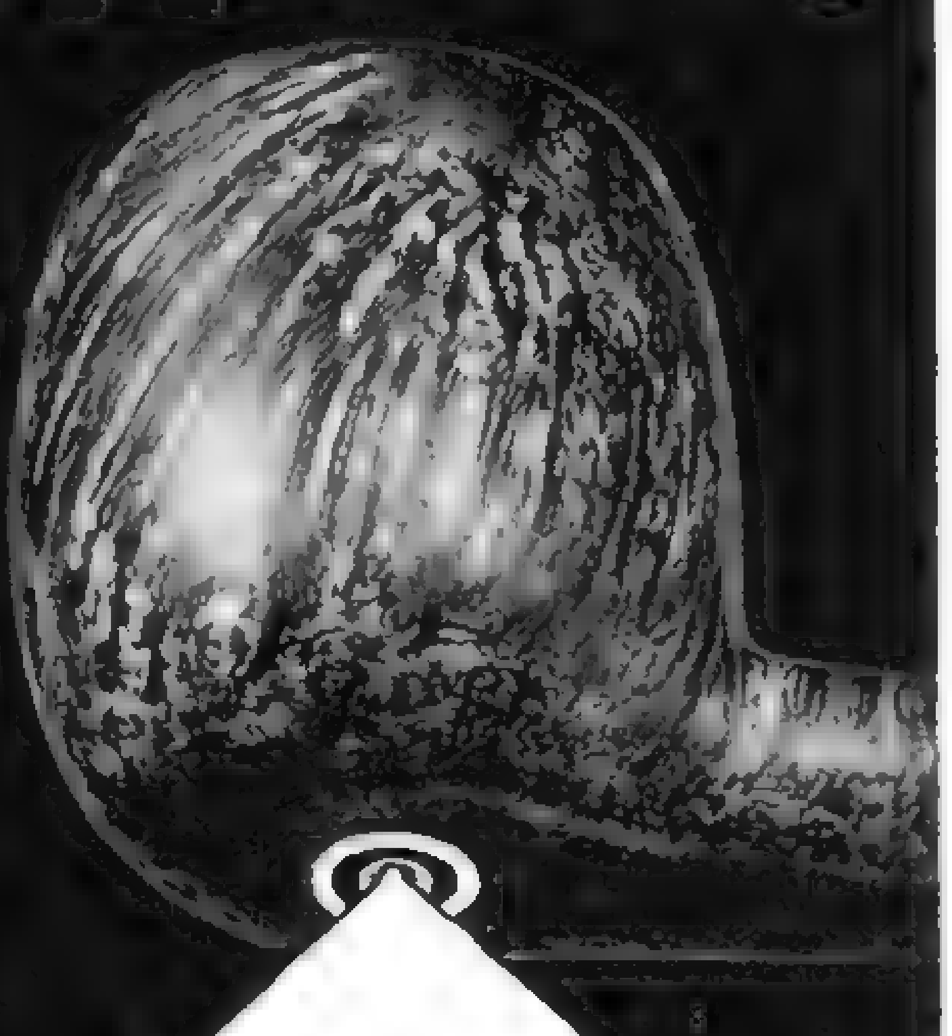
He saw doubt come into the dissatisfied eyes. "Was it the nigger?" she asked. "Did they get the nigger? Everybody said they was going to."

"Find out for yourself if you're so slick. I ain't going to tell you nothing."

He walked through the kitchen and went into the bathroom. A little mirror hung on the wall. Mike took off his cap and looked at his face. "By God she was right," he thought. "That's just exactly how I do feel." ⌗

CARBURETOR KAYWOODIE

an entirely **NEW PRINCIPLE** *in pipe smoking*



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Fresh air goes in here

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The Updraft of the new Carburetor Kaywoodie is the result of 5 years of steady, intensive experimentation. Now it's here—perfected. This new pipe looks just the same as the regular Kaywoodie, except that it has a "carburetor" hidden in the bottom of the bowl — it breathes at the bottom! It's MILD — mild enough for cigarette smokers! We ask all smokers to examine it at their dealer's—the new taste in pipes! Of course it has the famous **Drinkless Attachment** in the stem.

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$4

NOW GRADUATE TO KAYWOODIE

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 102

shadowed in *1919*, because that novel was not a progress in the choice and use of materials over *Manhattan Transfer*, which was an event in American literature.

When Dr. Joseph Collins turned out the awful trash—ignorant, half-baked, pernicious and bigoted—of *The Doctor Looks at Literature* and *The Doctor Looks at Life* and they proved to be so popular because so many people regard the word "doctor" with superstitious awe, even when it is borne by a manifest muttonhead, I trembled lest a host of superficial dilettantes like Collins arise from the medical profession and begin to air their views on literature, politics, economics, and history. The medicos are notoriously peremptory, dogmatic, and dictatorial in their assertions: the very uncertainty of diagnosis and the very limitations of exact knowledge in their profession make them that way.

And when a doctor goes in for *belles lettres* it is almost inevitable that he will address his reader as though his reader were an especially credulous imbecile to whom the doctor has condescended to impart, confidentially, some of the lesser incontrovertible truths from his vast store of exact, universal knowledge. The less he knows even in his own field, the more sententious he becomes, the more general will he be in his flat assertions, and the more use he will make of the jargon of his profession for ordinary terms to flabbergast his readers.

Louis Berman's *The Glands Regulating Personality* was a case in point. As long as Dr. Berman was explaining in a popular vein the very limited number of discoveries and conjectures which had been made about the functions of the various glands and their effect upon the physique and temperament, he was instructive and interesting, but when he began to explain *The Origin of Species* in terms of the action of Charles Darwin's "endocrine composition," *Also Spake Zarathustra* as the result of Nietzsche's being an "unstable pituitary-centered" individual, and Florence Nightingale's going to the Crimea because she was a hyperpituitary, he was entertaining but ridiculous. Freud in setting forth his own investigations and conclusions revolutionized the whole field of the treatment of nervous diseases, contributing much to the diagnostic equipment even of those who repudiated or denied him; but Freud accounting for the Mona Lisa in terms of an Edipus Complex was silly. Even Dr. C. MacLaurin in *Mere Mortals* and *Post Mortems* is altogether too glib to be above grave suspicion in his entertaining medical histories of Napoleon, Marat, Charlotte Corday, Charles V, Samuel Pepys, Ivan the Terrible, Queen Elizabeth, Cellini, and Spinoza. In fact, Dr. MacLaurin's books, I suspect, are to be read as pleasant literary essays rather than for medical truth.

There are exceptions, of course. Havelock Ellis is one of the most charming and stimulating of literary essayists in *The New Spirit*, *Impressions and Comments*, and *The Dance of Life*, but in none of these does he resort to the jargon of his profession or rely upon his vast special knowledge for pronouncements outside of the field of psychology: his essays are the reflection of a general culture, not of a specialty.

And Dr. Gustave Eckstein in *Lives*, which is about his friends—the mice, rabbits, cockroaches, canaries and other pets in his laboratory—is enchanting because it is good literature with no reference whatever to his position as a great physiologist and research specialist in the nature of disease.

So, when I recommend Dr. James Kemble's *Idols and Invalids* (Doubleday, Doran & Co., $3), I do so with the distinct reservation that whereas it is comprised of some exceptionally readable and informative essays in biography and history, as diagnosis it may largely be the bunk. Dr. Kemble is an eminent Scotch surgeon living in London. He has a light and amusing touch and a gift for dry digs such as, "An Englishman's idea of God is an Englishman eight feet high"; and John Bull is "His terrestial representative" and "Gladstone did away with this tariff (the tariff on light, French wines) but by then a century and a half of port drinking had hardened the stomachs of Englishmen and changed their sparkling wit into what is now a still and more subdued humor. Port also ruined the English palate, both for wines of discrimination and for culinary subtleties—and it has never recovered since."

Dr. Kemble has given us in this book the (or at least his) medical explanation of the behavior of Lord Byron, Christopher Columbus, Judge Jeffreys, Louis XV, the Borgias, Cleopatra, Lord Nelson, Henry VIII, Queen Anne, Mary Queen of Scots, Catherine of Russia, John Milton, Beau Brummel and Omar Khayyam. He has recounted their careers in terms of such diagnoses as he is able to make from the records of their habits, physical peculiarities and illnesses. Most of his diagnoses are based upon the reports of post-mortem examinations and this leads him into some unintentionally comical conclusions. For instance, it would appear from Dr. Kemble's findings that Lord Nelson died of malaria, typhoid, influenza, angina pectoris, dyspepsia and gout and from being hit by a musket ball, fired at fifteen yards, which transversed the lungs, severed the thorax and struck against the spine. That is, Nelson suffered from all six of these mortal diseases and, having survived them, he might also have survived the perforation of his

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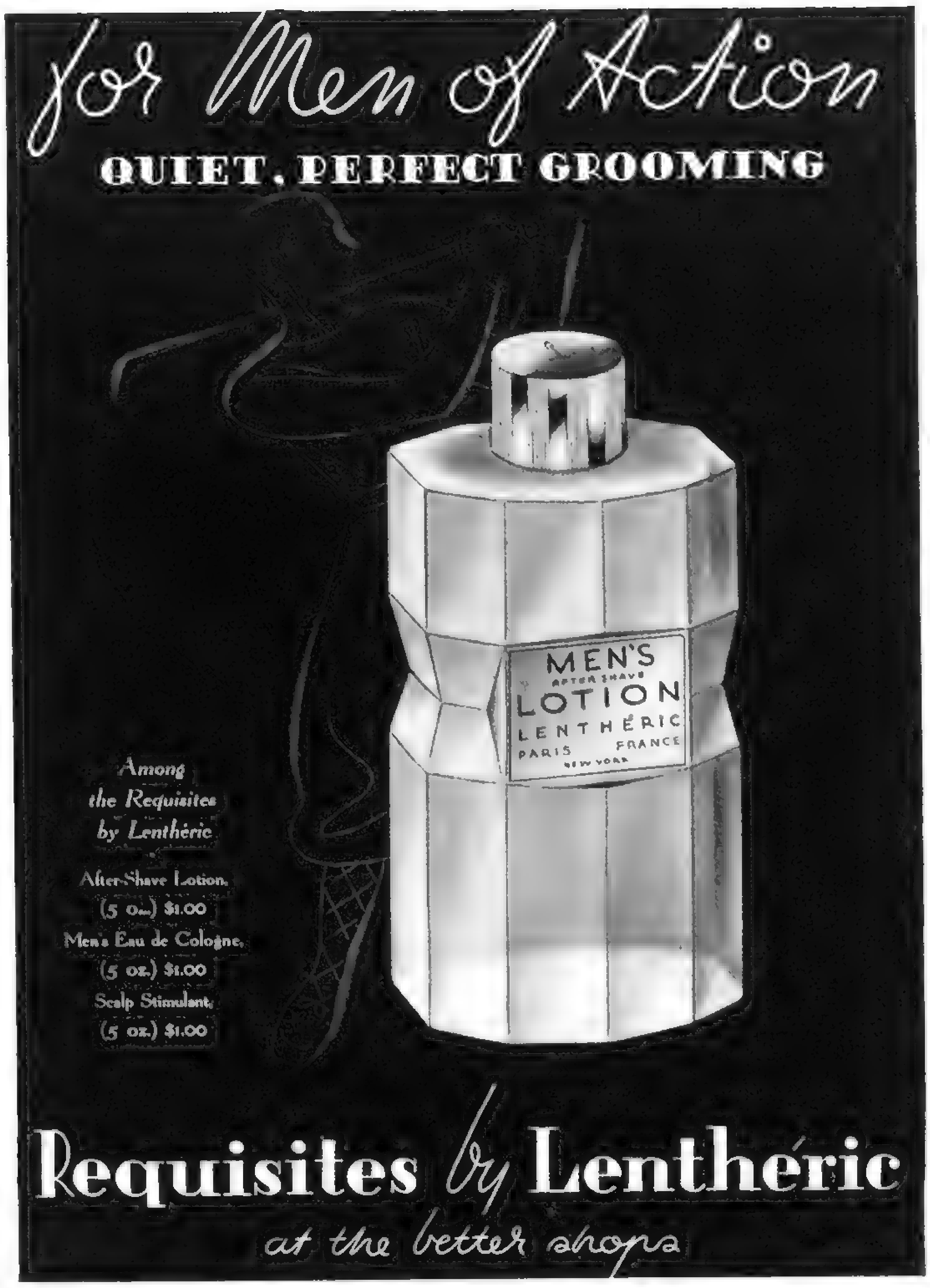
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The WEEKENDER

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 102-187

lungs by a musket ball if it had not been for the combination of circumstances which brought about his somatic death. He had survived the amputation of an arm, a head wound from a piece of langrage shot, poison from a well in the West Indies where Indians had dipped their poisoned arrows, the loss of the sight of the right eye when "a shot struck his battery right beside him, sand, splinters and stone striking him with great violence in the face and chest"; and he had been a puny, diminutive child. The strange thing is that a post-mortem examination revealed no trace of the diseases which made Nelson's life a prolonged and painful death. Dr. Kemble says this sometimes happens.

Byron died from catching a slight common cold. This was because during the thirty-six years of life he had spent his energies with such prodigality and indiscretion that his body was physically bankrupt and unable to resist a mild infection. "Worry and women and wine," says Dr. Kemble, "had left their effects on his constitution. He squandered his health and spent his resources. But what a liberal legacy remained in his poetry."

There are few writers among the medical profession who, if they get on the subject of syphilis, do not get mildly hypped by the disease. One Park Avenue New York physician, who had written several medical books and a novel dealing with the ravages of syphilis in a man who did not know he had it until too late, once told me in all seriousness that not only four persons out of every five have pyorrhea but that four out of five and probably as many as nine out of ten have syphilis and that the only reason it was not more evident is that the white race was finally becoming immune to the disease as the Arabs became centuries ago. Kemble takes for granted the ancient theory that syphilis was first introduced into Europe by the first sailors under Christopher Columbus to return to Spain, they having contracted the disease from the native women in the West Indies. Shortly after the first of Columbus' men returned in 1493, the disease made its first appearance in Spain, according to Kemble and the legend and it spread "in severe epidemic form immediately." In 1494 the epidemic broke out in Naples whither an army had been dispatched by Ferdinand of Spain to assist the Neapolitans in expelling Charles VIII of France. By 1496 the disease was rampant in Paris and then raged through the rest of Europe and was variously called "The Spanish Disorder," "The Neapolitan Disease," "The French Disease" and "The Great Pox." Not until 1530 was it called syphilis, after the name of the hero, Syphilus, in a Latin poem by Fracastorius. Syphilus, a herdsman, in the poem had the misfortune to contract the dread *Morbi Gallici* or Gallic disease. It was not until 1905 that the spirochete responsible for the infection was discovered by Schaudinn and Hoffmann.

Dr. Kemble says that, starting with the assumption which he had, a strong desire to prove that Columbus did not have syphilis, he reluctantly had to admit that, after exhaustive study of the record of Columbus' health from the first voyage to his death, Columbus died a paretic in 1506 as the result of the disease. He says that the relative quickness of the progress of the three stages of the disease in Columbus was owing to the fact that no immunity against the disease had at the time been developed by Europeans, by which fact, also, he explains the rapid spread and virulence of the epidemic.

Dr. Kemble, like Dr. MacLauren and nearly all modern historians, diagnoses Henry VIII as a syphilitic, assuming that he contracted the disease in his early youth; that it accounted for the miscarriages of his many wives, the horrible corpulence and sores of his body and his violent phobias and obsessions as the disease progressed; but it remains for Dr. Kemble to defend Henry VIII as essentially a monogamist who was profoundly and faithfully in love with his first wife, Catherine of Aragon, for eighteen years and loyally stuck to her in the hope that she would produce an heir until the last glimmer of hope for a child from her went when her menopause came when she was forty-two, prematurely because of the many miscarriages and still-births she suffered.

Dr. Kemble follows Dr. MacLauren in saying that it was not concupiscence which caused Henry VIII to go through so many wives, but a frenzied and honest desire to have a son succeed him on the throne, entirely unaware that he was infecting all his wives except Anne of Cleves (with whom he did not bed because he married her by proxy and found her too ugly).

Catherine the Great of Russia had such amazing vitality that she survived small-pox, gout, dropsy, gallstones, a life of alcoholic intemperance and sexual promiscuity and died finally of an apoplectic stroke at the age of sixty-seven. Queen Anne was a glutton and an alcoholic who became so fat she couldn't walk; but, although Dr. Kemble suggests that she had a strong sense of inferiority and therefore she was easily dominated by Sarah Churchill, Duchess of Marlborough and by Mrs. Masham, he scouts the theory that she was homosexual. He attributes the sadistic cruelty of Judge Jeffreys, who sentenced 331 persons to be hanged, 849 to be transported and 33 fined or whipped, to the

snake dance

in these

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fact that he had had an extremely painful stone in the bladder and, being of an intolerant disposition, "he adopted an impatient and defiant attitude when he could find no satisfactory answer as to why he should suffer, while others around him, no more deserving of good health, were immune." The fact that people were accused and brought before him satisfied him as to their guilt. He couldn't be bothered to hear any evidence, his gallstones were hurting him too bad.

Dr. Kemble flies into the face of one of the deepest of ingrained taboos among civilized peoples when he discusses Cleopatra who, as the ultimate product of centuries of incest and inbreeding, was a paragon of loveliness, health, intelligence and fertility. The chapter of the Borgias takes up again the paranoia induced by syphilis and, following the example of MacLauren who quotes Osler as saying, "Know syphilis in all its manifestations and relations and all other things clinical shall be added unto you," Kemble says of Henry VIII, "the tragedy of his life was the work of spirochaete. Perhaps I may trace, one day, its results on the whole of our history since."

I, for one, hope he doesn't for it will merely make morbid and disagreeable reading. Because of the very nature of the vast research involved and the inconclusiveness of the evidence, his whole thesis will have to be maintained by conjectures which are, from the start, biased. Many of the physical symptoms of the disease correspond, at least superficially, with the manifestations of dozens of other diseases; so indeterminately so that even successive tests of the spinal fluid in the second stage of syphilis may show a negative and the spirochaetes will be getting in their work just the same or there may be two positive reactions from the spinal fluid of a person entirely free from the taint. The medicos should concentrate upon the eradication of disease or upon the amelioration of its effects and not go in for speculations, from flimsy diagnostic data, about the ultimate effects upon history of aberrations caused by an individual ailment. That is quackery of the same kidney as that which accounts for all human behavior and all events of history upon economic grounds.

Before I forget it, I wish to remind the high-hat sports enthusiasts among the Esquire readers that what I imagine is the most complete one volume treatise on polo has just been issued by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, at eight smackers per each. It is called *Polo*, and it is edited by the Earl of Kimberley. Among the contributors are Brig.-Gen. G. Beresford, Major-Gen. Geoffrey Brooke, Lt.-Col. J. R. C. Gannon, "Marco," Brig.-Gen. R. L. Ricketts and Peter Vischer. Mr. Vischer writes a chapter on polo in the United States. There is a history of the game, which dates from at least 525 B.C., and is called polo from the Tibetan word *polo* meaning a willow ball. The Britishers learned the game from the natives in India in 1850 and soon persuaded the Indian princes to take it up again after a lapse of 300 years so they, the Britishers, could have somebody to play with, that is, somebody as near to being the equal of a Limey as anybody except another Limey can be. There are simple instructions for the beginner, elaborate instructions for the more advanced player, pictures and diagrams of strokes, rules and points in the game, stuff on how to handle and care for the ponies, how to be a captain, what your obligations are as a player, etc.

It is all very instructive, all very fascinating. I can't find anything in the book, however, about the hazards of the game, one of which is the chance of getting hit over the head with the business end of a polo stick so often that in your retired years you act and talk like a punch-drunk pugilist. I have known several to act and talk that way. But maybe they were that way when they took up polo. Brigadier-General de la Poer Beresford is definitely discouraging to men who would like to take up the game to keep up with their newly acquired swimming pools and country estates. You have to start in learning this game when you are a boy. And you must be from a horse-loving family and have absorbed from infancy the atmosphere and traditions of the game without definite instruction.

Moreover you must be from a polo family, not from a family which has merely had the habit of riding to hounds for generations. If a boy is brought up in a hunting atmosphere, in fact, he is handicapped at the start, for, as the Brig.-Gen. says, "the hunting atmosphere, though valuable in many respects, tends to give him quite wrong standards concerning the handiness and certain other qualifications of his mount. Nor does it develop the right kind of seats for polo, for few hunters have been schooled from the polo point of view, that is, either properly bent or systematically taught to obey the 'aids,' a regime absolutely necessary for both rider and pony if really high-class polo is in view."

There are other difficulties about becoming a good polo player. When the boy who has the fine start of being from a polo family enters private school in England he finds that school games are compulsory and, since kids who ought to take up cricket or tennis or squash sometimes take up polo the lad from the polo family is obliged to play with dubs and this puts him off his game and almost kills his interest in it. "The mental attitude necessary to attain class is absent"; and the boy has to be watched pretty closely during vacation or he will be riding a horse

Continued at top of page 188B

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How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 102-187-188A

simply for the fun of riding a horse and not learning polo. After he enters one of the Universities or goes to Sandhurst or Woolwich, the boy from the polo family meets the worst handicaps yet, especially if he joins a cavalry regiment for, "On joining a cavalry regiment there is little hope of much improvement, for how many cavalry officers are high-class game performers? Nor does a civilian polo club present any better opportunities. We are, therefore, driven to the conclusion that the polo evolved by men who have the horseman mentality can never be of a high class. They do not understand games enough to know what to aim at, and even their horsemanship often is not of a kind suited to polo."

I always thought that about men with the "horsemanship mentality," that they didn't know enough to aim at the ball if they were playing croquet, tennis, golf or polo, but I wouldn't have said it myself if the Brigadier General had not said it first. . . . But I hope I have given sufficient discouragement to any of you birds who, if you are in the money, think you might take up polo. For, from there on the Brigadier General gets more and more discouraging. To be a polo player with any class, you must never open a book, except possibly this one, never ride a horse except to practice strokes, never go anywhere or do anything, see anything or hear anything, but think polo and practice polo at meals, on the job, in bed and on the field. . . .

I should like to know what instructions Miss Marjorie Hillis would give the women she addresses in *Live Alone and Like It* (Bobbs, Merrill, $1.50), if they should ever find themselves stymied by a polo player. In her delightful and profitable suggestions to women who are independent and live alone, she tells the girls how to get rid of a fellow who calls and stays too long or is a bore. If a girl wants to get rid of him for good she says that all the girl has to do is to tell him to go in good plain English; but if she wants him to come again soon she must use a little tact, like suggesting that she get him a glass of water. "This will get you both up and give you the advantage," she writes. "You can keep on standing, which will eventually wear down any man (if you don't drop first)." Either one of these might do for an ordinary man. But the only way she could get her idea across to a polo player would be to bring him in a horse and polo stick.

Miss Hillis' little book may be intended for women but my feeling would be that men, especially young men, would get more knowledge and profit out of it than women even. Most men are still living in the Victorian era so far as their knowledge of women is concerned, those who think of themselves as Don Juans and Casanovas perhaps more so than the others. They will be surprised and maybe shocked at the revelations as to how the modern, self-supporting woman thinks, acts and lives and how thoroughly on to men she is and what rules are laid down for her success not only in the battle of life but in the duel of sex.

Living alone, Miss Hillis points out, doesn't mean loneliness and certainly is not an affliction, as so many people sentimentally think, if a woman's life is planned with intelligence, feminine care and discretion. Altogether an instructive and entertaining book, witty and full of semi-serious fun. ⌗

Electric Fly Paper

Continued from page 110

shell of the objective structure for a haul of $100,000. In other instances of recent vintage they've tunnelled underground down an alley almost a full block long, coming up through the cellar floor, or worked in underground from a sewer pipe fifty feet distant with such amazing accuracy that they emerged into the vault through a space in the floor which was unencumbered by fixtures or any other obstacle. That is more than mere burglary—it is engineering, and it offers some insight into the problem of today. The gist of it is that while massive doors and bulky window bars are very impressive to look at, we still have to put fly paper around inside!

This statement of fact is by no means a reflection on the skill and ability of safe and vault builders who have done marvels with the materials and mechanical knowledge available: if anything, it is a simple tribute to Yankee ingenuity even when applied to anti-social ends. And its function here is merely to draw a contrasting background against which the developments of modern protection are more clearly appreciated.

Take that safe in your office weighing a couple of tons and consider it in the light of what has already been said. Maybe you have a sinking feeling that it isn't so immune to attack as you thought, modern tools being what they are—so what? Well, if you want to make that "strong box" just about 100% secure, do you know what you could do? You could put the whole thing inside of a wooden cabinet—a comparatively flimsy cabinet, indeed, which your son could smash open with a baseball bat. And unless the records of the past fifteen years are sadly cockeyed, no burglar will open that safe!

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which any rowdy intruder could put his foot—and not a single one has ever been attacked successfully. For those cabinets are wired, and those hidden wires lead out of the building to a central station on duty twenty-four hours a day and tied into police headquarters by direct automatic and manual connections. You smack that cabinet once with your baseball bat, and inside of two minutes there'll be a mob of burly cops climbing up and down your spine from the sheer exuberance of meeting you formally.

Bring in all the modern tools you care to and all the experts you can find to use them and still you're stuck in the fly paper because they've taken away the most vital factor of all: the time to work. That, in spite of all our bolts and bars and doors and vaults, is exactly what modern burglary protection simmers down to. And the funny part about it is that it isn't a new idea at all but the notion of a Boston dry goods clerk who, seventy-five years ago, saw that the main flaw of the newly introduced burglar alarm was that it alarmed the burglar first. A silent call to an outside watch service, reasoned the observant Edward Holmes, would make it possible to nab the intruder red-handed. And although modern bank and vault construction has gone beyond the most fantastic dreams of that peaceful era, the essence of protection today is still sensitivity rather than brute strength alone.

You can see that principle applied in the new vaults of the U. S. Treasury at Washington recently completed after almost two years' work. These enormous vaults are intended to house not only all the reserve stock of paper currency needed by the Treasury, but all the gold and silver held by the government: the aggregate running into many billions of dollars. Over 12,000 tons of reenforced concrete make up the 30-inch walls and floors which are lined with 390 tons of steel plate, 1200 tons of cast iron slab and 1650 tons of steel reenforcing. Each door, which is not much taller than a man, weighs 39 tons. Yet with all this formidable array of safeguards, the Treasury is taking no chances with its horde. Walls and ceilings are literally infested with sound detectors which will convert the slightest hostile noise into a city-wide alarm which, in addition to locking automatically every exit from the Treasury Building also summons the local guard, the police, the fire department and any military assistance deemed necessary. A half-million dollars worth of bulk is there to repel invaders—but so, also, is the electric fly paper!

Alert banks and even mercantile establishments the country over have similar systems not only in vaults but throughout the building as well. Being hidden, such wiring can't be tampered with—and even if it could be, the mere tampering would send its own alarm. Being "self-supervised" by their own current, such systems can't even go dead without transmitting an automatic signal.

There are many devices accomplishing this end, to be sure: the mystic photo-electric cell is being put to this purpose, and visitors to the World's Fair doubtless saw that model of the new "watch dog safe" which gave an alarm through body magnetism when one merely approached the device. The most universally used system today, however, is the phonetic detector —especially practical for vaults which were originally built without the "lacing system" of wires incorporated in the construction. These phonetics such as the U. S. Treasury uses are equipped with amplifiers which pick up sound waves and magnify them into energy to actuate the alarm mechanism. Thus the first hum of a drill or torch outside the vault will be flashed on a central panel board and, in less time than it takes to describe the action, will be relayed to the police. Inside the vault, naturally, less noise will do the trick: the clink of a metal tool, even a he-man sneeze will surround you in a jiffy with a well-armed welcoming committee.

But there is more than one way to skin a cat—and that goes for cracking banks. With nighttime attacks limited by numerous cute gadgets which protest intrusion at any unseemly hour, the bandits quickly got hep to the idea of the "opening hour hold-up;" *i.e.*, waiting for the employees to arrive and compelling the authorized official to open the vault at precisely the customary moment. This, naturally, precluded the possibility of any central station alarm going in and simplified the job for everybody. So efficient is this device that it was recently pulled on one of the leading branch banks in New York to the tune of $28,000—although bank robbery is supposed to be a small town proposition!

On the surface, the opening hour stick-up may seem impossible to beat because obviously no employee has time to reach a manual alarm before being covered. But the protection engineers shrewdly adopted Mahomet's doctrine: if the banker couldn't go to the alarm, they'd bring the alarm to him—and they did it by making every vital entrance in the bank part of the alarm system. Thus, when the suave gentleman with the brief case steps up behind you at the front door, sticks a gun in your ribs, and says, "Open up, pal, and keep your trap shut!"—why, you just do as you're told. Without a second's hesitation you insert the key in the lock, turn it, open the door and enter, under convoy. The rest of the band piles in behind and everything goes swimmingly for about ninety seconds. By then the entire building is

Continued on page 190

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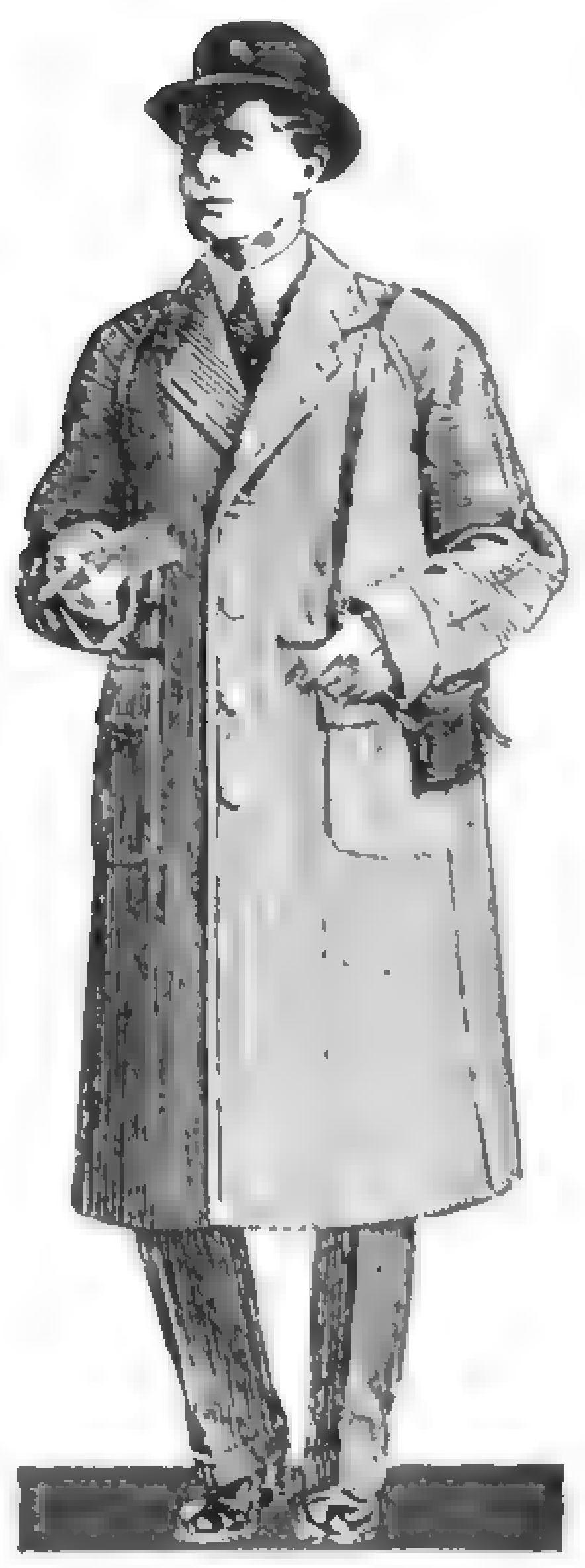

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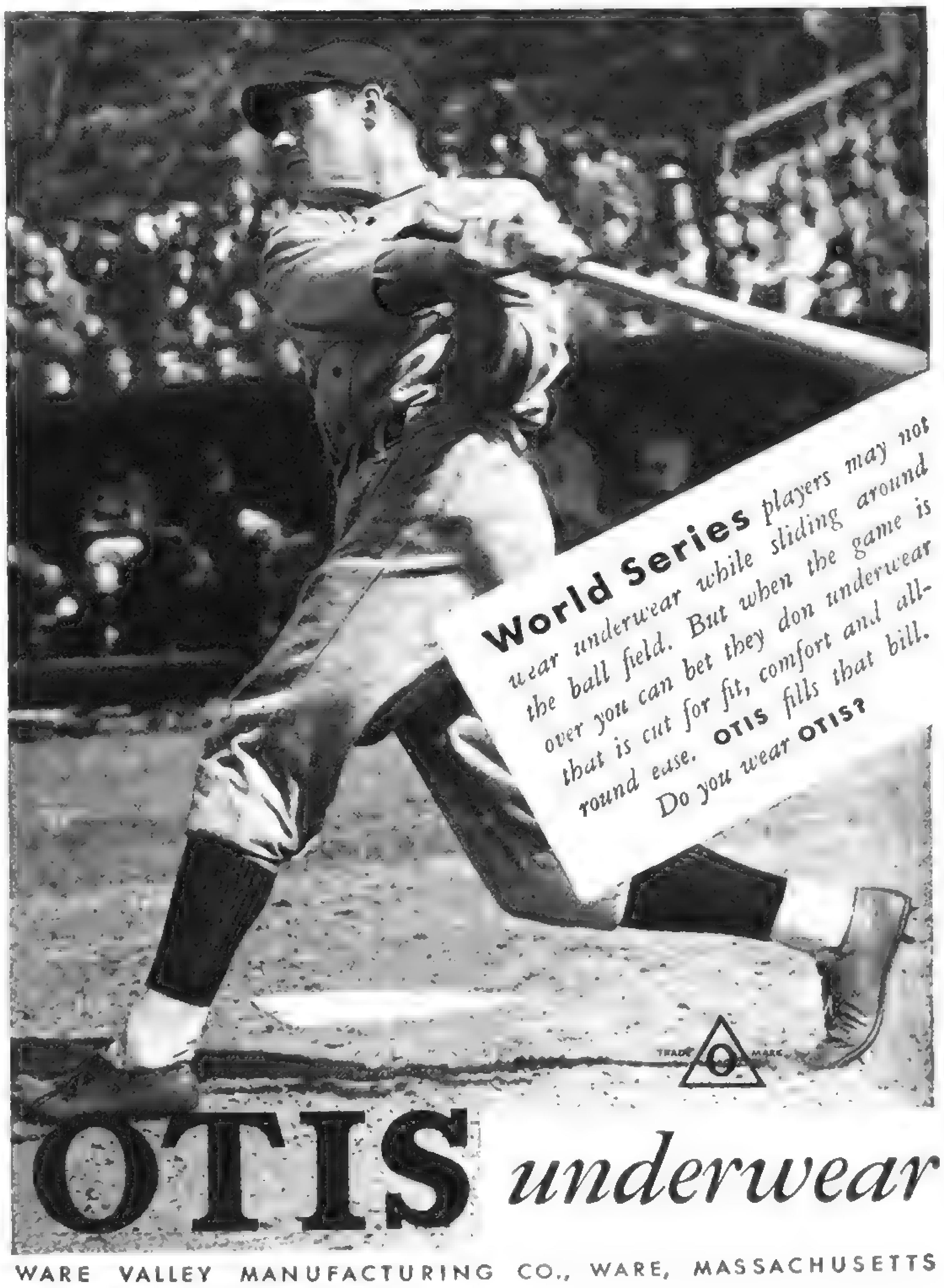
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Electric Fly Paper

Continued from pages 110-189

surrounded by armored police cars bristling with artillery!

All that happened was that the official merely turned his key to the left instead of to the right as usual—or gave it a half-turn instead of a quarter-turn—or pressed it all the way into the slot instead of two-thirds in. Whatever the particular expedient was, it not only opened the door but also transmitted the alarm. Similar trick locks on inside gates, tellers' cages, safe combinations, vault or deposit room bolts accomplish the same thing: when operated in one way, they simply open the gate or door; operated in a subtly different fashion, they both open the door and signal for the police. Nothing is simpler than to add, say, ten digits to the normal safe combination and thus transmit an alarm under the unsuspecting nose of the intruder without jeopardizing your own safety in the slightest.

Such devices naturally divert felonious energies into less hazardous channels, hence the bulk of all bank attacks today are day time lobby holdups. The fly paper has become too sticky to leave any profit in burglary on a wide scale so it is being restricted to the backward institutions who suffer along without adequate automatic protection. They just ask for it—and in due time they get it.

Meanwhile the major energies of both protective and destructive agencies are centered on the stick-up. From the bandits' standpoint, this is the richest field because it is the one in which the greatest number of banks have been laggard in adopting adequate protection. From the protective engineer's angle, this is a harder problem than straight burglary mainly because the nature and the habits of the banking business play right into the smart robber's hands. Yet in spite of that they are performing miracles.

The essence of the successful stick-up, of course, is clock-work organization permitting unencumbered speed. The late John Dillinger once boasted that he could clean out any bank he worked on in three minutes and forty seconds—and since his mob alone collected over $200,000 in three or four months, it is clear that he knew what he was talking about. The thing which makes this speed possible, of course, is the exposure of large sums of counter currency; and one of the cutest devices to circumvent this is a trick teller's drawer which ranks with some of the stage magician's best equipment. As incoming cash exceeds a safe figure, the teller drops the surplus in a compartment at the rear of the drawer; he shuts the drawer; opens it—presto! the money has disappeared. Where it went you'll have to find out for yourself: suffice it to say that the hiding place is well protected by a delayed time lock—and delays are no part of the stick-up man's dish.

There are, of course, numerous other dodges to balk the hold-up man. Many tellers' drawers have spring bottoms; *i.e.*, the money lies on a movable slab which is itself an alarm. Take out the money one way and nothing happens; lift it in another and more natural fashion, and the silent alarm goes in. Thus whether the teller hands it out under duress or the cautious bandit picks it up himself, the signal goes in without arousing any suspicion or provoking any retaliation. Scattered all through the premises are other secret signaling devices such as coping rails, innocent looking foot rails, and what not, all of which accomplish various things. Sometimes they record signals in a bullet-proof remote control booth from which all safes, drawers and vault doors can be closed instantly by a single switch; sometimes they actuate tear gas systems which spout vicious fumes all over the marauders—and customers alike. But no matter how elaborate and advanced the internal procedure may be in this emergency, the 75-year old idea of Edward Holmes still constitutes the most decisive factor in robbery as in burglary protection: a rapid, well-organized response from outside is the ace defense against lobby stick-ups.

Clearly with less than four minutes allowed for the whole job, the police must be as well organized for this work as the bandits are. First, there must be an early alarm; second, there must be a hair-trigger mobilization of the forces; meanwhile every conceivable obstacle to the speedy pick-up of substantial sums must be employed inside the bank. And so well do these factors click in the typical wide-awake city that a more than ample detail of trained policemen can blanket any bank within two minutes after the first rude visitor barks, "Hands up!" Difficult as it may appear, therefore, to frustrate a four-minute robbery, this is the technique applied—and applied so successfully that institutions covered by central station automatic systems are rarely even considered by the advance men who "case" prospective victims.

Thus we come back to the truth that notwithstanding the formidable array of marble and granite and massive bronze doors and bulky window bars, the heart and soul of bank protection is sensitivity rather than brute strength alone. To be sure, the screens and window nettings serve their purpose—but since some of the vermin get in anyhow, it is prudent to provide plenty of fly paper inside! ⁜

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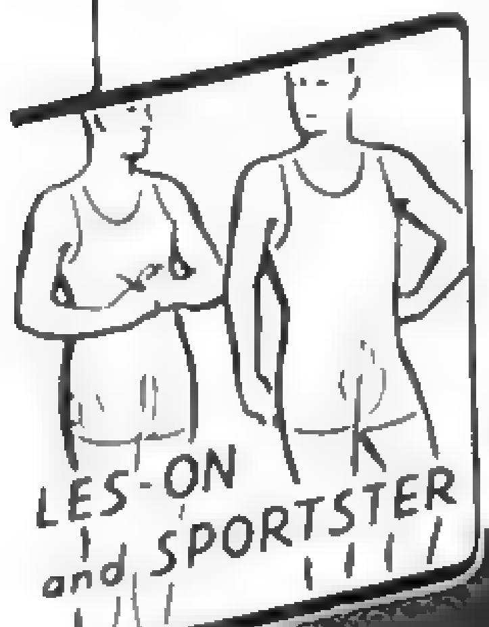

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 109

picker's strike which had been violently and bloodily fought. The strikers were asked to settle for about twenty cents an hour.

I was taken around all the lots and everybody was nice and solicitous and a couple of the studio contact men even pressed upon me the phone numbers of Hollywood's best brothels, though I confess I was kind of disappointed that they didn't come around and dump a few hot baby stars into my hotel room. I did, however, investigate a couple of Hollywood orgies.

I was invited to the first orgy by a producer. Now a producer is not necessarily the owner of a production, as I had thought. Each of the major studios has a staff of producers. The producer gets a budget for the making of a certain picture. He may have the story in mind or he may select a story from the studio's stock. He is then in complete charge. He hovers over the writers whom he assigns to the scenario, he goes over the script with the director whom he selects, together with the director, he casts the picture, and he hangs around while the picture is being shot, he sits in with the director on cutting and assembly. He is, simply, the man responsible to the studio for the picture. If there is any personality expressed in a motion picture, any idea, any outstanding theme, credit should go to the producer as well as to the director. Sometimes, as in the case of King Vidor or a Frank Lloyd, the two jobs are confined in a single person. But producers like Cliff Reid who cajoled R.K.O. into making *The Informer*, are more than mere business managers. The same goes for Robert Sisk, who is co-producer with Reid on *The Plough and the Stars*, and was instrumental in getting the Irish players to work in the picture.

So, to get to the orgy. My mentor took his dinner-date home because she was too sweet to go to that kind of party, he said. Then we arrived on the scene: an agent's apartment. This one had a modernistic layout including a radio-victrola with self-changing records. There were three girls in the place and all three had the icy sophisticated bored faces of young women in fashion ads in *Vogue*. The *Vogue* type of dame is beyond me. I just flatten.

The conversation was mostly about getting to work on that drink there, with an occasional digression about going to the bathroom. One of the superbly bored blondes was lackadaisically eating an apple. She took an occasional nibble, letting the fruit get yellow with neglect.

After a while the producer fixed me with a friendly stare and said by golly I was a swell guy. He and I were going to be pals. Okay by me, I said. So we had another drink.

One vice I can report of Hollywood. They drink. At every turn a glass is shoved into your hand. But they carry it well.

But about this orgy. Several of us had come from the preview of another producer's picture, and my producer was anxious to know the verdict.

"Was it really a Great picture? By golly it ought to be a Great picture!" He meant not just a million dollar picture, but Great.

I said it was a good picture but not quite Great, in my opinion. The producer raised up his glass in good-fellowship. "To the swellest guy in Hollywood!" he toasted his rival. "To the greatest guy in town!" And so we drank to the other producer, and the radio was saying something about the revolution in Spain.

"Who's winning?" the agent asked.

At about one o'clock, having continued in much the same vein, the orgy broke up. The blondes made a date to go horseback riding together, showing the first animation of the evening.

Still unconvinced about Hollywood orgies, I welcomed the opportunity to attend a party at a director's house. When I told the press agent where I was going he gave me a sly, wise look. We had just made a ten o'clock appointment for Monday morning, but he said, "If you go to Van's you'll never be here Monday morning. You'll be lucky if you make it by Tuesday." So this time I was sure I was going to see the real thing.

Mr. Van Dyke was standing on the lawn, watching the kids in the swimming pool. "I have them come over every Sunday," Van Dyke said, between gusts of laughter at the antics of Mickey Rooney. Mickey was making comical dives. Finally Mickey rounded up Freddie Bartholomew and Jackie Cooper; the rest of the kids in the pool made a pyramid base and the three stars climbed up on their shoulders. It certainly was a riot to see Mickey tumble off a couple of times, a real boy, that! we all said to each other. A whole slew of photographers materialized out of the bushes and I hope they got some nice publicity stuff. It's just a party that Van runs on week-ends, just for neighborhood toughs who have no private pool of their own.

We went inside and had a few drinks, and the press agent confided that Van was losing his grip since he got married. In the old days I would have seen a real orgy, at Van's.

After a while, who should drop in but D. W. Griffith. Van Dyke was an extra under Griffith in the old, old days. Griffith's *Birth of a Nation* had been revived that week in a Hollywood theatre and I had seen the showing. The print was in awful condition, and the first half of the film had been butchered to confusion, but the second half remained powerful, to this day. Griffith remarked that he had

Continued on page 192

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 109-191

shot the picture without a script! The whole thing existed only in his mind. Even *Intolerance*, with its complicated inter-weaving of four stories, had been filmed without a script.

When we were going, Griffith paused to compliment Van Dyke on the *Thin Man*. He said he had seen it four times. "To make a woman with a hangover attractive—you did something there, Van!" he marvelled. "That picture is better than all of mine—the *Birth*, and *Intolerance* too!"

The next day I stopped in on the set to watch Van Dyke directing the three boys in *The Devil is a Sissy*. The director's chair was freshly marked D. W. Griffith.

"It's just a gag," he said.

It seems that Van Dyke invited Griffith to direct the final scene of *San Francisco*, and that when the old master arrived on the set, there was this chair, all prepared with his name on the back.

The actual shooting of pictures is of course a tedious business. Few people realize that pictures are composed of innumerable tiny bits of scenes, no one of which lasts longer than a minute or so, without a shift in camera or in setting. Each of these little scenes is done separately, and taken about half a dozen times, on the average. It is often impossible for the visitor to see any difference between the takes on a scene, but they are repeated sometimes because the cameraman thinks he can do better, sometimes because of an actor's slip, sometimes because the director has an idea, and usually simply on the chance that the next one will be better. Van Dyke is one of the few directors who go lean on takes. He and John Ford are exceptional in this respect. They seem to know what they want, and if they get it on the first shot, are content to go on to the next scene.

The repetition of takes is a wearisome business. The players act only in snatches—a moment at a time—then they can drop their roles again, while they wait for the next take. It is perhaps because of this piecemeal necessity in production that so few actors are able to sustain a characterization in a picture. There is no way to maintain a flowing line of performance, except in the actor's own mind. And he must maintain this against the obstacle of continuous interruption and repetition. Acting in films is something like stage rehearsal combined with stage performance.

The general effect of a film studio is simply that of a factory. People work industriously, at regular hours and at an unrelenting pace. And in general, film directors and producers have the healthy, factory-production attitude toward their work. The most candid expression of this came from Robert Leonard, director of *The Great Ziegfeld*. Now, Mr. Leonard was another of the people who, according to the boss, might not want to see me, because I had nastily rated *The Great Ziegfeld* under "Waste." But Mr. Leonard was glad to see me. He is a huge man with a round but solid-fleshed face. After reminding me of my dislike for his last picture, he informed me that *The Great Ziegfeld* has already earned back its production cost, and it is still in the two-a-day showings, and has yet to be booked for regular movie theatre showing! So the picture will make a tremendous profit. Waste, huh?

Mr. Leonard admitted he would have made the picture differently had he made it for himself. He might have shown a true character as Ziegfeld, instead of a glamour-glazed hero. But it did not seem to pain him in the least that he could not make pictures the way he would make them for himself. "The only approach to pictures is the commercial approach," is the foundation of his creed.

And the picture is making money.

I also went to a barber-shop in Hollywood. In the next chair was a cheery, elderly man, in robust health. He loved dogs. He had two acres of closely cropped lawn, as an exercise ground for his dogs, he said. What made him boil was that there were some hotels—really second-class dumps—which would not admit dogs. Why, his dogs slept in the guest room of his house. They slept on a quarter of a million dollars worth of rugs, in his home. So the other day when he stepped into a hotel and was told no dogs allowed, he took one look at the dump. "I've only seen your lobby," he quoted himself, "but if the rest of this hotel is no better I can tell you that my dogs regularly sleep in a better place than your bridal suite." The barber chortled appreciatively. The Hollywood dog-fancier went on to say that such second-class hotels had better beware. "Why there are enough owners of registered breed dogs in this country so that if we act as one body and boycott those hotels, we can put them out of business. Why, if we act together it would be enough to swing the presidential election!" he mused. And a moment later he added, "Landon is all right."

And of an afternoon in Hollywood, I was at the home of a writer friend who now has one of those thousand dollar a week jobs doing scripts. The writer was stuck with three lady tourists besides myself. The lady tourists had been to the art museum in Los Angeles and gave a detailed report of a room where Mary Pickford's curls and Lon Chaney's teeth were on display.

I have been intending to check up on that but I don't see how they could have invented it.

Everybody said I ought to stay in Hollywood as my reviews would be so much more timely, and there were four hundred other correspondents here, and anyway I might get a break in pictures.

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So I thought over the possibility. It is difficult to get any real idea of the place. It's like trying to grab hold of air.

The roads are pleasant and the homes are rich and everybody lives well. And as I drove along, I picked up a kid hitching back to town from the beach. He chattered about how he had to get home in time to dress for the big preview. He was going to stand out there and watch the sidewalk interviews. After a while he fell silent, and then he lurched against my shoulder. He had fallen asleep. For the first time, I really took a look at him. He had the long narrow face and the slightly gaping mouth of an imbecile.

It is too literary and too obvious to make out that every crowd-gaper in the sidewalk mobs at the previews is actually feeble-minded. Maybe I happened to pick up the only one. But here is a bit out of a Los Angeles paper, reviewing the *Epic Premiere*.

"Against a backdrop of thousands of dollars worth of real and rare varieties of orchids, Hollywood, film capital of the world, where fiction becomes fact, and the impossible is achieved, last night staged one of its most brilliant performances . . .

"Something new and different too, under the Hollywood arc lights, was the grandstand for spectators, where more than 1,000 excited fans gave the final cheer that had started some two blocks away with the throngs that lined the streets to glimpse the arriving stars and notables . . ."

The papers said the fascists were winning in Spain, and during dinner my writer-friend and I were depressed about Spain, but then he remembered to send a check by his chauffeur to a committee that was working on a film to help free Tom Mooney, and then we had another drink and felt better. And then we went to a party at a star's house, and Chaplin was there, and Paulette Goddard, and Frederic March who was damn nice off the screen, and Marc Connolly who swiped my girl, and my writer friend told a comical story about a producer, and then he felt better.

He wanted to save the story for some time when he could write about Hollywood, and we argued about where it could be told more effectively, and I told him I'd swipe it anyway, so he gave up. It's about Irving Thalberg, who built a beautiful house on the beach, to be near the ocean. But he found that he didn't like the ocean air, so he put in a $30,000 air conditioning plant, and he has air brought in tanks from the valley, and that's the air in his ocean house. Then, too, he didn't like the sound of the waves. The waves disturbed him, when he was brooding upon the artistry of his production. The waves broke his moods. So he had the buildings soundproofed. The producer didn't like to bathe in ocean water. So he built a pool on the beach, and piped fresh water into his pool. Finally he got sick of the sight of the ocean. It depressed him. So he had a high stockade built around his house, cutting off completely the view of the sea.

Everybody began telling comical stories about producers, and everybody went home feeling swell.

As we drove along, we worried a little about Spain, but just enough to feel nobly sympathetic, and I thought, it must be easy to slip into this kind of a life. Nice and easy.

The next day, I found myself getting annoyed at a young fellow who was taking me around a studio, rather clumsily insisting on building up some inept publicity angle, and I found myself thinking, "Oh why bother with him, he probably doesn't get more than thirty-five bucks a week."

That's how easy it is. ╫

A Man's Guide to the Movies

Continued from page 109

for which it strives. I think the weakness is in the exposition of the conflict between the two queens. The story leaves it merely a matter of a mad between two girls. Some glimpses of the social history of the period would have helped. As it is, the kings and nobles stamp around in a vacuum.

My Man Godfrey: A frothy, frivolous farce, a sort of cross between the kind of plays college amateurs used to do, and the kind of films the *Thin Man* brought along. Carole Lombard and William Powell at their cleverest. See how a millionaire solves the unemployment problem by providing shelter for fifty men.

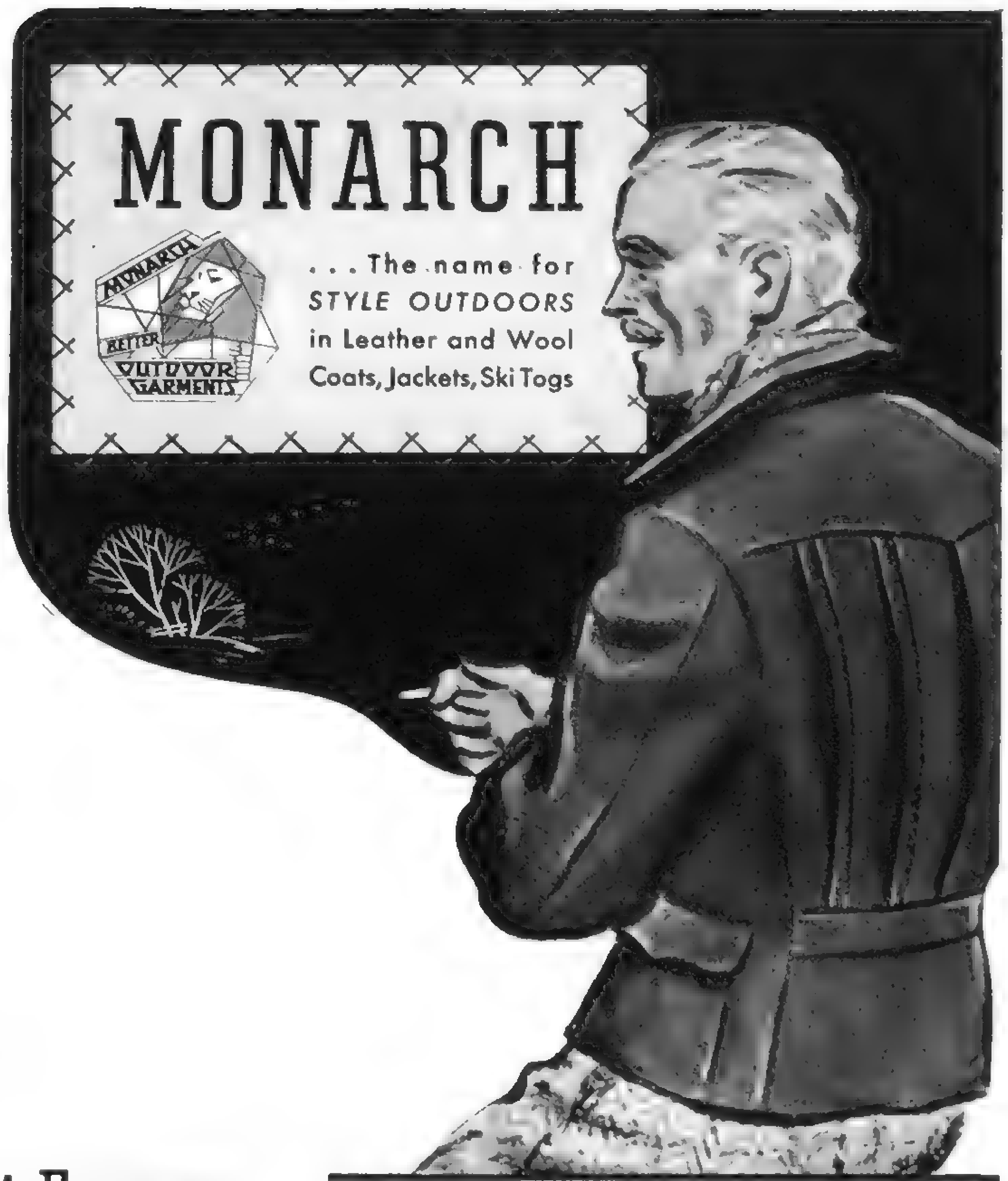
Nine Days a Queen: A British production which is an excellent companion piece to *Mary of Scotland*. Between the two of them, you'll have a neat chunk of history. *Nine Days a Queen* is on the whole more satisfactory entertainment than *Mary of Scotland*, though it is surpassed in several individual scenes. It gives a fuller and a really understandable idea of court intrigue. This seems to be Off-With-Their-Heads week for the beauteous film actresses. The execution scene in *Nine Days* is protracted with terrific effect.

Sing, Baby, Sing: Adolph Menjou in a gorgeous harlequinade that might have been suggested by the headlines about a certain not-so-young romantic actor being pursued from plane to train by a certain young lady. It's really a knock-out caricature.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

Girl's Dormitory: The film is negligible but for the introduction of Simone Simon, a young French actress who has the goods. She is probably the least pretty of the cluster of girls in this unashamed swipe of *Maedchen in Uniform*, but she has that thing.

Continued at top of page 194



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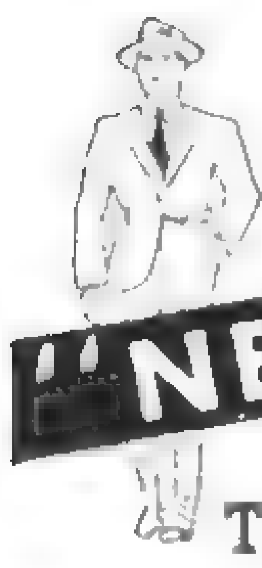

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A Man's Guide to the Movies

Continued from pages 109-193

His Brother's Wife: An all-around good production, with Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, yet it leaves one sort of cold. It's about a young scientist who has his own ideas of honor. Everyone in the picture is so awfully straight-backed

Road to Glory: Very disturbing, because it might have been made in war time as a war picture. Made now, it can appear as a film exposing the horrors of war, and therefore anti-war in nature. It has plenty of horrors, due to William Faulkner's work on the script. The long scene where the men in the dug-out are aware that the Germans are tunnelling under them and may at any moment blow them to bits is a masterpiece for suspense. But on the whole the film is a repetition of the usual baloney about courage and fortitude and patriotism. The character of the old soldier who wants to blow his Napoleonic bugle gives the thing away. If you ask me, it's war propaganda.

WASTE

Devil Doll: A fascinating idea, that of having people shrunken to miniature size, and the few scenes in which the dolls appear truly utilize the otherworldly effects of cinema. But all this is wasted in a drearily complicated yarn. Wasted, too, is Lionel Barrymore's nifty trick performance in the guise of an old woman. #

"I Didn't Get Over"

Continued from page 45

"Go on."

"Well, we were in Georgia then, and they have a lot of those little muddy rivers with big old rafts they pull across on a slow cable. You could carry about a hundred men if you packed them in. When Abe's 'battalion' got to this river about noon he saw that the third battalion just ahead wasn't even half over, and he figured it would be a full hour at the rate that boat was going to and fro. So he marched the men a little down the shore to get some shade and was just about to let them have chow when an officer came riding up all covered with dust and said he was Captain Brown and where was the officer commanding Headquarters Company.

" 'That's me, sir,' said Abe.

" 'Well, I just got in to camp and I'm taking command,' the officer said. And then, as if it was Abe's fault, 'I had to ride like hell to catch up with you. Where's the company?'

" 'Right here, sir—and next is the supply, and next is the medical—I was just going to let them eat—'

"At the look in his eye Abe shut up. The captain wasn't going to let them eat yet and probably for no more reason than to show off his authority. He wasn't going to let them rest either—he wanted to see what his company looked like (he'd never seen a Headquarters Company except on paper). He thought for a long time and then he decided that he'd have the trench mortar platoon throw some shells across the river for practice. He gave Abe the evil eye again when Abe told him he only had live shells along; he accepted the suggestion of sending over a couple of signal men to wigwag if any farmers were being bumped off. The signal men crossed on the barge and when they had wigwagged all clear, ran for cover themselves because a Stokes mortar wasn't the most accurate thing in the world. Then the fun began.

"The shells worked on a time fuse and the river was too wide so the first one only made a nice little geyser under water. But the second one just hit the shore with a crash and a couple of horses began to stampede on the ferry boat in midstream only fifty yards down. Abe thought this might hold his majesty the captain but he only said they'd have to get used to shell fire—and ordered another shot. He was like a spoiled kid with an annoying toy.

"Then it happened, as it did once in a while with those mortars no matter what you did—the shell stuck in the gun. About a dozen people yelled, 'Scatter!' all at once and I scattered as far as anybody and lay down flat, and what did that damn fool Abe do but go up and tilt the barrel and spill out the shell. He'd saved the mortar but there were just five seconds between him and eternity and how he got away before the explosion is a mystery to me."

At this point I interrupted Hibbing.

"I thought you said there were some people killed."

"Oh yes—oh but that was later. The third battalion had crossed by now so Captain Brown formed the companies and we marched off to the ferry boat and began embarking. The second lieutenant in charge of the embarking spoke to the captain:

" 'This old tub's kind of tired—been over-worked all day. Don't try to pack them in too tight.'

"But the captain wouldn't listen. He sent them over like sardines and each time Abe stood on the rail and shouted:

" 'Unbuckle your belts and sling your packs light on your shoulders—' (this without looking at the captain because he'd realized that the captain didn't like orders except his own). But the embarking officer spoke up once more:

" 'That raft's low in the water,' he said, 'I don't like it. When you started shooting off that cannon the horses began jumping and

Continued on page 195

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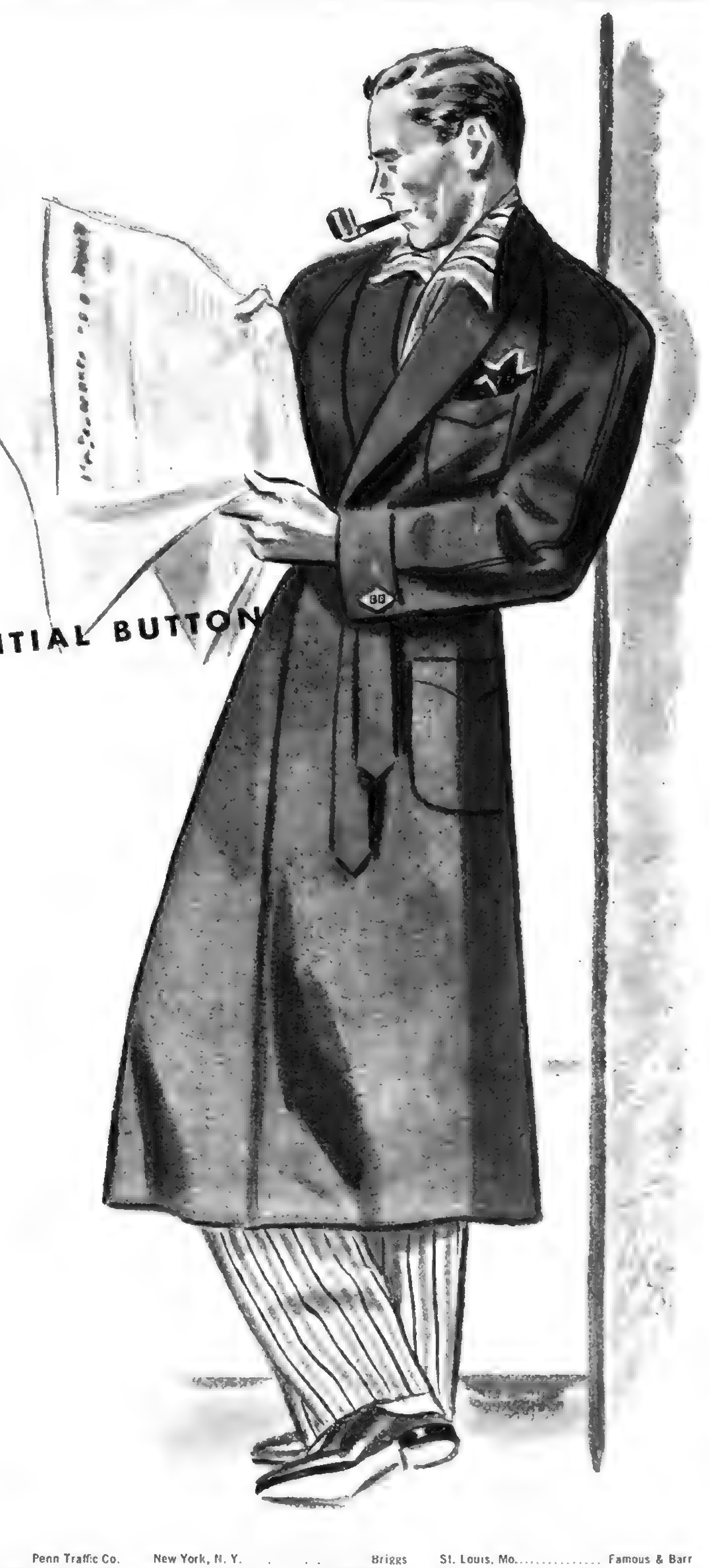

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Norfolk, Va.	Shulman & Co
Oakland, Calif	Capwell, Sullivan & Furth
Oakland, Calif	Schwartz & Grodin
Ogden, Utah	W. A. Wright & Sons Co
Paducah, Ky.	Wallerstein Bros
Pasadena, Calif.	F. C. Nash Co
Peoria, Ill	The Schradzki Co
Philadelphia, Pa.	Lit Bros
Philadelphia, Pa.	Strawbridge & Clothier
Phoenix, Ariz	Korricks Dry Goods Co
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Kaufmann's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Gimbel Bros
Pittsfield, Mass	England Bros
Plainfield, N. J.	Tepper Bros.
Portland, Ore	Meier & Frank
Portland, Ore	Joe Weiner
Providence, R. I	Shepards
Rochester, N. Y	McCurdy & Co
Rochester, N. Y	National Clothing Co
Saginaw, Mich	Mueller Bros
St. Louis, Mo	Stix Baer & Fuller
St. Louis, Mo.	Famous & Barr
St. Paul, Minn.	The Golden Rule
St. Paul, Minn.	Maurice L. Rothschild & Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah	The Paris Co.
San Angelo, Texas	Robertson's Men's Wear
San Antonio, Texas	Joske Bros. Co.
San Diego, Calif.	Nelson Moore Co.
San Francisco, Calif.	City of Paris D. G. Co
San Jose, Calif.	L. Hart & Sons Co
Santa Monica, Calif.	Campbell's
Scranton, Pa.	Santer Bros. Co
Seattle, Wash.	Rhodes Dept. Store
Sharon, Pa.	Shontz & Meyers
Sioux Falls, S. D.	Shriver-Johnson Co
South Bend, Ind.	Robertson Bros
Tacoma, Wash.	Rhodes Bros
Toledo, Ohio	B. R. Baker Co
Toledo, Ohio	The Lamson Bros Co
Trenton, N. J.	H. M. Voorhees & Bros
Tulsa, Okla.	Vandever Dry Goods Co
Waukegan, Ill.	Globe Dept. Store
Washington, D. C	Lansburgh & Bro
Washington, D. C	The Hecht Co
Wheeling, W. Va	L. S. Good & Co
Wheeling, W. Va	Stone & Thomas
Wichita, Kan	Henry's
Wilkes Barre, Pa	The Hub
Wilmington, Del	Schuster's
York, Pa	McFall's
Youngstown, Ohio	McKelvey & Co
Youngstown, Ohio	Strouss, Hirschberg Co

Peaches Don't Grow in a Desert

ALL is not gold in The Klondike—for every man who struck it rich, hundreds broke their backs and their hearts on sterile claims. All is not oil in the Panhandle—many a well, drilled just a few feet from a gusher, came in dry. And the same thing goes for Chicago, or for any place else, where advertisers are trying to turn dollars into sales.

Don't let the map deceive you—one of the jobs of a map is to tell you where NOT to go.

ALL HOMES ARE NOT ALIKE, any more than the people inside them are alike or their pocketbooks are alike. And, until all homes, people and pocketbooks are alike, what good are mere circulation statements?

* * *

LET us look at circulation and advertising as one inseparable problem—how else CAN we look at it? The price of a newspaper is only two or three cents. *Anybody can scrape up two or three cents;* so the number of people who can buy the cheapest commodity in the world is no index to the number of people who can buy your merchandise—in other words, beyond a certain point, mere circulation has scarcely any bearing at all on the ability of a newspaper to sell the advertiser's goods.

* * *

ALL is not gold that glitters—even on a circulation statement. Chicago is twenty-six miles long and nine miles wide—a great metropolis, a rich and fruitful market. But not INDISCRIMINATELY so! Here, as elsewhere, Poverty brushes shoulders with Plenty. In the shadows of our air-conditioned limestone skyscrapers and our comfortable homes, lurks always the specter of squalor. In spite of the fact that the per capita wealth in Chicago is as high as anywhere in America, the destitute and impoverished areas of Chicago would make a city bigger than Cleveland, and into these marginal areas, *hundreds of thousands of newspapers go daily*—but they bring nothing back to the advertiser because—*peaches don't grow in a desert.*

Should this kind of circulation cost the advertiser as much per line per thousand, as circulation that goes into homes where wants can be and are satisfied—where the desire to have exists, side by side, with the power to buy? It would seem not.

Why buy circulation in the crude, if you can get it refined and carry it away in a smaller bucket?

* * *

THE Chicago Daily News is built to the mental mesh of people who can both understand what a good newspaper says and buy what it advertises.

It is bought for itself, alone, AS A NEWSPAPER—not as a bicycle or a set of dishes, nor in the hope of winning a contest.

It offers you, and every other legitimate advertiser (undesirable advertising not accepted), the front door key to over 400,000 of Chicago's most able-to-buy homes—real HOME COVERAGE where home coverage counts! *No other Chicago newspaper can do as much.*

The Chicago Daily News comes home at night and stays home and—*it isn't carried away in the morning.* It's read by the whole family, leisurely, thoroughly. And, best of all, "CHICAGO BELIEVES WHAT IT SEES IN THE NEWS"

—including the ADVERTISING.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

-Chicago's Home Newspaper

Rejuvenation

by design!

• Many an otherwise worthy product, now lagging sluggishly among the stragglers in its field because of outmoded appearance, can be supercharged into pace-making leadership through re-styling in accordance with the best principles of modern functional design.

Seeming miracles of salesmanship have been accomplished, by simple design changes. For sales, too, can be streamlined!

Many corporations have been shown, to their satisfaction, that design is more than decorative, and have learned here at General Design that sales-making is the prime function of modern functional design.

Under the personal direction of G. McStay Jackson, famed as a revitalizer of tired products through "design surgery," these corporations have each had one or more products rejuvenated into new sales-life. Quite possibly you, too, have one product, or perhaps a whole line, in need of rejuvenation through creative re-styling.

As a means of helping you to decide that question, let us show you what we have done for others and how we have done it. Your inquiry will not obligate you!

GENERAL DESIGN CORPORATION

155 E. Walton Place, Chicago
366 Madison Ave., New York City
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS — ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN

"I Didn't Get Over"

Continued from pages 45-194

the men ran around and unbalanced it.'

" 'Tell the captain,' Abe said, 'He knows everything.'

"The captain overheard this. 'There's just one more load,' he said, 'And I don't want any more discussion about it.'

"It was a big load, even according to Captain Brown's ideas. Abe got up on the side to make his announcement.

" 'They ought to know that by this time,' Captain Brown snapped, 'They've heard it often enough.'

" 'Not this bunch.' Abe rattled it off anyhow and the men unloosened their belts, except a few at the far end who weren't paying attention. Or maybe it was so jammed they couldn't hear.

"We began to sink when we were half way over, very slowly at first, just a little water around the shoes, but we officers didn't say anything for fear of a panic. It had looked like a small river from the bank but here in the middle and at the rate we were going, it began to look like the widest river in the world.

"In two minutes the water was a yard high in the old soup plate and there wasn't any use concealing things any longer. For once the captain was tongue-tied. Abe got up on the side again and said to stay calm, and not rock the boat and we'd get there, and made his speech one last time about slipping off the packs, and told the ones that could swim to jump off when it got to their hips. The men took it well but you could almost tell from their faces which ones could swim and which couldn't.

"She went down with a big *whush!* just twenty yards from shore; her nose grounded in a mud bank five feet under water.

"I don't remember much about the next fifteen minutes. I dove and swam out into the river a few yards for a view but it all looked like a mass of khaki and water with some sound over it that I remember as a sustained monotone but was composed, I suppose, of cussing, and a few yells of fright, and even a little kidding and laughter. I swam in and helped pull people to shore, but it was a slow business in our shoes . . .

"When there was nothing more in sight in the river (except one corner of the barge which had perversely decided to bob up) Captain Brown and Abe met. The captain was weak and shaking and his arrogance was gone.

" 'Oh God,' he said, 'What'll I do?'

"Abe took control of things—he fell the men in and got squad reports to see if anyone was missing.

"There were three missing in the first squad alone and we didn't wait for the rest—we called for twenty good swimmers to strip and start diving and as fast as they pulled in a body we started a medico working on it. We pulled out twenty-eight bodies and revived seven. And one of the divers didn't come up—he was found floating down the river next day and they gave a medal and a pension to his widow."

Hibbing paused and then added: "But I know that's small potatoes to you fellows in the big time."

"Sounds exciting enough to me," said Joe Boone, "I had a good time in France but I spent most of it guarding prisoners at Brest."

"But how about finishing this?" I demanded, "Why did this drive Abe hell-raising?"

"That was the captain," said Hibbing slowly, "A couple of officers tried to get Abe a citation or something for the trench mortar thing. The captain didn't like that, and he began going around saying that when Abe jumped up on the side of the barge to give the unsling order, he'd hung on to the ferry cable and pulled it out of whack. The captain found a couple of people who agreed with him but there were others who thought it was overloading and the commotion the horses made at the shell bursts. But Abe was never very happy in the army after that."

There was an emphatic interruption in the person of Pete himself who said in no uncertain words:

"Mr. Tomlinson and Mr. Boone. Your wives say they're calling for the last time. They say this has been one night too often, and if you don't get back to the Inn in ten minutes they driving to Philadelphia."

Tommy and Joe Boone arose reluctantly.

"I'm afraid I've monopolized the evening," said Hibbing, "And after what you fellows must have seen."

When they had gone I lingered.

"So Abe wasn't killed in France."

"No—you'll notice all that tablet says is 'died in service.' "

"What did he die of?"

Hibbing hesitated.

"He was shot by a guard trying to escape from Leavenworth. They'd given him ten years."

"God! And what a great guy he was in college."

"I suppose he was to his friends. But he was a good deal of a snob wasn't he?"

"Maybe to some people."

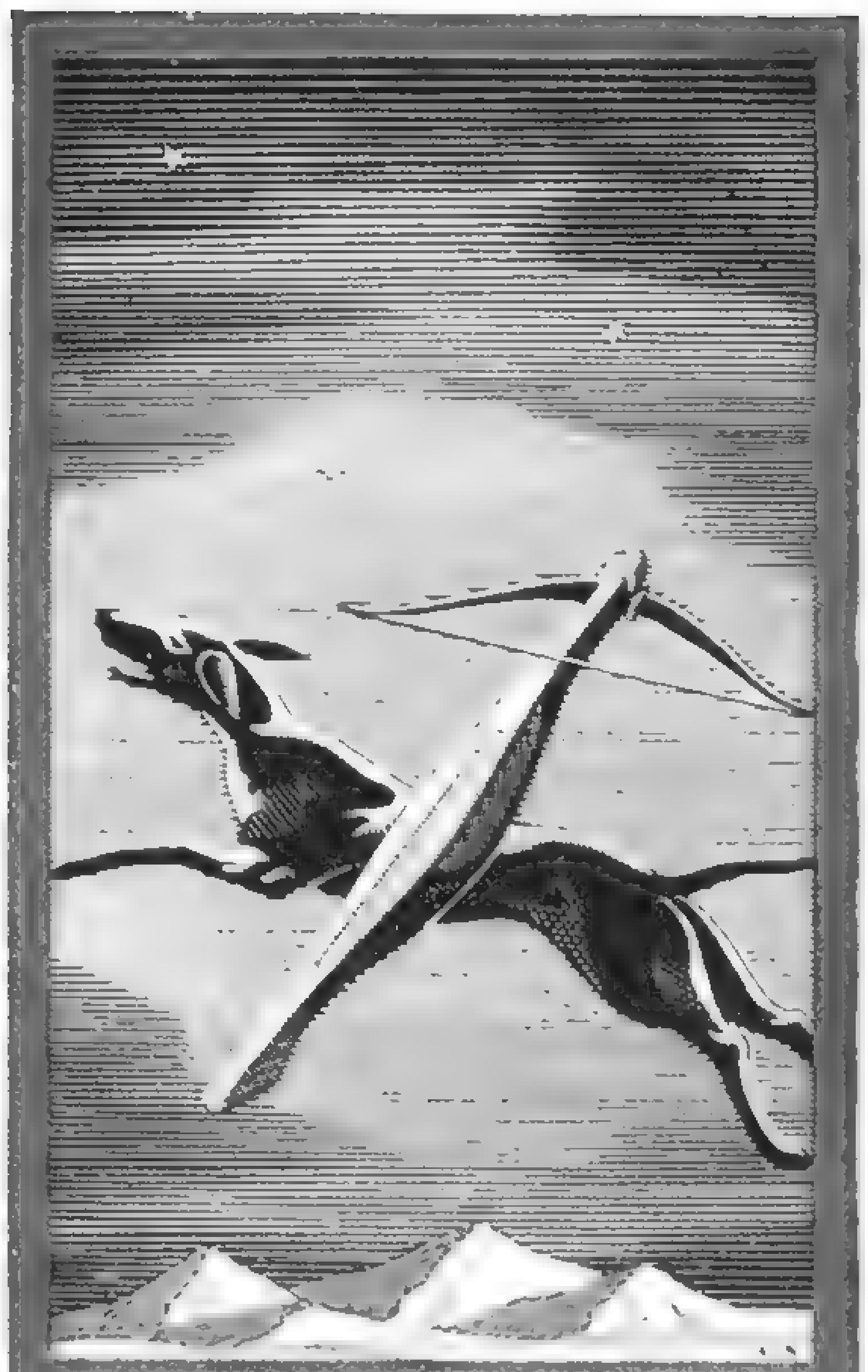
"He didn't seem to even recognize a lot of his classmates when he met them in the army."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. I told you something that wasn't true tonight. That captain's name wasn't Brown."

Again I asked him what he meant.

"The captain's name was Hibbing," he said. "I was that captain, and when I rode up to join my company he acted as if he'd never seen me before. It kind of threw me off—because I used to love this place. Well—good night." ⵌ



CHESTER BARRIE CLOTHES

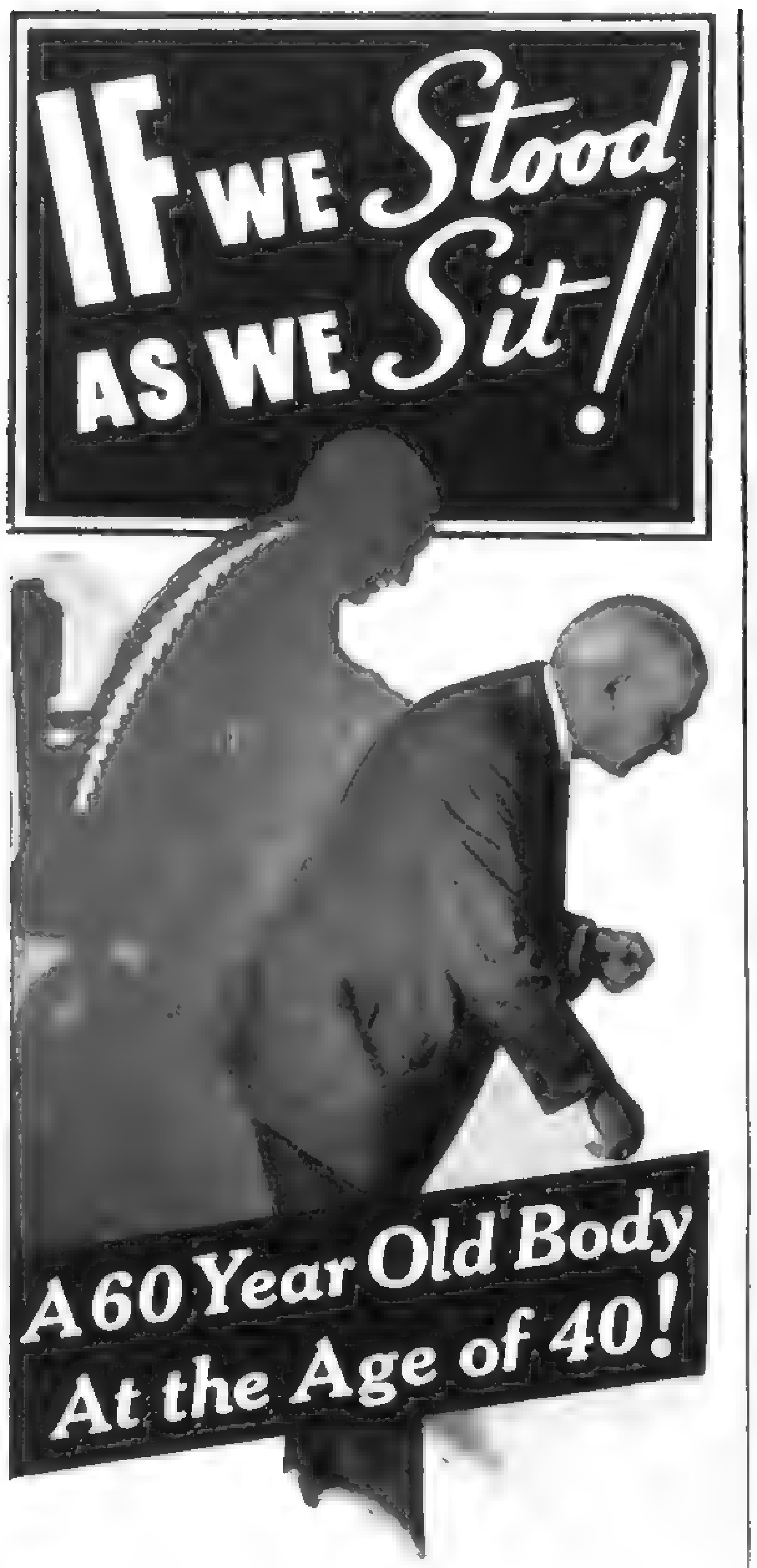
Loomed and Tailored in Great Britain

Chester Barrie Clothes are exported to the States to satisfy the considerable demand for truly British apparel.

The fabrics are made in Great Britain and the clothing is tailored there... effecting a most composite representation of the British apparel idea.

Fine stores throughout the States are showing CHESTER BARRIE suits, overcoats and topcoats for Fall ...at $50 and up. In response to your enquiry, we would be pleased to direct you to the agent nearest you.

Chester Barrie
CLOTHES
ONE GOLDEN SQUARE
LONDON
New York: 1115 Broadway
Melbourne: 328 Flinder Street, C.1.


IF WE Stood AS WE Sit!
A 60 Year Old Body At the Age of 40!

● You wouldn't STAND like this... WHY SIT LIKE THIS? DON'T give incorrect sitting posture the chance to deform your body, rob it of suppleness, of health, and bring on premature old age! Nature supports the abdomen with heavy walls of muscles but faulty sitting posture eventually weakens them. Vital organs are cramped, middle-age ills meet with little resistance...

DO/MORE has developed comfortable Executive Chairs that encourage correct sitting posture. Furthermore they provide the means for gentle but positive exercise which strengthens the abdominal muscles and helps keep a man physically fit and youthful looking.

This chair will be placed on trial with any responsible firm or individual without obligation.

DOMORE CHAIR CO., INC.

Licensed by Posture Research Corp.
1009 Monger Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

DoMore Chair Company, Inc.
1009 Monger Building
Elkhart, Indiana

Gentlemen: Please send me the brochure, "A Twenty-Year Old Body at the Age of Fifty."

I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight

Continued from page 58

drawn up behind him. A pleasant looking woman had got out and was bending over him and a stout man sat behind the wheel saying Come along Kate at intervals. Have you no home? said the woman. Mr. Fenn was about to speak and then he stopped and thought of the ten dollars and said to himself Who am I to disillusion this kind person and prevent her from doing a good deed and going happy to bed? So he said Alas no and sniffed damply. Well you get right in with us said the woman and we'll take you home—Hey wait a minute Kate said the fat man who had squeezed out of the car What's your name boy? Do you live here? Haven't you any family? Now you let me handle this Kate. Don't be so harsh George said the woman Why he's only a boy. You go along please ma'am said Mr. Fenn Don't bother about me. He has such nice manners George said the woman I'm sure he's from a nice family and we could let him stay over the garage until— Here said the man cutting short the argument by handing Mr. Fenn a bill Get yourself something to eat and a place to sleep and here's my card if you want work come see me in the morning. And he bundled his wife into the car and drove off. Well Mr. Fenn looked at the bill and it was another ten and then he looked at the card and it was George Bungly's the coal man's and as his name was already on file in that office he threw it over the parapet. And then he looked at his watch and it was only one and so he leaned on the parapet and went on hiccuping.

Well five or six cars went by without stopping so when the next one came on to the bridge he climbed up on the parapet and the car stopped with a squeal and a man jumped out and grabbed him. O let me alone said Mr. Fenn and the man said Nothing doing buddy you broke? So Mr. Fenn said he was and the man gave him two dollars and made him promise to sleep on it before he did anything rash and then drove away.

The next two men who stopped him from jumping were workmen and he wouldn't take anything from them. And then he got five dollars from a man whom he knew slightly but who didn't recognize him. And then a big car stopped opposite him just as he got on the parapet but nobody got out.

Well Mr. Fenn thought this was sort of funny and he turned around. A man with a grey moustache was leaning out. They stared at each other for a minute and then the man said I thought you were going to jump. I am said Mr. Fenn. Well go ahead then said the man I haven't got all night. You mean you *want* me to jump? demanded Mr. Fenn and the man said Well you want to don't you? sure said Mr. Fenn but you mean you aren't going to stop me? And the man laughed and said No.

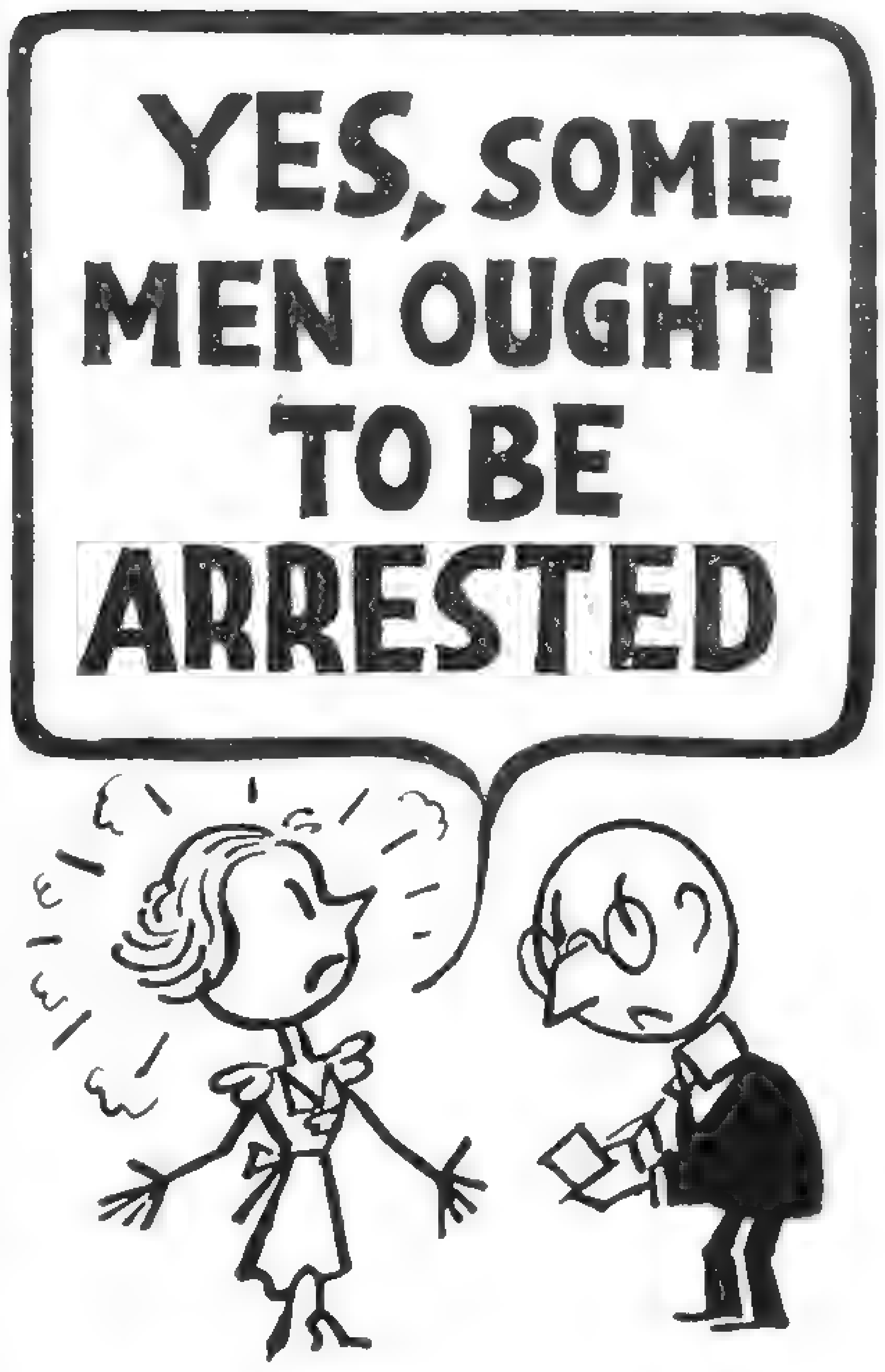
So Mr. Fenn got down from the parapet and he was pretty mad and he said Say what kind of a guy are you anyway? you mean you wouldn't lift a finger to save a fellow creature from destruction? Not if he didn't want me to said the man and anyway how do I know you are a fellow creature? Pooh! said Mr. Fenn because he couldn't think of anything else to say. Well now look here said the man I'm willing to be reasonable about this. Go back up on the parapet and I'll count three and when— I'll do nothing of the kind interrupted Mr. Fenn for I am not going to commit suicide for your entertainment so just drive along. You mean you'll jump after I'm gone? said the man and Mr. Fenn said Certainly.

That isn't fair said the man looking disappointed. And then suddenly he frowned thoughtfully and said look here would you be so keen on jumping if you had say $2000? If I had $2000 said Mr. Fenn I would probably jump from sheer astonishment. You meet me here a week from tonight at this time said the man and I will show you how you can make $2000. O K said Mr. Fenn but how am I to live in the meantime? That's up to you said the man but there's a job that has got $2000 in it if you want it. So Mr. Fenn said he'd be there and the man drove off. And Mr. Fenn took his $27 and went happily home to bed.

Well next day Mr. Fenn called at the Alcotts' and he told Mrs. Alcott he had got something to do. He said I am a bridge worker. And Mrs. Alcott looked pretty sour. And he took Phillida out to dinner and a movie and that night he was back on the parapet again and he made $19. But he knew he couldn't keep working the same bridge night after night so the next night he tried another one and made $31. And then he inquired around and found that there was a good bridge in the neighboring city of Melden and he went up there for two days and cleared $42 over and above expenses.

Well Mr. Fenn figured that in a month he would have $300 saved up and then they could get married. Because even if he didn't get a job he could always find a bridge. At first he wasn't going to try to meet the man with the $2000 because he thought it was a fake but Phillida said there might be something in it so he went.

Well this evening Mr. Fenn did not get up on the parapet but just leaned over it and at first all the cars went by but at last one pulled up beside him. But it was not the man with the grey moustache. It was Mr. Bungly the coal man and his wife. Mrs. Bungly scrambled out and put her hand on Mr. Fenn's arm and said Young man what are you doing here? And


YES, SOME MEN OUGHT TO BE ARRESTED

Don Herold Says

I asked a dancing teacher

I've been conducting one of those things—a survey.

Most surveys are funny—but I kept this one serious—well fairly serious.

"Do men need Mum?" I asked an instructor in a famous dancing school in New York.

"There ought to be a law compelling it for men," she fired back like a bullet.

Then I asked several secretaries and several housewives and several college girls. Men, you'd be surprised, but you need Mum.

I don't suppose we men mind each other. We smoke and we're busy, and we just don't notice it.

I wish my boss would get a Dictaphone

But men notice it when women need Mum. And women notice it when men need it. My recent poll proved this.

A bath isn't enough. It lasts only an hour or so. You see, there is so little ventilation up there under where your arms join your body.

It's nothing to be ashamed of, but it's something to DO SOMETHING ABOUT. A bath, clean linen, then touches of Mum—which deodorizes perspiration ALL DAY without stopping it.

You'd be amazed how many thousands of men now make a daily habit of Mum. Every morning, and again before evenings out. And also for hot feet, to keep hose and shoe linings fresh!

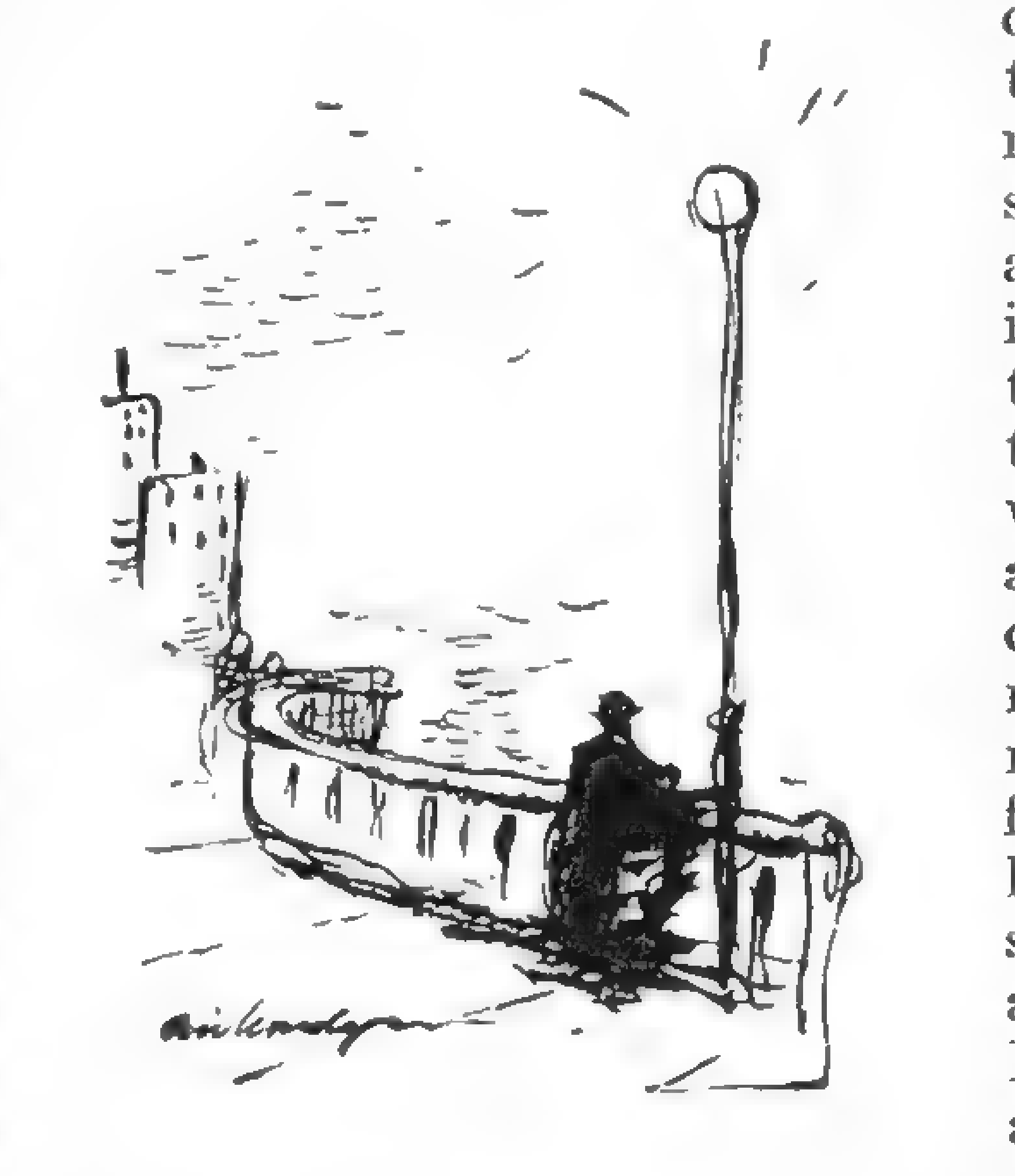
Sure, be skeptical. Try a sample first. On the corner of this page, write for a free small jar to Bristol-Myers, Inc., Dept. F-66, Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Mr. Fenn looked very pale and desperate because he thought they were on to him and he just mumbled. O I did hope you were all right cried Mrs. Bungly and now you have come here again O how glad I am that we were passing at just this moment. It is fate she said and she turned to Mr.Bungly and said Now George you have got to do something for this young man for Providence has given us a second chance to save him and if we do nothing now his blood will be on our heads. Well Mr. Bungly put up an argument but Mrs. Bungly was adamant when on good deeds bent and so he offered Mr. Fenn a job as trimmer but Mrs. Bungly was still adamant so he gave in and said he would take Mr. Fenn on as salesman at $25 a week and commissions.

Well said Mr. Fenn when they had gone it's not as good as what I've got but I suppose it's safer and anyway if Phil needs any little extras I can always do a little bridge work evenings. And then another car pulled up and there was the man with the grey moustache.

Well he said do you still want that $2000? Sure said Mr. Fenn. So the man got out and leaned on the parapet and said There is a young man in this town who has done me an injury. I won't do murder said Mr. Fenn. Who said anything about murder? said the man I merely want to have him disgraced so he will have to leave town. What has he done? said Mr. Fenn and the man thought a minute and said He has been trying to seduce my wife and Mr. Fenn shook his head sympathetically and said Well but how can I disgrace him? A very simple matter said the man for you look exactly like him at least you look like his photographs which is all I have seen of the scoundrel. That's what gave me the idea when I first saw you. What is his name? asked Mr. Fenn and the man said Dilway Fenn.



Well Mr. Fenn could not conceal his amazement at this for he couldn't remember having tried to seduce anybody and the man said Why? Do you know him? Do I know him! exclaimed Mr. Fenn He is my worst enemy. Splendid said the man Now this is what you will do you will rent a car at one of those drive-it-yourself places under the name of Dilway Fenn late tomorrow evening and you will pick up a young lady whom I will provide and drive out to Barney's Inn and raise as much hell as you can without being arrested. And on the way back you will meet me and we will put some blood in the car and a bottle of gin and drive it over the river bank. And I will drive you and the young lady back to town.

H'm said Mr. Fenn well that ought to dispose of him all right unless he has an alibi. He lives alone said the man and he is always home by eleven o'clock and in any case I shall arrange that. O K said Mr. Fenn and how about payment? Here is $100 for expenses said the man and I will give you the balance day after tomorrow.

Oh yeah? said Mr. Fenn. Well make it $500 said the man for after all how do I know you'll carry out your part? I guess that's where we both stick said Mr. Fenn but he folded up the $500 and put it in his pocket. Very well he said I accept. Only there is one amendment. I want to pick out the girl to go with me myself. The man didn't like this and argued for a while but at last he gave in and they shook hands on it.

Well the next evening Mr. Fenn rented a car and called for Phillida and they went out to Barney's Inn and had dinner and danced and at one-thirty they pulled up at the side of the road where they were to meet the man. Pretty soon he came along and when he had switched off his lights he got out and came over to them. Good evening Mr. Bleek said Phillida.

Well Mr. Bleek gave just one look and then he gave a kind of whimper and turned and bolted into his car and roared off up the road and nobody in Middleport ever saw or heard from him again.

Well of course Mrs. Alcott raised a good deal of hell but there wasn't really anything she could do so at last she gave in and said if they would wait ten days she would give them a proper wedding. For she said my little girl must be married from her own home. And then she threw her arms around Mr. Fenn and sobbed and said O forgive me Dilway I was blinded by the glitter of gold but I know you will be a good son to me. And Mr. Fenn took it. But he chirped a little.

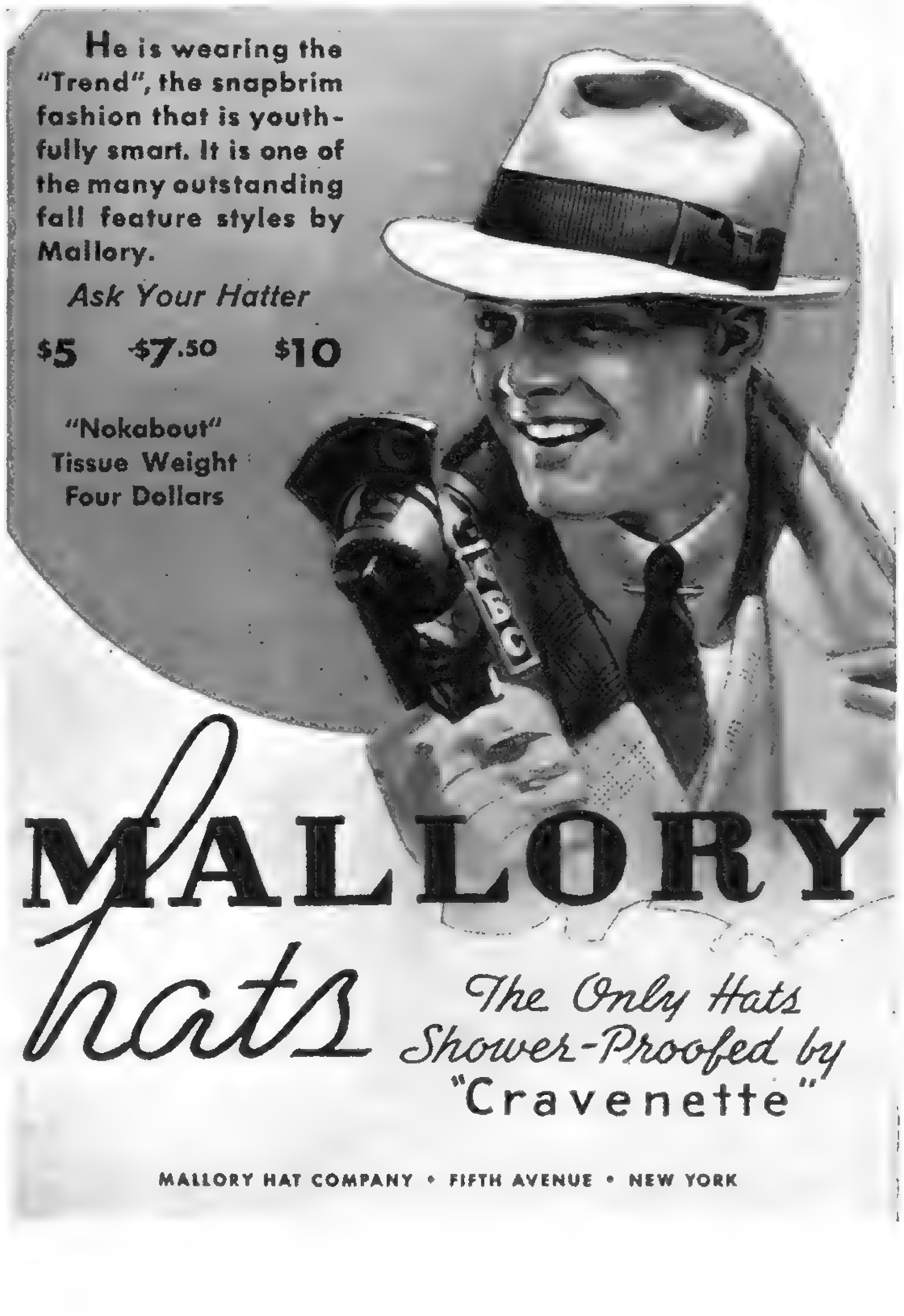
So they were married and Mr. Fenn made good in the coal company which was after a while Bungly and Fenn and is now Fenn & Bungly. He never needed to do any more bridge work. But even now occasionally a sort of nostalgia comes over him and late at night he will slip off for a few hours. But Phillida only smiles happily when she misses him. For she knows that in the morning another fat little deposit will be added to the account in the Middleport Savings Bank standing under the name of Dilway Fenn Jr. ⌗

Packard
REVERSES THE FIELD
with this NEW BLUCHER
$6.50 to $8.50

Illustrated No. 234 in brown, No. 233 in black.

STRAIGHT from London comes this new style . . . quite exclusively to Packard. You'll be out in the open . . . three jumps ahead in authentic style and smartness when you step out in these shoes. Note the trim flare of the sole, the dressy toe, both the newest thing in fine shoes. The campus brown, boarded leather, too, is the latest in fall shades for men. Also in black, both at $6.50.

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY
BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Dependable for fine shoes since 1876


He is wearing the "Trend", the snapbrim fashion that is youthfully smart. It is one of the many outstanding fall feature styles by Mallory.

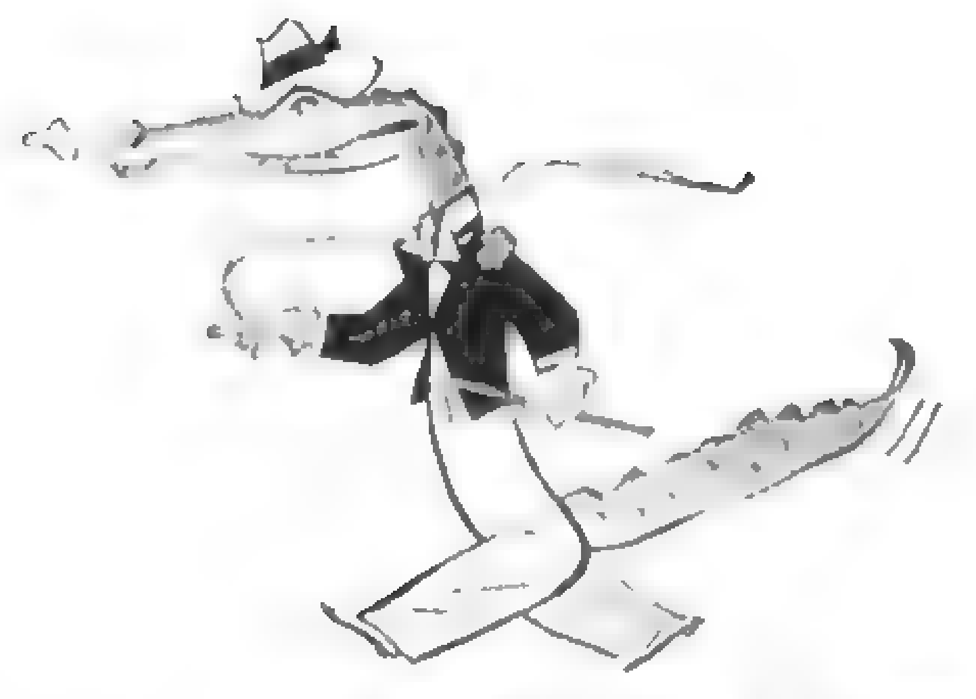
Ask Your Hatter

$5 $7.50 $10

"Nokabout" Tissue Weight Four Dollars

MALLORY hats
The Only Hats Shower-Proofed by "Cravenette"

MALLORY HAT COMPANY • FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK



dashing ALLIGATOR

$5.50

SOME STYLES SLIGHTLY HIGHER

Put your best foot forward in these forward-looking shoes. The rugged Shagbuck* with a dash of dashing alligator is a combination men go for. Choose rich all-over brown or light gray trimmed with dark. The style is as authentic as the quality . . . Freeman stands for both. But the *price* is one of those things that our customers never quite get used to. Freemans *do* seem like a lot of shoe for the money!

WHAT'S NEW? The Freeman Style Book color-illustrated, FREE, shows you. Write for book and name of dealer. FREEMAN SHOE CORP., Beloit, Wis.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FREEMAN

WORN WITH PRIDE BY MILLIONS

PETTY
A PORTFOLIO FROM ESQUIRE

Make your reservations now for your copy of a limited edition of the choice of Petty's best drawings since the inception of ESQUIRE. The book, with drawings reproduced in full color, portfolio style, printed on one side of the sheet only, is now in preparation, and will sell for $2.00 per copy. Address

ART DEPARTMENT, ESQUIRE
919 North Michigan Avenue • Chicago, Ill.

Latins Are Lousy Lovers

Continued from page 37

work out an extraordinarily and elaborately complicated system of sexual attack, which only they know the meaning of; and they are perfectly happy to putter around with this for months at a time, making telephone calls, writing notes, conferring with their friends (they are inveterate gossips and cannot make an amorous move without running off beforehand and afterward to consult with all their male friends), and making a great to-do about symbols and signals and point counter point.

They believe in quantity, not quality, also. Every man has his wife and his mistress of the moment. In addition, he has to find time to attend to the demi-mondaines (dancers, singers, nightclub hostesses or just women about town), the concubines (maids, dance-hall girls, little *achinadas* and *mulaticas*), and to the regular professional prostitutes. (They are great frequenters of houses of ill fame, making their rounds as a matter of course, and Mr. Dewey would have a difficult time in Habana. He certainly would lack the taxpayers' wholehearted support.) Besides this, in each one of these classes of women, he has someone he's working up to the proper pitch of surrender—dropping in to see occasionally, buying a glass of beer for, calling on the telephone—and, also in each class, he has someone he's got marked out to start paying attention to when he gets around to it, or when a vacancy occurs in the regular lists or on the scrub team. You can easily see how all of this keeps him extremely busy—he even has to devote afternoons, and frequently mornings, to it—so that he doesn't find quite so much time for actual practice.

Nevertheless, living in this constant aura of sex, the Cuban grows serenely sure that he is more adept amorously than other men—particularly Americans. In this impenetrable vanity of theirs, they are unlike any other nation. The elderly American, at least, occasionally lets a bit of cynicism slip into his attitude. He admits that the gift of a diamond bracelet, a mink coat or a car may possibly have influenced the young lady of his choice, but the Cuban, be he ever so ancient, fat, bald and wrinkled, is perpetually convinced that his personal charms alone are what render him irresistible. To see him is to love him, he reasons.

They are a curious mixture of Spanish tradition, American imitation and insular limitation. This explains why they never catch on to themselves. I think the reason for their initial vanity is that, early in life, they start frequenting what, for want of a better word, are known as fancy women. (I know a better word but I won't use it here.) These women, for obvious business reasons, flatter them extravagantly, make them think they're superlative lovers—and the men never find out otherwise. I suppose no one ever has the heart to tell them. And everything with which they come in contact the rest of their lives serves to perpetuate the myth: the books they read, the songs they sing, the testimony of their fellow countrymen—who are, as I have said, anything but reticent—and the continued plaudits of their womenfolk. One case I heard of—submitted by a fellow field worker—had to do with a noted Casanova, famed not only in Habana but as far as Pinar del Rio for his amatory skill. When subjected to an impartial test, it turned out that his routine could be classified as Amateur College Boy, Class G-6, but that immediately on completion of said simple routine, he sat up in bed and exclaimed delightedly, "Am I not wonderful? Am I not wonderful?"

In short, as the result of an extensive female survey, my conclusions are that offhand I would swap you five Cubans, three South Americans and two slightly used Spaniards for one good Irish-American any night in the week. I feel sorry for the women of Cuba. Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to try and try.

I am hereby offering a plea for Latin womanhood. Too long have they suffered under adversity's rod. Any upstanding American man who wants to do a humane deed knows where to go now. My advice to the American male is, Go South, young man, Go South. It's open season for putting the horns on Cuban manhood. They'll look like a race of moose when you get through with them, and you will have served to remove a national stigma and explode a world-wide myth.

If this all sounds like an embittered and chauvinistic diatribe against Cubans, I can only say that I did not mean it as such. It is merely that I happen to like American men, and I have been aroused to a high pitch of indignation by hearing them constantly maligned. You cannot spend an hour in the society of any Latin male without hearing what bad lovers Americans are. "Of course, American men know nothing of sex!" is the theme song of the tropics. I thought that our own home boys might like to know that they've been severely underrated and that they no longer need tremble before foreign competition in the most popular of all indoor sports. ⌗

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The Good Life at Hedgerow

Continued from page 51

William Carlos Williams and in writing with Dreiser, Lewis and their fellows, largely of the Middlewest.

It was down Jasper Deeter's alley. It was his meat. In a book on the Provincetown by Helen Deutsch and Stella Hanau he is described as, "the ecstatic and irascible." As player he made his first hit in Lewis Beach's *Brothers* and he was in Edna Ferber's *The Eldest*, Irwin Granich's *Money*, Kreymborg's *Vote The New Moon*, Cloyd Head's *Grotesques* and O'Neill's *Exisism* and he was the grubby little Englishman, Smithers, in O'Neill's *Emperor Jones*, the Provincetown's first big smash hit, the whole town talking of it, long lines of people before a little box office in Macdougal Street. Success! Success!

There was a run of the show up town and a long road trip. All the Little Theatres still depend on the play to buck up box offices. It changed things for the Provincetown and for O'Neill and the others. It may be that the Provincetown had done its job. It has brought obscure and talented men into prominence. There must have been a stir inside the organization itself. If Deeter was really, during the life of the Provincetown, the "ecstatic and irascible," he must have scolded and stormed. The man has at times a bitter ironic tongue. See him at a rehearsal at Hedgerow. There may be some young actor who is on his way to stealing a show. He has forgotten there are others on the stage, and has become a point maker. "Cut it out," says Deeter. "There isn't any New York producer in this theatre watching your work." It isn't that Deeter wants to hold his young actor from the experience of the News York stage. I found nothing stuffy at Hedgerow. He constantly declares to his players that life doesn't center in his particular theatre experiment. His interest, he says, is in developing talent. It isn't his concern how or where the talent, once developed, is used. He isn't a Messiah and if he is a tyrant the actors do not seem to know it.

After his experience as successful actor uptown Deeter went back to the Provincetown. He produced the Pulitzer Prize play, Paul Green's *In Abraham's Bosom* and there was another big stir in the town. Negroes, so often born actors, were for the first time really brought into our theatre.

There must, after success came, always have been two roads for the Provincetown people, men and women, to take. There was the big road, Hollywood, money, your own publicity man, fame, your picture in the papers. It is pretty generally accepted as the natural road. "Go get the money. Then come back and do some good work at your leisure." Deeter must have had fat offers. "What t'ell!" he would say. "What's that got to do with it? How do you make sense out of that?"

The whole question must come up constantly at Hedgerow. The theatre is a co-operative venture. It has been kept going through these years, the theatre rather slowly and painfully bought and paid for, and some few conveniences of life got. There are no salaries paid, although, I believe, each actor does now get a small sum each week for spending money if it is needed. Some of the players come from rich or well-to-do families or have small incomes. What the others get Deeter gets. The others are always at him to buy himself a new suit of clothes but he won't. The players, those who are really in, live together in a big frame house on a hill above the theatre. New ones have to serve for a time on the edge. They find rooms in the neighborhood. They get nothing. Applicants must prove themselves able to be of value in some capacity outside acting. Stage experience doesn't count much. It may stand in the way of the applicant. Back of the house there is a garden and an old red barn, now used as a theatre workshop. Some chicken coops in the back yard have been converted into tiny cabins in which actors sleep. There may be some thirty to thirty-five actors living in the house and yard and there are several cats, a half dozen sheep in the apple orchard near the house and a Great Dane, given to the company by Libby Holman, who recently spent a summer working at Hedgerow.

During the first few years of the Hedgerow venture the theatre was often dark. There were but a few players, the company being strengthened when necessary by people from nearby towns, and audiences were thin. It went broke. But for the automobile no such theatre could exist and, even thirteen years ago, there were not so many possible patrons owning cars. The members of the company went off temporarily to get jobs. Deeter himself once took a job telling stories to children in a Philadelphia school; he was for a time at the Brookwood Labor College at Katonah, New York; he taught for several short periods in Pennsylvania colleges and he commuted back and forth to Hoboken to direct plays for Christopher Morley's fanfaronading theatre experiment. The players went out and came back. Audiences began to grow a little. The company was held together.

Most of the players at Hedgerow are young. There are sons and daughters of the rich and sons and daughters of laborers. Deeter has apparently found out a certain secret, that there is a deep and real passion for the theatre in many people, that it goes pretty far.

It is obviously his belief that in acting there can be found a way of life too, that if men and women

Continued on page 198B

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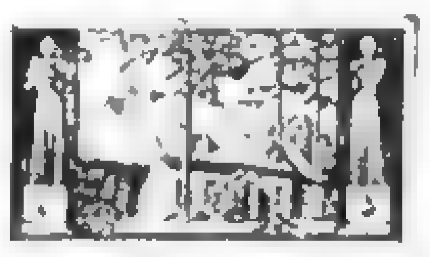

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Name

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The Good Life at Hedgerow

Continued from page 51-198A

can find work they love doing, they do not too much mind discomforts. At Hedgerow the actors wash and iron their own clothes, they do the necessary theatre printing in a little room in the theatre house, they design and build the sets for the plays, they are of many nationalities, they do the scene shifting and clean the theatre, take turns in the box office, drive the theatre bus to the station to bring patrons to the plays. The young woman of Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry who last night played a leading role in a play by Shaw, Chekov or Lynn Riggs may this morning be planting sweet corn or setting out cabbages in the garden. Another actor is helping her. They are working on a scene as they set the cabbages. "It is not true," she cries, getting up from her knees and looking at him with hard eyes. "I have not misled you. I have not deceived you." You are a little disconcerted. "Am I intruding on a private love scene here?" It is quite all right. She has not read the lines with enough feeling. She goes back to the cabbage setting, saying the lines over as she crawls along the row.

There is a young woman whose turn it is to attend to the housekeeping. She is going off to market in the company truck. There are in the company young printers, electricians, automobile mechanics, young painters. All have learned to cook. Beside the members of the company who live in the theatre house, do nothing but theatre, there are others who come in. There is a real estate man from a nearby town, a man who works in his father's junk yard, a truck driver, an automobile salesman. There are daughters of rich men from Philadelphia, aspiring actors who own their own cars, who get home from rehearsals often at daylight.

You may see one of these, a rather delicate looking girl, sitting in the sun back of the theatre on a summer afternoon. She is cleaning and shining men's shoes and is quite gay about it. There are twenty-seven pairs of them near her on the grass.

The place called "Hedgerow" is peculiarly interesting to an American just now. What is there young men and women will not do to find work that may give them a feeling of use? The idea, apparently dominant in Jasper Deeter's mind, seldom insisted upon, always in many ways being put forth, that the life of the theatre even under hard conditions and on a small scale is enough, doesn't always take. Apparently in any group of people, given the initial passion for acting that would make any one of them want to come to Hedgerow, there will be specially talented ones. Nowadays New York producers watch the place and the movie companies send their agents.

And then there is such a thing as love and marriage. Young women get married and have children.

They can't very well have them in a theatre.

It isn't always special talent that is wanted. There is such a thing as a good body, good legs. A young man does well in juvenile roles. He has charm. Or there is another young man who is very handsome and who will photograph well. He may make a good movie lover. Often the young come quite convinced they understand Deeter's purpose. They will work hard and if they succeed in becoming real actors they will stick. They haven't been tempted.

Is there a definite purpose? If there is, the audiences are unaware of it. Deeter himself seems absorbed in simply doing shows well.

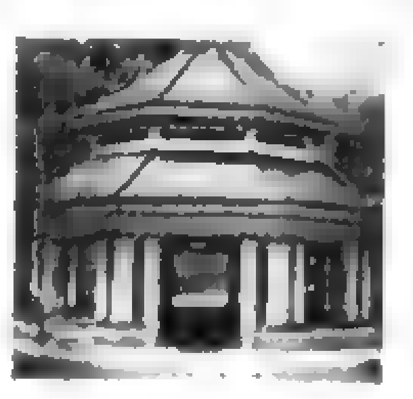
If there is a central idea, passionately clung to, it may have come out of Jasper Deeter's experience with the Provincetown. There was an organization devoted to the makers and doers of plays. Writers, actors, directors and scene makers worked together. Success came and it fell to pieces. A few emerged as big figures in the New York theatre. The rest were lost.

And then there was something else. Deeter, as actor, did very beautifully the part of the grubby little Englishman in *Emperor Jones*. He might have gone on getting other such parts. There is a rather tragic thing happens to many of the players in our modern theatre. Player after player might be used as example. There is, to take one, the fine actor, Mary Morris. She is a hard worker, a student. Her work in the part of Abbie Putnam in O'Neill's *Desire Under The Elms*, attracted wide attention. She was the leading woman in *Double Door*. Is it not likely that for the rest of her life as a player Miss Morris will find it extremely difficult to get work except in such parts?

The New York newspapers recently carried a publicity story about the young player who bounced the ball off the shack in *Tobacco Road*. He has bounced the ball so and so many hundreds of thousands of times. It isn't the happiest thought in the world.

The thought Jasper Deeter seems to cling to is of more and more challenge in his work for the player. It is apparent that Deeter thinks it is to be found only in repertory and in the experimental theatre. It takes a long time to make a real actor. A young painter may work in a loft or a writer in a railroad station but an actor must have fellows. He must have a theatre.

And there is another idea. Jasper Deeter is not just a theatre man. He is a born teacher and he believes it is possible, if often difficult, to run a theatre for actors and writers as well as for audiences, that it is possible, through a theatre, to give more



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dignity to the lives of actors.

"You can't do it and be a big shot, not now," he would say. It is not impossible that his own experience with the Provincetown and later as both actor and director in the so-called "big" world of the theatre, has taught him something. Men who do anything like work in any field in America are always in danger of becoming the thing called a "celebrity." It is a pretty bitter handicap for anyone wanting to go on trying to do good work.

It may be that Deeter, in starting his own theatre venture in a rather out of the way place, being always chary of accepting patronage, always putting others through certain hardships, making them earn the right to work, that in all of this he hasn't been entirely a fool. It is amazing how few men get any satisfaction out of what is called fame.

Deeter and the others have managed to keep their theatre going. It has remained on the whole pretty experimental. There is definitely about the place the feeling of men and women having a good time. In our commercial theatre there is, as every actor knows except for a few big stars, always the danger of being for long periods out of work, the weary tramping from casting agency to casting agency. There is the cry for plays. "Why do we not get plays?" As though there were not many beautiful old plays often not seen in our theatre for years. In the world of books there is the book shelf. In two minutes I can step there. I can again become lost in the pages of my Moore, my Borrow, my Turgenev.

Not much dignity in the way of life of many, many actors. The fact hurts Deeter. At any rate, at the Hedgerow, the actor can always work. He has always a mature man of the theatre at hand, eager to help, ready at any time, day or night, to work with him, talk with him and, for Deeter, always reoccuring, the rare pleasure any born teacher must get in seeing some youngster, after many awkward attempts, get into it, come through, get at last really into some role, the role felt down through the very body of the actor.

The effect of that upon all of the other actors upon the stage.

There have been, in the thirteen years, something like four hundred actors ground through the Hedgerow mill. Applications from hopefuls pour in, too many of them. Few can be accepted. More and more writers send scripts. Audiences do slowly grow. Many actors go out. They are on the New York stage. They are in Hollywood.

Others stick. They do not care for any theatre other than what they have got. They go on working there year after year, taking what hardships come, apparently glad to be where they are.

To be always working. To be where there is always work to be done.

Go to Hedgerow on a summer day. It is perhaps two in the afternoon and the actors are just getting out of bed. There may have been a rehearsal lasting until four in the morning and another will start at three. The actors, men and women, are going into the kitchen of the theatre house to prepare each his own breakfast. There is a group gathered about a long table in the dining room and they are shelling peas for the evening meal. Deeter is among them. He is unshorn, unshaven, carelessly dressed. Opposite him at the table and also helping in the pea shelling is a young woman actor, who in the show last night got all the applause. It was for her, from an audience point of view, a big night, but, see, there is something wrong. She knows it. For a time she sits in silence and occasionablly she looks at Deeter. She has surrendered to the always present temptation for the actor, the temptation to overplay, become a point maker, steal the show. "See how beautifully I am acting this role, how I stand out among all the other players on this stage." How persistently, over and over, this sort of thing is done on our stage. Reputations are built on doing it. The actor at Hedgerow speaks and the room becomes silent. "Well," she says and presently, "did I again?" she adds.

"Yes," says Deeter, "you know you did." Like all good teachers Jasper Deeter is never tyrannical. He is infinitely patient. "Wait," he will say to a criticism of one of his actors. "He is still trying. He is working." He explains now to the actor. "You did not want to do it. You did not want to spoil the work of all the others on the stage. I understand. Again you were too determined. You were afraid you would not get it done and so you got it all up in your head. You could not let go. The other players on the stage were thrown off. As I have told you many times and as you know well, playing is always a group matter. When you become like that, all mind, determined, conscious of technique, the others cannot exist in the play. The play and others get lost. Only you remain."

"Yes," says the actor. She is relieved. She knows that the other actors, sitting about, do not too much blame her for what she has done because again tonight one of them may do the same thing, and later, in the presence of Deeter, also be ashamed.

It goes on. In his patient persistent way, Jasper Deeter has been able to make his little repertory theatre Hedgerow a way of living for his people. Jasper Deeter and the actors gathered about him in their theatre in the old mill over there near Media, Pennsylvania do seem to enjoy themselves. You hear little among these young men and women of the defeat of the young, the lost generation. They keep going along. It is a significant enough fact in the story of the theatre just now. ⌗

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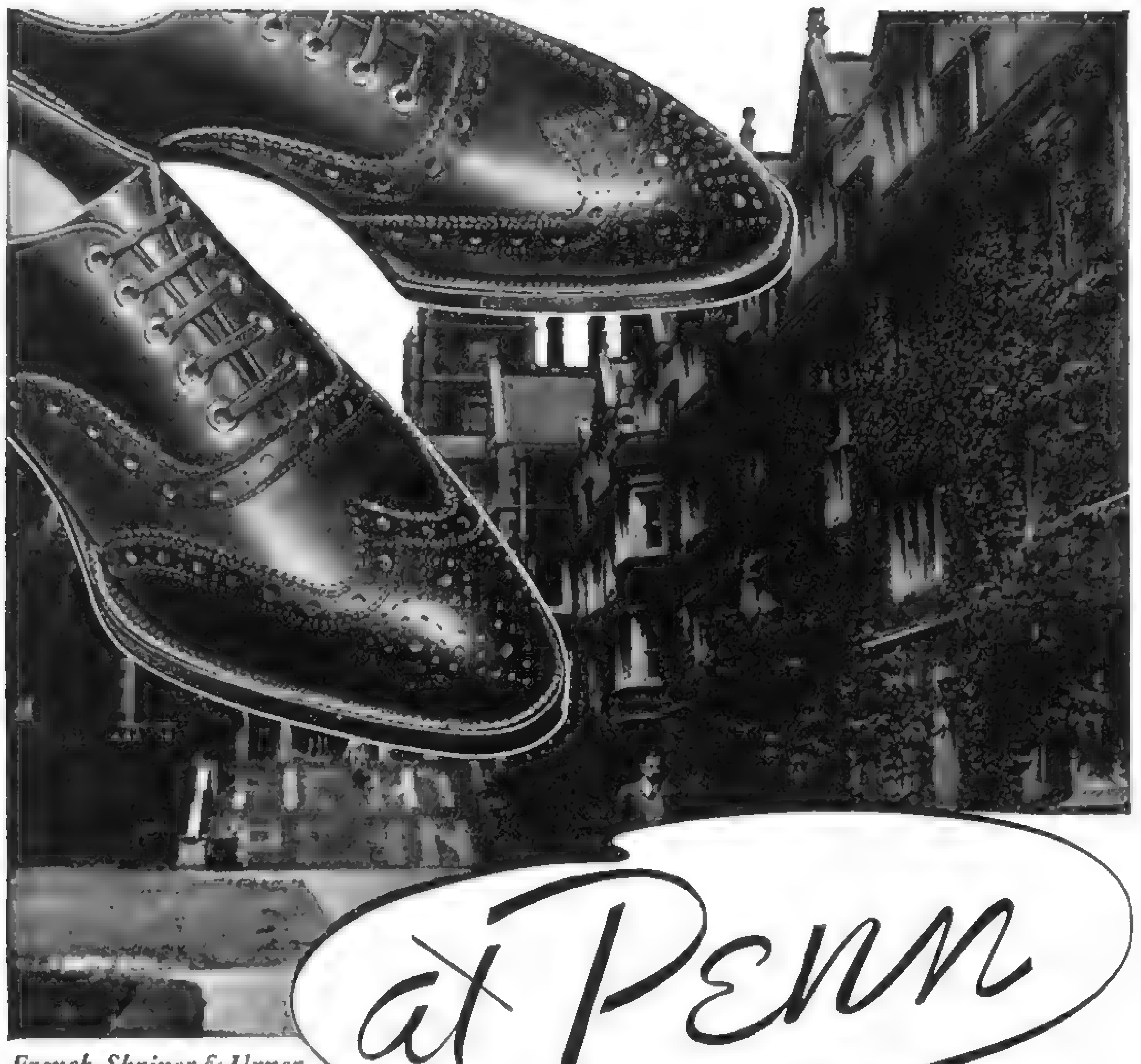

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"A Home of Her Own"

Continued from page 39

without corresponding changes in other legal rules and doctrines relating to the respective rights of husband and wife, and the discrimination with which it is being applied in total disregard of the much older rule that what is fair for one is fair for the other.

In the first place, it was not by accident that the now maligned word "obey" became incorporated in the marriage ceremony. For at common law it was literally the wife's duty to be subservient to her husband's will and to live by his injunctions. The husband was the head of the family in every sense of the term. He controlled the family property, he was responsible for the family's joint and several acts, reponsible both civilly and criminally, and he had the right to control those who belonged to it, using force if necessary. As Blackstone expressed it, "The husband, by the old law, might give the wife moderate correction; for, as he was to answer for her misbehavior, he ought to have the power to control her."

True, Blackstone recognized the fact that the law was even then in the process of being modified. But Chancellor Kent, writing in this country only a hundred years ago, still said that the law made the husband the guardian of the wife, gave him a reasonable control over her, and allowed him to put "gentle restraints upon her liberty" when her conduct was such as to require it. And a judicial decision to the same effect was handed down in North Carolina as late as 1864, the highest court of the state saying, "A husband is responsible for the acts of his wife, and he is required to govern his household, and for that purpose the law permits him to use towards the wife such a degree of force as is necessary to control an unruly temper and make her behave herself."

Speaking in similar vein, the Maryland Court of Appeals declared no longer ago than 1889: "The husband must exercise his influence and authority over the wife for the correction of her bad habits. It is the law of religion and the law of the country that the husband is entrusted with authority over his wife."

But a vast change has taken place. "The rule of persuasion has superseded the rule of force." Or, as the Texas Court of Civil Appeals said about ten years ago, "The beautiful theory of man's supremacy as the head of the household has 'gone glimmering through the dream of things that were, a school boy's tale, the wonder of an hour.'" And it would be a daring husband indeed, or rather a reckless one, who would venture to use force to control his wife in our day.

But with all these changes in the husband's status and with all this diminution of his matrimonial authority there has not been a parallel diminution of his matrimonial responsibilities. The law has subtracted from his power as the head of the family without subtracting from his obligations as such to a similar extent. It has added, on the other hand, to the privileges of the wife without adding to her responsibilities in any comparable degree.

Of this development we of the male sex might, I think, justly complain, considering the matter merely from a social point of view; but we don't. We may be dubious of the advantages to society of reversing the older legal discrimination between the sexes to make woman the spoiled darling of the law, but we are content to wait and see. And we do not begrudge the wife her new status socially and economically.

But we do complain from a legal standpoint. We do begrudge the fact that under the law the husband's former rights have been magically converted into mere responsibilities and the wife's responsibilities into sacred privileges. We object to the law's present inequalities and partialities.

To be specific: Under the old law the husband was properly held responsible for all the family's financial commitments and obligations because he controlled all the family property, including that of the wife. It was, therefore, logical that he should be expected and compelled to provide a home for his wife and to support her regardless of circumstances. But behold what happened! She now controls her own property and may do with it as she pleases, and yet, if he fails to furnish her a home—and a home away from his parents—his failure constitutes both a civil and a criminal offense, though she may have ample means of her own and in fact own a home. Nor, with a few notable exceptions, can she be compelled to come to his aid financially no matter how ill he may be or how destitute.

Again, in spite of the woman's new place and power under the law, it is impossible for a man to protect himself against the operation of the rules mentioned by an advance agreement. He and his prospective bride may solemnly agree that they will make their home with his parents or that his parents or his children by a former marriage shall be received into the home to be established by him, and the wife may legally and with impunity break the agreement as soon as they are married. She may have known her husband's family all her life, may have been entirely familiar with his reasons, personal and financial, for wishing not to set up a separate home, and still she cannot be made to abide by the agreement made before the marriage vows were spoken. For, as an Illinois appellate court said a number of years ago: "Much stress is laid on the fact that before the marriage she agreed to

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live at his mother's house. Such an antenuptial agreement is of no force; all such provisions are merged and obliterated by the marriage contract, which bound the husband 'to leave father and mother and cleave to his wife.'"

And that brings us to this fundamental and important question: What does the law give the husband as the *quid pro quo* for the obligations that it still loads on his shoulders? What does the wife have to do in return for the legal favoritism and the judicial coddling that she enjoys today?

"A man does not court and marry a woman," wisely remarked the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania more than fifty years ago, "for the mere pleasure of paying her board and washing. He expects and is entitled to something in return."

But what is that something? Well, for one thing it is a home. Just as the wife's dearest wish, and according to the legal pundits, her legal right, is to have a home of her own, so it is the man's hope and dream. And the courts say this is "an instinctive desire that should be encouraged and fostered for the stability and welfare of society." So one would think that the law's foremost concern would be to compel the wife to "keep" the home that it compels the husband to furnish. But it does not. The law, like the League of Nations, applies its sanctions with partiality—they may be invoked against the husband but not against his delinquent spouse.

That same Missouri court, for instance, that was so solicitous for that wife who could not leave her dear mother and for that other one who stuck to her brother as against her husband, held in 1920 that, though a husband for more than eight years had to cook most of his own meals and his wife was in the habit of staying out nights on an average of once a week, he had not suffered such "indignities" as entitled him to a divorce. And the Supreme Court of the State of Washington ruled the same way in 1923 in a case in which the husband complained that his wife failed to perform the ordinary duties of a housewife and even compelled him to take care of their little child.

"It has never been suggested," said a New Jersey judge anent this question about fifteen years ago, "that dissatisfaction upon the part of the husband with his wife's cooking justifies him in permanently deserting her."

Passing on the same question an inferior Pennsylvania court held as long ago as 1874 that a wife's laziness and willful neglect of her household duties did not constitute such treatment of her husband as to entitle him to a divorce; and the state Superior Court reiterated that conclusion only two years ago, when it said, "The allegations as to failure to have his meals on time do not constitute any basis for divorce."

Despite the fact that the law thus gives him no legal remedy if his wife fails in *her* duty under the marriage contract, he may not, it is needless to say, invoke his old common-law right to force the wife to do what the law refrains from making her do. If he tries to make a cook and a housekeeper out of her in that fashion, she can take action for divorce on the ground of cruelty; or, now that husband and wife are no longer one, she may even sue him for damages and recover a substantial sum, as did an Alabama doctor's wife some twenty years ago after he had used corporal persuasion in his efforts to make a good wife out of her.

Nor does the wife's failure as a housekeeper relieve the husband of any part of his legal duty to support the wife and to furnish her "a home of her own." And, if he ventures to leave her because of her shortcomings and delinquencies in that regard and fails to provide for her in accordance with his station and means, he may be prosecuted and treated to a term in the hoosegow. Such was the precise experience of a disgusted Connecticut husband whose case the Supreme Court of Errors of that state disposed of in 1934, the court specifically saying: "While the wife's obligation to render family service is correlative with that of the husband to render her support, the failure of the wife to fulfill this duty does not relieve the husband of his duty of support. That duty continues during the marital relation unless the wife wrongfully leaves the husband or is guilty of adultery."

That brings us to an element in that "something" previously mentioned that the husband expects in return for his contribution to the matrimonial venture that is of greater importance, in some respects, than a home properly kept and victuals properly prepared and served. It is an element that it is a little difficult to discuss with passable restraint of language in a journal of the chaste character of Esquire, but one that has always been looked upon by both church and state as constituting the very essence of the matrimonial relationship. It is the right to the satisfaction of the sex instinct, called by the New York Court of Appeals, "the basic obligation springing from the marriage contract, when viewed from the standpoint of the state and of society at large."

"However much the relationship may be debased at times," said the court, "it nevertheless is the foundation upon which must rest the perpetuation of society and civilization."

Such being the right, and the law being so zealous to enforce other rights, especially in behalf of the wife, does the law enforce this one?

In a comparatively small number of states the persistent refusal of either husband or wife to submit to reasonable intercourse is either desertion or cruelty and constitutes a ground for divorce.

Continued at top of page 200B

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"A Home of Her Own"

Continued from pages 39-200A

Thus, according to the Supreme Court of Washington, "the denial of a desire so strongly implanted in human nature, and an unquestioned marital privilege, is the denial of that harmony and unity which lies at the very root of the marriage relation and tends to that which renders life burdensome, and under our statute is a cruelty sufficient to satisfy the court that the parties can no longer live together."

But in the majority of jurisdictions the courts take the view expressed by the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine in 1887, to-wit: "Sexual intercourse is only one marital right or duty. There are many other important rights and duties. The obligations the parties assume to each other and to society are not dependent on this one only. We do not think our legislature meant to call a denial of this one obligation an 'utter desertion' while the party might be faithfully and meritoriously fulfilling all the other marital obligations."

It is, therefore, not desertion, even if continued for a long time, unless, as the Nevada Supreme Court surprisingly held in 1924, "there is a substantial abandonment of other matrimonial relations"; and, if the wife performs all her other duties and gives the husband no other legal ground for leaving her, he has no ground of action. For, as the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals flatly ruled in 1933, "the refusal of sexual relations is not cruelty." Or, as the Supreme Court of Missouri said, "That fact alone does not, either in reason or authority, constitute 'cruel and inhuman treatment.'"

In short, in most states, the wife's denial of the husband's conjugal rights constitutes neither cruelty nor desertion, and the law offers him neither relief for his wrongs nor escape from his torment. So it follows that the wife cannot be compelled to perform any of the duties supposedly appertaining to her status as such. She cannot be held accountable if she fails to keep up the home and she cannot be compelled to satisfy her husband's sex desires. She may refuse to cook his meals or to mend his socks or to sweep the floor; she may refuse to bear him children to perpetuate his name; or, if she has them, she may neglect them and make him change their diapers; she may even expel him from her bedroom and demand that he live the life of a monk; she may spend her time and his money, as her own sweet will dictates, in the company of other men, if she chooses; and so long as she commits no overt act of cruelty or infidelity, she can compel him to live with her and support her, in "a home of her own," in the same state as if she were meticulously and lovingly observing all the terms nominated in the marriage bond.

Under this beneficient system it is the husband's duty to give and the wife's blessed prerogative to receive. His are the obligations; hers, the privileges.

In the changes that have taken place in the law of domestic relations during the last hundred years, through the tinkerings of chivalrous and complaisant lawmakers and judges answering the pleas of militant groups of women shouting for equal rights, the man, as usual, is the goat. Now—one, two, three—let us all bleat together! ⧻

The Odd Dollar

Continued from page 53

and yet I give you the means of escape. Goodnight."

With that, she put up her lips. I wasn't very pleased by her manner, but I was in a hurry to get away. I took the dollar, kissed Miriam, and left, followed by shouting and laughter. Outdoors, there was a fairly thick fog. One could barely make out faces and hands, muffled in the gluey humidity. The streets were deserted, the houses flat and dim; the whole neighborhood seemed to be haunted by a mysterious hostility. I don't know anything gayer than the New York of Fifth avenue, with its aerial palaces afloat on magic carpets of white light; but as one gets away from the rich streets, the character of the city changes with disconcerting rapidity. Is it because the gangster films have brought us to associate these neighborhoods with swift and brutal drama? I don't know, but as soon as I get away from the whirling lights of Broadway and the luxurious calm that surrounds Central Park, I feel uneasy.

I knew that I wouldn't find a taxi until I had crossed the river, so I made for that great steel bridge, I forget the name—Queensboro, I think. Five hours earlier, when I had arrived, I had been struck by the animation of this bridge, by the noise of cars, by the red and white glare of lights. The place was deserted now, and only the oblique lines of the tall steel girders cut through the fog, making black diamond-shaped patterns.

I had crossed about half of the bridge without encountering a soul when, on my right, in the fog, I divined rather than saw the form of a woman.

She was leaning over the parapet, in a dangerous, certainly a curious position. Like anyone, I thought immediately of the innumerable tales of river suicides which all of us have heard; so I approached her. She turned brusquely at the sound of my steps, and seeing me nearing, she made so disturbing a movement

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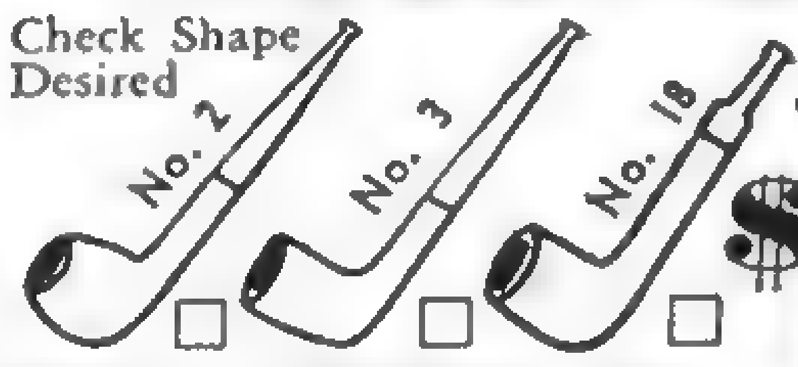

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toward the rail that, instinctively, I seized her and pulled her toward myself. Then I saw a really beautiful girl, hatless, her hair wet with fog, her face covered with tears. I don't remember how she was dressed. Still, I believe that at the time she gave me no particular impression of poverty. It seems to me she had a fur collar, or some sort of fur around her neck. No, what struck one about her wasn't poverty, but terror. Her teeth chattered, her lips trembled.

"What do you want!" she cried. "Let me go! Please let me go!"

At the moment, I saw myself as an actor in one of those stale melodramas in which the passing stranger prevents a young woman from throwing herself into the river, and I was rather embarrassed with my role. What with Miriam's cocktails, my head wasn't any too clear and my reflexes were none too sure. I don't know what I said to the unfortunate girl, but it must have been silly enough. Anyway, it's of no importance. I had a girl by the arm, and she needed to be taken away from that railing, and I could do that much for her.

A moment later, still holding her arm, I was walking along the bridge with her and awkwardly repeating:

"But what's the matter, what's the matter . . . what happened to you? . . . Did a man leave you? I can assure you that's not worth dying for! . . . If you knew how many times I have wished, momentarily, for oblivion. Only a moment ago I wouldn't have given much for life, and yet right now I'm deucedly content to find myself alive. . . ."

She didn't answer. As we passed under a light, I took a better look at her. Not only was she beautiful, but there was an astonishing refinement in her features. You know how sentimental I was at that time. This unhappy beauty, the romantic circumstances, my slight drunkenness, my anger against Miriam, all combined to affect me so that by the time we came to the end of the bridge, I was interested in nothing in all the world except that girl. We passed close to a policeman who gave us a curious glance; I was afraid my companion might do something foolish, but she simply let me take her along, sobbing softly. I suppose you're thinking that I might have turned her over to the policeman and so rid myself of the whole affair. Well, I didn't know but what that desperate young woman might have serious reasons for fearing the police. Besides, I must admit, by that time I was interested in the adventure, and hoped to see it to the end.

With the bridge behind us, I felt a little more confident, but still embarrassed. What was I going to do with this girl? Abandon her in the street? She'd run back to the river. Take her to my hotel? It was impossible. The rules in that sort of American hotel are rather severe, and the elevator man wouldn't have let her up. Did she have a home, a family? I tried questioning her. It was impossible to get a coherent statement out of her. She trembled and cried, without answering. Finally, I said:

"Look, I can't leave you like this. Where can I take you? Have you a home? Parents?"

She made a sign in the negative.

"A room?"

She shook her head.

At that moment, we passed a lighted door over which was the sign, Riverside Hotel, Rooms From One Dollar Up. This was certainly no Park avenue palace; still, it looked decent, clean, and anyway, for a few hours, what did it matter?

"Listen," I said to her, "at the moment you're in no state to explain yourself. And I have to go home. First of all you must get dry, get some rest, and sleep. You're going to take a room in this hotel. I'll pay for it in advance. I'll leave you here. You'll sleep, and tomorrow morning I'll come and see how you are. By that time, you'll be feeling better. You'll tell me your story—I have lots of friends in New York, in all sorts of occupations, and I'm pretty sure that when I know what's happened to you I'll be able to help you. . . . Whatever it is that's tormenting you, you can certainly give yourself one night's reprieve. Who knows? Perhaps tomorrow morning that which seemed irremediable in this foggy night will appear much simpler? Do you accept? And will you promise me that if I leave you in this hotel you won't run off without letting me know?"

She nodded, yes.

"Have you any money?" I asked timidly.

She resumed her hangdog air.

"All right, that's of no importance. Unfortunately I haven't much myself, tonight, but I do have a dollar bill. That's all we need. You see—from one dollar up. I'll pay for the room and tomorrow morning I'll come and take care of the rest. If you're hungry, if you need anything, don't hesitate to order it. There won't be any difficulty. Agreed? Come on, then."

I rang the bell of the hotel. No answer. I had to ring three times. Finally I heard steps, a lock turned, and a boy appeared. It was a curly-haired brute, rubbing his eyes. He spoke poor English, and no other language I knew—neither French nor Italian—so that it was very difficult for me to get him to understand.

"This young woman," I said, "is going to spend the night here. She has no baggage, but that doesn't matter. She'll take a dollar room, and I'll give you the money now. I'll be back tomorrow morning; whatever she spends, I'll pay. If you want, I'll leave you a watch or something as security . . . but I don't suppose that's necessary, is it? Anyway you see there's nothing to suspect. I'm not staying with

Continued on page 202

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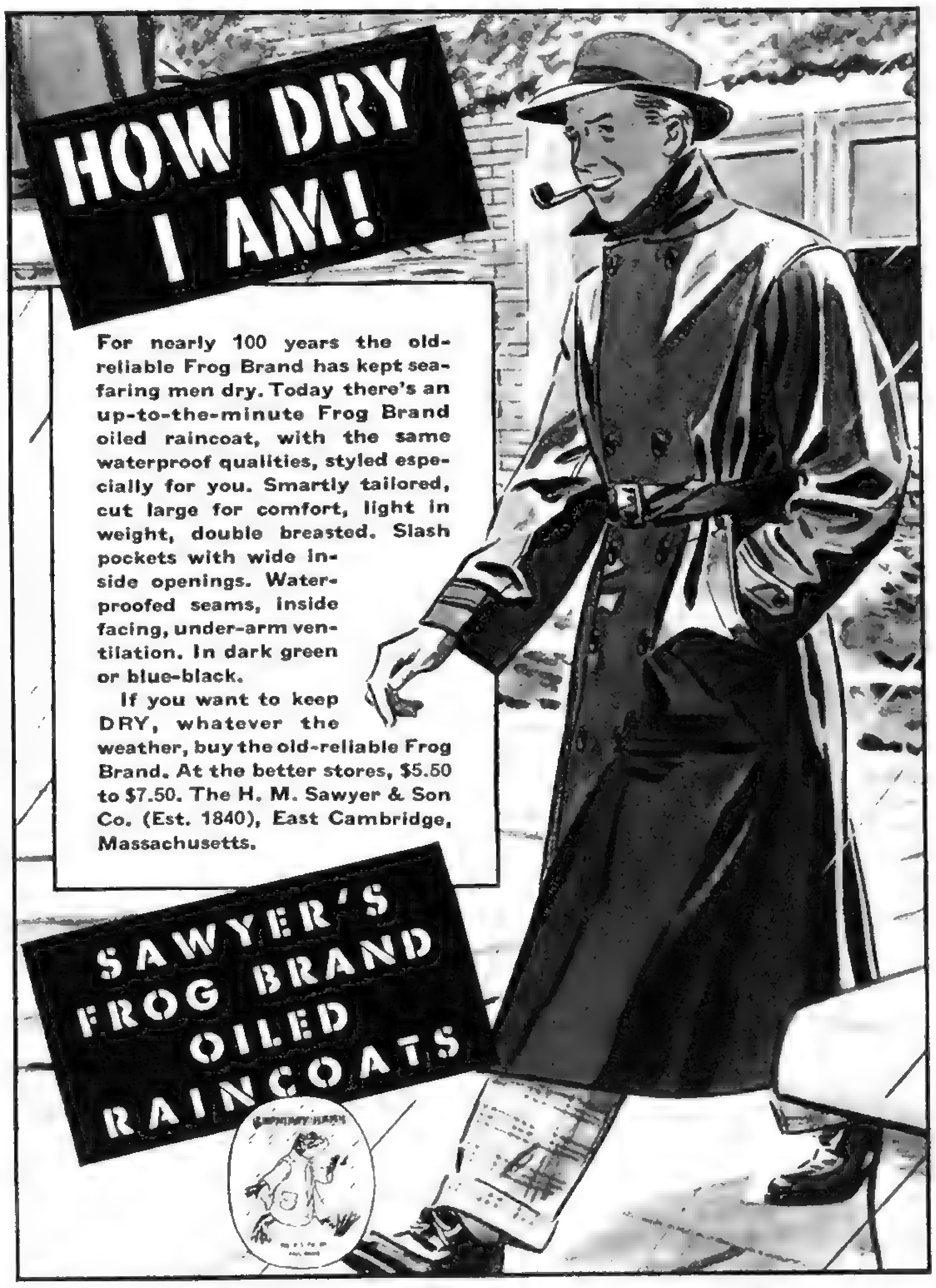

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The Odd Dollar

Continued from pages 53-201

her. At the moment, all I ask of you is to give her a room for the night, and here's the dollar. Understand? Is it all right?"

I was beginning to get irritated by that dumb and stupid face. I had to repeat, explain. Finally, he took my dollar and let the girl in. I didn't know what to say on leaving her. Something reassuring, an effective curtain speech was wanted. I didn't find it.

"Until tomorrow," was all I could say. "And promise me to sleep."

I offered her my hand. She took it quickly, and, for the first time, she spoke.

"You are kind," she said.

Even though I never heard her say anything but those three words, I still remember her voice, which was grave. As soon as I was alone I realized that, having given this stranger my only dollar, I couldn't take a taxi or even a bus, and would have to walk all the way to my hotel. Where was I? Sixtieth street? Sixty-second? I lived downtown, in Greenwich Village. It meant an hour's walk in dirty weather. But I was so proud of my rescue that I marched off gaily, whistling old army songs, through the empty streets. On that night, Madison avenue heard the *Cannoneer of Metz*, perhaps for the first time.

The next morning, when I awoke, my first impression was that my strange memory was only a dream. But gradually I recalled precisely all of the circumstances of that night, and I decided to go to the Riverside hotel before going to my office, to leave a little money with that mysterious [illegible] and, if I could get her to ta[illegible] do something for her. I h[illegible] plenty of friends in politics in New York. And who could tell? Gratitude, in women—.

I easily found the hotel, at the corner of the bridge. Daylight relieved it of the slightly shady air which I had thought to observe, the night before. At the desk was a switchboard girl, also in charge of the keys.

"Excuse me," I said, "I've come about the young woman whom I brought here last night—"

She stared at me, really astonished.

"A young woman?" she repeated.

I explained. I told my story. It was evident that she didn't know what I was talking about.

"But you rented a room, at about two in the morning, to a young woman without baggage!" I insisted.

"I haven't seen any young woman," she said. "There's none registered."

"That's impossible! . . . There's a night boy here, isn't there, who speaks English poorly—a boy with dark curly hair—"

"Yes, yes," she said. "Stephan. Well, what of it?"

"He's the one who let us in. Find him, please."

She pressed a button, and in a few moments the boy appeared. Seeing me, he seemed astonished, and irritated.

"You recognize me, don't you?" I said.

He growled in the affirmative.

"You remember I came here last night, with a young girl. Where is she?"

"Gone!" he said, with an angry gesture. "Kicked her out!"

"What!" I cried. "You kicked her out! By what right! I paid for her room. You had no right to—"

He took a bit of paper out of his pocket and, sticking it under my nose, shouted, "What about this! No right, huh? You didn't give me a fake dollar, huh?"

"Fake dollar?"

I seized the dollar bill, and stared at it stupidly. It wasn't even a counterfeit, but one of those imitation bills, a coupon in the form of a dollar, handed out as advertisements. Undoubtedly, the night before, I had only seen it folded, or perhaps my sight had been falsified by autosuggestion. Believing that I had a dollar, I hadn't even looked at it. Could this fellow have switched bills on me? But he looked too stupid to have invented such a trick, and his anger was genuine. No. It was Miriam and her friends who had been having fun with me. . . . And that poor girl—

"Where did she go?" I shouted. "I must find her! Understand, madam, it's a matter of life and death—"

As best I could, I explained my adventure of the previous night to the cashier, who now seemed suspicious. "But you must see, madam, that it's a horrible misunderstanding—! "What could she have thought? She was already desperate, at the moment when I met her. Brought here by me, abandoned with a fake dollar, thrown out by your boy, perhaps brutally. . . . In the state in which I saw her, anything is possible, even suicide. . . ."

Talk was useless. I had to do something. I ran to the police headquarters, where I knew an officer—Mulvaney. He listened to my story with the indifference of men who have seen everything, and he notified the squad cars in the river district to be on the lookout. You know, New York is combed by radio cars, filled with armed detectives, always in communication with their central headquarters. The reports were all negative. No one had seen the girl.

"That doesn't prove anything," said Mulvaney, "I've dragged out plenty of suicides who never made a sound, going under. Come back tomorrow, we'll have the report of the river police."

I took a cab to Miriam's. She was still asleep. I awakened her and bawled her out. She laughed and laughed.

"Yes, I did it," she admitted. "But honestly, it was by mere

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Three days later, Mulvaney phoned me that the body had been found in the river. Nothing was discovered at the inquest. Among all the women listed as missing in New York, not one resembled her. No family claimed her. To this day, I can't understand how so beautiful a girl could have gone from the earth without leaving a single mourner.

Miriam and I went to the burial together. Each of us felt vaguely responsible. Still, we had done nothing actually wrong. Miriam had permitted herself to play an innocent joke on a friend. I had tried, perhaps with an ulterior motive, but certainly without any ill-will, to save that poor girl. The wheels of that infernal machine, set in motion by our innocent touch, had carried that unfortunate girl to her death with overwhelming infallibility. The precision of their adjustment was astonishing. . . . It was just a dollar that Miriam had given me . . . a dollar that I had given to the nightman of that hotel, a dollar that would have saved a life and perhaps transformed my life. . . .

When we were leaving the cemetery, Miriam murmured, "People say sometimes . . . people say—"

"What?"

"No," she said. "Nothing."

But I thought that she wanted to speak of destiny, and of the sadness of living in this strange world. ⌗

Stalker & Co.

Continued from page 42

art of deer stalking. He cut in on my efforts at politeness with a gruff command to mount the larger and shaggier pony. Remembering my host's injunction, I climbed silently into the saddle. On the other pony, with my borrowed .256 Mannlicher in a leather holster, he led the way across the garden, through a tangle of rhododendron, and out on to a boggy upland moor. The climbing pace of the ponies was methodically slow and the boy had no difficulty in keeping up with us. For a half hour our ascent was gradual. We followed a twisting, narrow path that embroidered its way back and forth across a dried-up water course.

As Fraser kept his eyes in front, and seemed in no mood to converse, I had a leisurely opportunity to study the magnificence of the scenery. From both sides of the path, stretching up to the mist-covered heights ahead, lay an unlimited carpet of purple heather in full bloom. It was as if the laird of this domain had ordered endless yards of rose-violet chiffon to be draped upon the ground. The pastel delicacy of its color had made a boudoir out of this rugged, barren land.

After an hour of this quiet, enraptured climbing, the character of the country began to change. The heather was now more freely peppered with great boulders, and on each side the mountains rose precipitously, their tops still hidden by low, morning clouds. When we reached a point where the path petered out. Fraser dismounted and pulled the gun from its holster.

"We'll walk," he said, without as much as a glance back at me. "Wait here with the ponies, laddie," he added to the boy.

With my stick awkwardly catching in the loose rocks, my glass case banging into my ribs, I stumbled on behind him. From the look of his wizened, parched face and his knarled, oaken knees that jerked beneath his kilt, I should have said that Fraser was a man of more than sixty, but his goat-like stride up that mountain valley had the swing of a lad of twenty-five. Keeping up with him was an arduous, breath-taking job. When, after twenty minutes of this contest, he suddenly sat on the ground and leaned his back against a boulder, I crowed inwardly. The fellow was not as young as he thought he was. His effort to show me up had done him in. While I was standing by, panting my elation, he took his telescope out of its case and, propping the outer end against his crook, proceeded to peep at the distant mountain sides. His ruse, I thought, is to make me think he sees a deer. I will checkmate that by examining the same spot with my own telescope.

Imitating his technique, I sat with my back to a rock and pulled out my glass. My heaving lungs were no aid in holding the thing steady, but the crook helped. After considerable difficulty I managed to focus it on the particular mountain which seemed to fascinate Mr. Fraser. In a minute or two I had covered two square miles of that mountainside without spotting anything more animate than rocks and moss. I had him there! I thought. When I looked up, he had slowly shifted to another mountain. I checked that one. Again, nothing but rocks and a pretty, tumbling stream.

As I watched him cautiously weaving his glass along the distant hillsides, I was struck by the contrast in mental agility between the two of us. I, the city trained mind, quick, alert, receiving impressions with lightning speed. He, the highland peasant, dull, slow-witted, straining to take in even

Continued on page 204

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Stalker & Co.

Continued from pages 42-203

that which his eye telegraphed. It was a full fifteen minutes before he snapped his telescope shut. I had covered the same ground in three minutes. The moment had arrived to burst the bubble of his importance.

"Nothing in sight," I commented, brightly.

He turned slowly and looked at me with withering scorn. "On yon hill they be five hinds," he said, pointing to the first mountain we had examined. "They be a stag or two, but young 'uns. On yon side (the second hill) they be some gude haids. A partikler fine 'un lyin' down. Mebbe a royal."

"That's odd," I said, "I didn't see anything."

"Like as not," was his reply.

"Just where is that fine one," I asked, "I'd like to have a look at him."

"Ye ken where the burn is? Weel, spy from the bottom up, an' when ye coom to a bonnie rock on the right, ye'll find him aboot in the moss."

I followed the directions carefully. When I got to the rock I made a meticulous inspection of the surrounding terrain. I was about to call him a liar when something moved. I steadied the glass. It moved again. Slowly, out of the brown-gray of the mountainside, the outline of a majestic stag took shape. He was sitting down. Every so often he would switch his great black antlers, as if to shake off a fly. I was fascinated, hypnotized.

"Coom," said Fraser, and he started to back-track down the valley.

I was very disappointed by this move. "Aren't we going to kill that one?" I asked, thinking that perhaps it was some special stag, reserved for His Majesty the King.

"Aye," was the answer.

"Then why are we going away from him?" I asked.

"Wind's wrong," was all I got.

It was ten o'clock when we started our long trek around the end of a peak my host had called Ben Rosa. By noon we had crossed its foothills into a glen on its west side. The midday sun had cleared the clouds, only to drench us with its heat. The walk up the glen was a good three miles of plowing through marsh and boulders, but Fraser never once stopped to rest or look back. It must have been near one o'clock when he stopped abruptly, fished in his sporran, brought out two little packages of oiled paper, and handed one to me.

"Loonch," he said, and waited until I was seated before he moved off a few yards and sat down to consume his own. It was amusing to note that the distance he chose was just sufficient to preclude idle conversation. We munched our sandwiches in silence, while I wondered what was going on in that dour mind of his, and if we should ever again meet up with that noble stag which had so surprisingly come to life at the end of my telescope.

The respite was all too short. Fraser was obviously anxious to be on his way. Our start, this time, was no longer up the valley, but at right angles to our previous direction, and led us up the sheer west face of Ben Rosa. I had never done any Alpine work, but this seemed to me, aside from the peril of snow and ice, as difficult as an ascent of Matterhorn. Had we proceeded at a more comfortable pace, I might even have enjoyed the climb, but Fraser did not change his stride. With the agility of a chamois he bounded from rock to rock, balancing my rifle in one hand and his crook in the other. Up we went until my breathing was so short as to be painful, and my heart-beat mounted to 180. I stopped. Going on was out of the question until I caught my breath. Fraser must have heard me sit down, for he too stopped and looked back with scornful impatience. I could not speak. He did not wish to.

Before the summit was reached my stops became more frequent. Nor was my exhaustion helped by a rising anger at the sight of that old man—old enough to be my father—whose breathing remained as normal as if he had been walking on the castle lawn. His health and his silence were infuriating at that dizzy height. Lucky for him that he was carrying the gun!

The degree of my nausea and pain robbed me of any ability to appreciate the view from the top. I was but barely conscious of an endless sea of turbulent purple far below me, and stretching to a bright horizon. While I stood gasping on the pinnacle, Fraser busied himself again with his telescope. He seemed to know what he was after this time, for his spying never wavered from its first point. He only looked a minute or two, then snapped the glass shut with an air of sudden and drastic resolve. Before I knew it he was off, scrambling down the east face at breakneck speed. I stumbled down after him, thanking every God in Heaven for the change of angle. We had gone but a few yards when he dropped to his knees and, dragging the gun on one side and the crook on the other, crawled through and over the rocks as fast as a baby on the nursery floor. He looked back once to see if I had correctly followed suit.

After three minutes of this baby crawl, the knees of my new knickers were in shreds, and what remained was no protection against the sharp edges of granite chips. The soles of his boots were always disappearing in front of me and I looked in vain at each rock they uncovered for signs of blood from his bare knees.

Fraser edged up behind a great rocky projection. He peeped over the top, quickly pulled out his glass again, and had another spy

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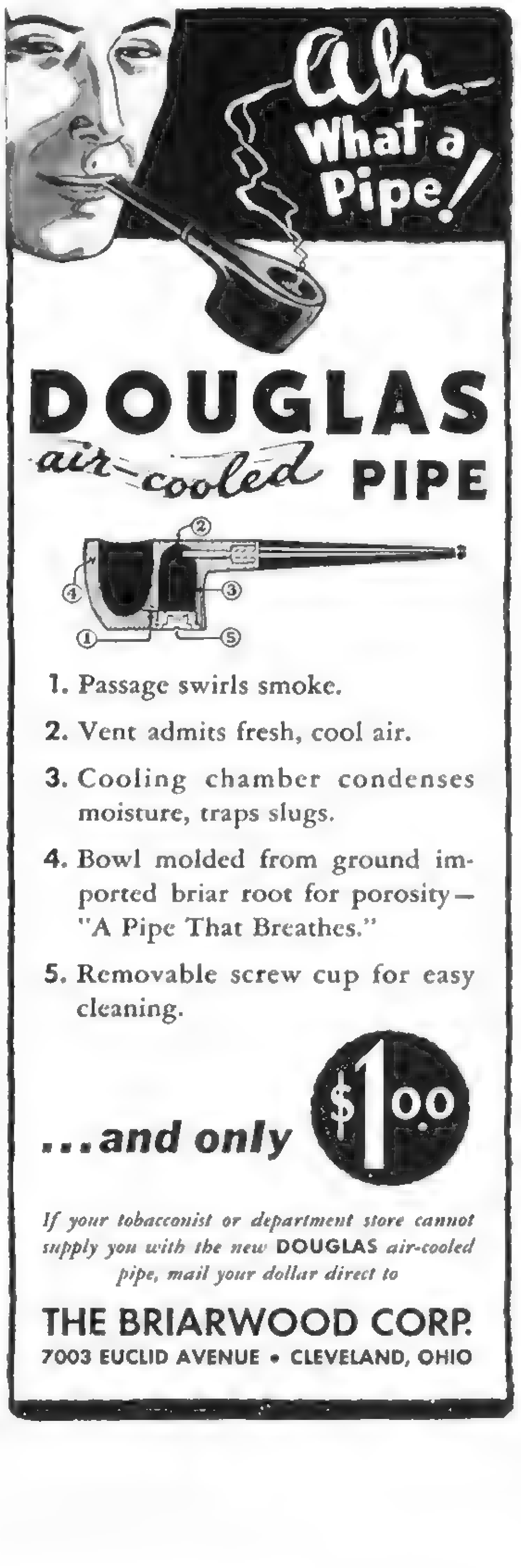

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down the mountainside. He seemed satisfied. Back went the glass with a grunt. But he did not crawl on from around that projection. No indeed. He lay flat on his belly and wriggled around like a snake. Once more he looked back to see if I, too, was wriggling. My method must have been unorthodox, for he pointed at me and gave his own behind a push, as if to say, "Keep that can down, you dummy!" On we wriggled, around rocks, over blistering beds of flint, through muddy tufts of peat moss. I could feel my new suit ripping and straining at every wriggle. I did not dare put the strain on my already torn and bleeding knees, for fear of giving some fool deer a view of my behind. It seemed an endless journey, with nothing visible but the soles of Fraser's boots.

Suddenly, above the noise of our own scrubbing, I heard a roar ahead. Its intensity increased, and before I knew it I could see the body of Fraser slipping down a steep bank and right into a rushing mountain torrent. Holding the gun above water with his right hand, he snaked through the stream and up on the further bank. With a whispered farewell to my Scholte suit, I dived in on his tracks. By the time I had reached the middle of that bath of ice water, Fraser had stopped. As my head came out of water I saw him duck flat behind a rock. He motioned violently to me.

"Psst!" he whispered, "Don't move!"

My host had cautioned me to obey. Well, by God, I would! Even if it gave me pneumonia. There I lay, comfortably settled on the bed of the stream, with its glacial waters running completely over me. In a twinkling the heat of exercise had left my body and I could feel an icy chill penetrating my liver. Enough. I started to crawl out. Fraser put his foot on my head.

"Dinna ye hear me, mon?" he whispered, "Don't move!"

Nothing to do but take the bath and like it.

It may have been five minutes, but it seemed like an arctic night before Fraser peeped over the rock again. When his head came down there was a look of strange excitement in his eye. He motioned me to join him. Almost too numb to move, I barely managed to wriggle up the bank. Slowly and cautiously he poked the muzzle of the rifle over the flat top of the rock, and held the butt for me to take.

"It's the dark beast in the middle," he said as I reached his side.

I hunched my dripping body under the rock, wiped the water from my eyes, and feebly grasped the gun. The chattering of my teeth sounded loud enough to frighten all the deer in Argyllshire.

"Aim low on his shoulder," whispered Fraser, "and take your time."

As cautiously as my jerking muscles would permit, I peeped over the rim of the rock. There, calmly feeding, not over a hundred yards down the hill, were three of the finest stags I had ever seen outside a zoo. Unfortunately, the dark one in the middle had turned so that his rump was the only target. I bobbed down to explain the situation to Fraser.

"Wait, he'll turn," was the advice.

I waited. My heart, from exertion and excitement, was going like a Model T Ford in low gear. As I levelled the sights I noticed that my cardial rapidity was translated to the rifle barrel. It was like trying to shoot from a galloping horse. Still grazing, my dark stag began to turn. The closer the moment for action approached the more my gun palpitated. Finally he was broadside to me. I held my breath. For one fleeting instant the bead jiggled over the stag's shoulder. My numb finger jerked the trigger. There was a deafening roar. The three stags bounded out of sight.

I dropped back on the ground, sick with disgust. As I did so, Fraser jumped up on the rock.

"I was too tired," I gasped, "Too exhausted!"

"A bonnie shot, mon!" yelled Fraser apparently not hearing my apology. "I could hear the bullet hit him!"

I sat up. "You say I hit him?" I asked.

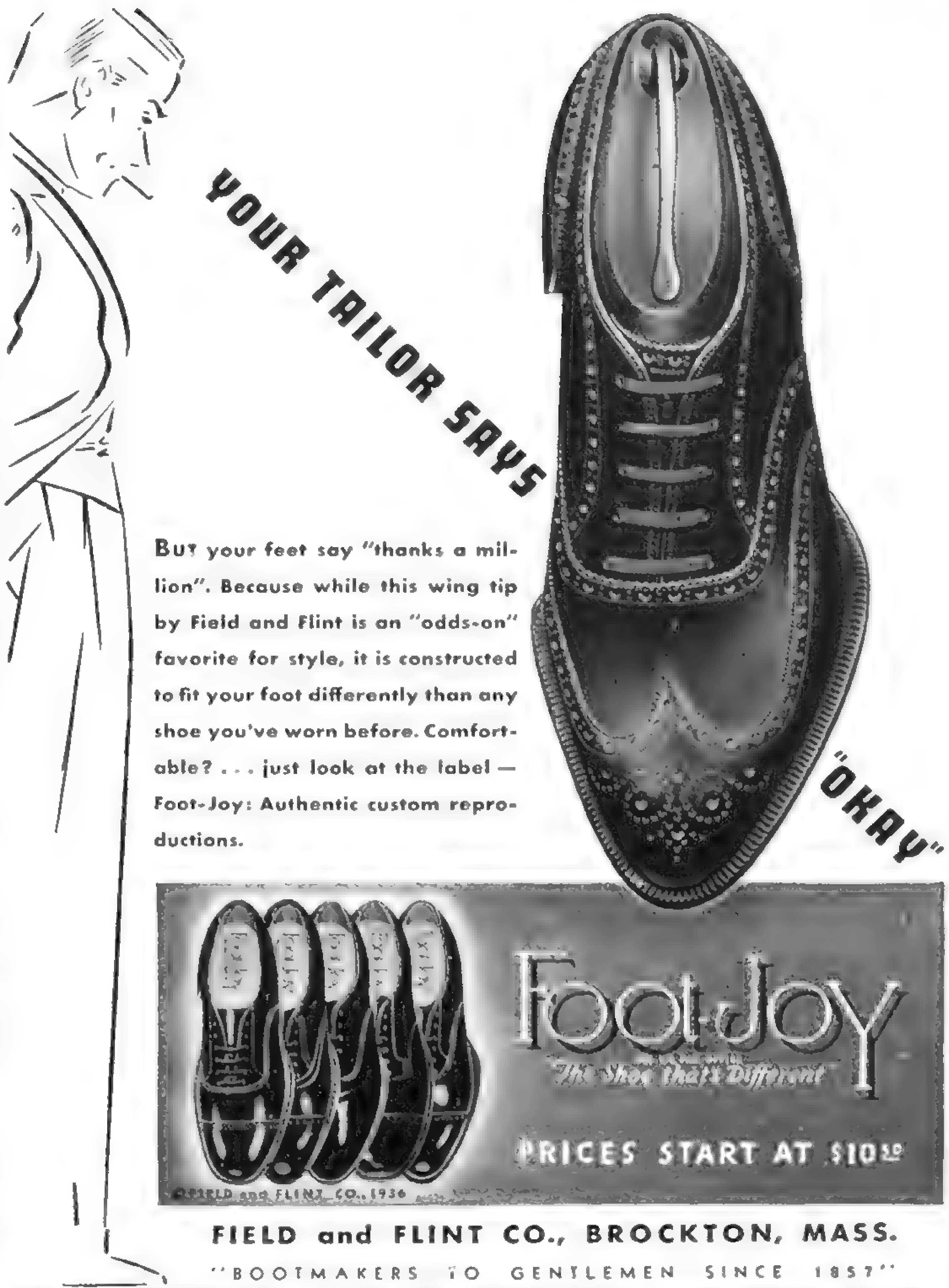
"Aye," said Fraser, in high glee, "an' he's a dead beast noo."

He grabbed the rifle and went bounding down the mountain. I struggled after him as fast as my wet clothes would allow. Not one hundred yards from where he had stood grazing, the stag lay dead on the rocky slope. The bullet had pierced his heart. How luckily, Fraser will never know. He was wreathed in smiles when I arrived at the fallen animal.

"Weel doon!" began the now loquacious Mr. Fraser. "Your furst stag—and a Royal! Me-o-my! Twelve bonnie points! A fine haid, sur, for your parlor." He took out a great knife and opened it. "Aye, His Grace'll be proud of ye this day." He yanked the carcass on its back and made a long slit in its belly. "An' noo to blood ye, sur." With that he stuck his hand in the wound and, pulling it out, dripping with crimson, slapped me on each cheek. Involuntarily I raised my hand to wipe the stain.

"Nay, leave it," he cautioned, "'Tis bad luck to wipe it off. 'Twill stay til ye shave it off. Ye are a blooded stalker noo. An' it was a mighty fine stalk!"

On the long trek home in the twilight, Fraser walked ahead leading his pony, on whose back was roped the Royal stag. Not once during that long walk did he stop talking. He dipped deeply into his embellished memory of perilous stalks and mighty stags. Woven into the fabric of his rambling sagas was the continuous implication that the world of hunters and stags had diminished in stature and worth since those earlier days. Maybe he was right, or maybe it was only the magnified insight of old age. I did not seem to care. ⌗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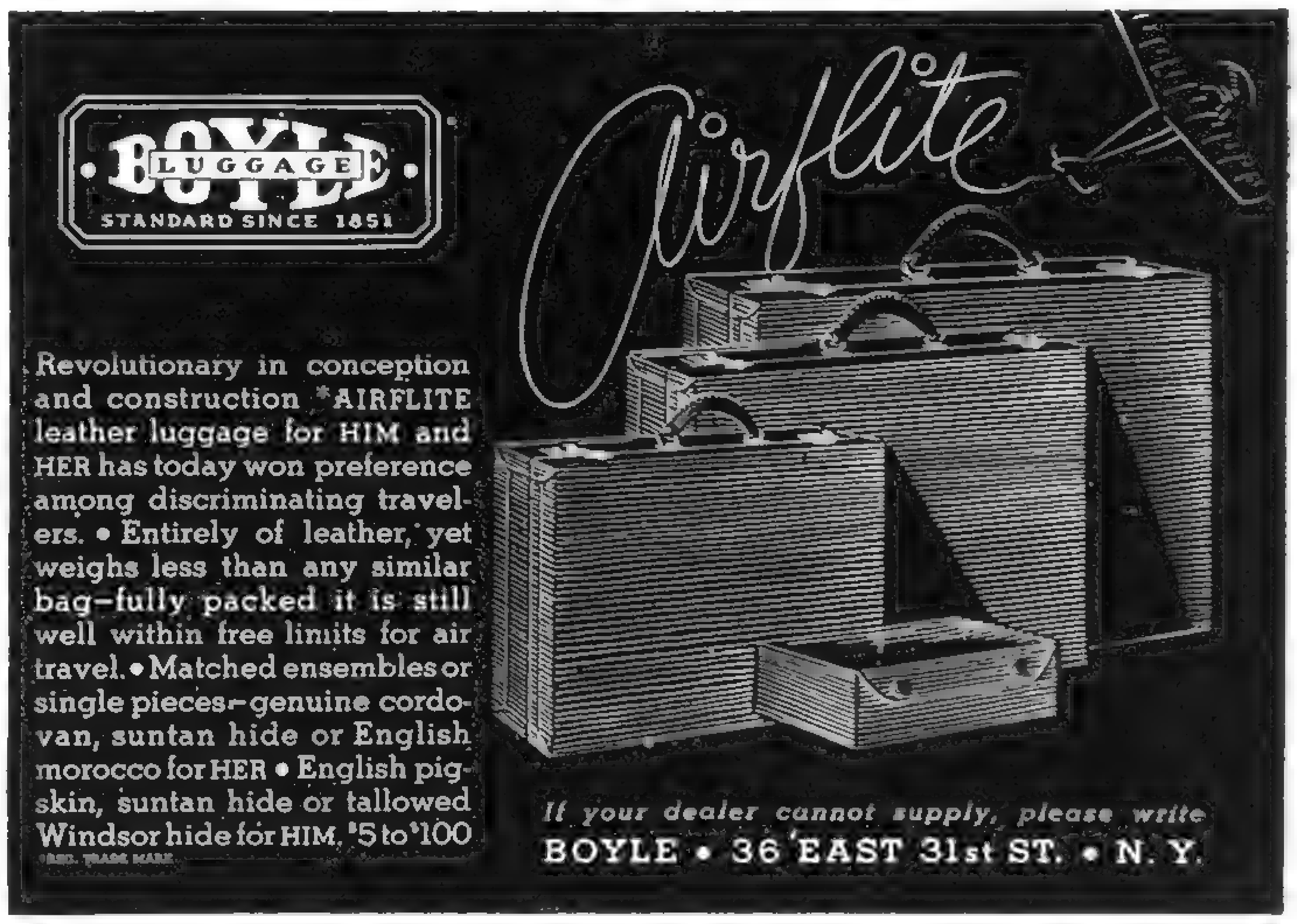
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The Humble .22

Continued from page 54

which we had so much trouble buying with our scanty pennies when we were kids.

In these days .22 means in about 80% of the time, that astonishing little cartridge, the .22 Long Rifle, which is not to be confused and generally is, with the .22 Long.

The chaps who participated in the baptism of the .22 Long Rifle some 50 years ago, must have been better at ammunition design than at getting up dictionaries. But the fact remains that while the .22 Long is shot in a rifle, it is not a .22 Long Rifle.

The .22 rimfire family, most of which is inconsequential these days outside of the Short and Long Rifle, starts with the tiny BB Cap, pretty trifling although adapted to the .22 arms; the CB Cap, a little better than the BB because it uses a regular conical bullet; the .22 Short, for 50 years the standard in shooting galleries; the .22 Long, which is merely the Short bullet in the Long Rifle case; the .22 Long Rifle, the .22 Extra Long, and the .22 Rimfire Special.

Many of the broadminded repeating rifles will operate the Short, Long and Long Rifle and shoot them well enough for all practical purposes. The BB and CB may be loaded by hand.

There are also two little used rimfire cartridges, one of them practically obsolete, developed for Winchester and Remington self-loading (so-called automatic) rifles.

Their production was a matter more of factory expedient than ballistic improvement and the purchase of a rifle for either one is not good judgment since both factories have produced better rifles for the standard .22 Long Rifle.

Another cartridge just as obsolete is the .22 Extra Long, once esteemed as having marvelous virtues which it never did have. The .22 Rimfire Special, much more expensive than the .22 Long Rifle, is another cartridge which was thought to have as many hidden charms, incapable of proof, as some brands of gasoline or tooth paste or soaps which remove one sort of evil odor and substitute another just as bad.

A virtue of that cartridge in the old days was the fact that its 45 gr. bullet was covered by the brass or copper case for enough of its length to enclose the lubricant on the bullet like its larger center-fire cousins.

The ordinary rimfire cartridge of Short, Long, Long Rifle sort, had the sticky grease used for lubricant, exposed to the public view, clothes and hands, so the "Special" was much cleaner to handle and a bit more powerful for the small game shooter. Also it cost much more.

In these modern days the ammunition factories have developed "dry" nearly invisible and entirely intangible lubricants which are more effective than the old sticky ones and which permit cartridges to be carried loose in the pocket without creating a heck of a mess. The dry lubricant is more efficient and prevents leading the bore except in the case of badly pitted rifles.

The .22 Short uses a little 30 gr. bullet which is kicked along at about 975 feet per second in the "low speed" or standard sort and at 1175 in "HiSpeed" sort. And this mystic HiSpeed term means that the cartridge is one of a recently developed tribe, Short, Long, Long Rifle and "Special" in which the velocity is boosted about 25%—and the pressure in the chamber of the gun is likewise increased, much to the grief of some owners of old and obsolete .22 guns who have tried to shoot HiSpeeds in them. More of this later.

Days were when the Short was in the match cartridge class. It was shot by the indoor gallery sharks like the old Zettler gathering and at 25 yards it would group into average thumb-nail size all day. But it has lost face with the match shooter of these days, who insists on the Long Rifle and it is merely a fine little cartridge for the plinker, the chap who likes to shoot at things thrown into the air, the bit of wood thrown into the river, and tin-can rolling down the lea. It is to be preferred for all such amusements because it costs much less, makes less noise, has much less range and wounding power. And by the same token its sale falls off steadily compared with its snooty brother, Long Rifle. Cost runs around $3.50 per thousand, as against about $6 for the Long Rifle.

A good self-loading rifle is made to shoot the Short, and it is one which I would select for just ordinary "tin-canning" where small game or "long" range are not involved. And—the HiSpeed Short with hollow point will account for a lot of rabbits if the range is less than 50 yards, the shooter is one able to hit the rabbit where he needs it and does not think that anywhere in the rabbit ought to ring the bell and put meat in the pan. But it should not be chosen for small game shooting where that bulks large on the programme.

The .22 Long is the illegitimate child combination of Short bullet and the Long Rifle case. Velocity is slightly higher, accuracy much poorer than the .22 Long Rifle, and now about equal to the Short. It would have been abandoned long ago except that one arms company turned out a very popular repeater chambered for the Long, but not the Long Rifle. So those parties who wanted more punch than was given by the Short, bought this freak gun for a freak cartridge, and so it survived long after it should have joined the Dodo.

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panies started a movement to abandon the manufacture of this Long. Upon which wild yells arose from its men who traveled Alaska.

They said that the Esquimaux had bought hundreds of those repeating rifles for killing small game and that their biggest .22 demand was for the Long, and not the Long Rifle. There is no place in the scheme of .22 things for this inferior cartridge, except to supply those obsolete repeaters sold by a misguided arms company for the Long instead of the better Long Rifle. Standard velocity about 1025 feet per second; HiSpeed velocity 1375.

Many of the repeating rifles, all of the single shots chambered for the Long Rifle, will shoot this Long, in case of ammunition shortage and only one sort at the village store.

The .22 Special, cost about $10.00 per thousand as against about $6.00 for Long Rifle and $3.50 for the Short, fires its 45 gr. bullet at 1100 feet standard, and 1450 in HiSpeed.

It is less accurate than the Long Rifle, giving an average of about 3½ inch total size for 10 shots at 100 yards in the best rifle, and worse in the average cheap repeater. Its sole virtue in these days of dry lubricant, is slightly increased killing power but where the Long Rifle tails, the .22 Special is not indicated but something bigger and better. Rifles chambered for it can't shoot any of the others of the .22 family because the chamber is much larger. Most of its virtue lies in the magic word "special" which to the lay mind conveys something much superior to anything "regular." In this case the chief difference is $4.00 per thousand.

And then the .22 Long Rifle. The most amazing little cartridge in the world. It is shot by hillbillies into deer with the ultimate result of venison in the pan—although by no means a deer cartridge nor certain for anything bigger than rabbits. It is shot by sweating, earnest, grimly determined citizens, otherwise in their right minds, in heavy, costly rifles, some of them easily capping the $100 mark, fitted with equally costly telescope sights, also some of them raising the $100 ante, the rifles weighing from 10 to 15 lbs. and built with the care of the finest racing car. And the intent and purpose of all this expense and fuss is merely to see if they can make a group at 100 yards say ¼ inch smaller than the struggling varlet next door.

At 200 yards, or two of the blocks found in many cities, it will shoot into a saucer on a still day from a good rifle, and now and then a combination turns up that will group into a tea-cup, 8 shots out of the 10.

The 10-ring at 200 yards on the decimal target is only 4 inches across. Scores of 196 out of 200 for 20 shots are not uncommon.

At 100 yards the Long Rifle in "match" form must group 10 shots into 1½ inches to be respectable, and to be considered real class, must group them into nearer one inch. And quite a bit of the run-of-mine stuff, not "match" and not premium-priced at $2.00 or $3.00 per thousand more than ordinary, will group into this 1½ inch "passing circle" requirement.

The late types are smokeless, dry-lubricated, and non-corrosive. So non-corrosive in at least one make that a rifle fired with this ammunition may be set aside for months without cleaning after firing, and still will turn up with the bore as bright as a dollar.

However the value of the rustless feature is to permit of neglect for a week or so, not indefinitely. Rifles firing lead bullets, may lead the bore now and then, and the wise shooter wipes out his good .22 and inspects the bore and then coats it with some good, heavy-bodied gun oil or special grease made for the purpose if the rifle is to be put away definitely.

Without question more money and thought and experiment and effort have been expended on the development of this .22 Long Rifle than on any other cartridge in the world. And this includes military cartridges, where the "edge" on the other army is of the utmost importance. The usually dumb public has found this out—witness some of the figures I have quoted. This writer has to read some 250 letters a month from the "I wanna know" section of two or three sporting-magazine readers of which he is gun editor. At least 75% of these inquiries concern .22 arms.

The chap, for instance, who likes pistol shooting, ought to take long and careful thought before he buys anything bigger and much more costly to shoot, than one of the beautiful and accurate .22 revolvers or automatic pistols now on the public market.

The difference between $6.00 per thousand for the Long Rifle and $30.00 per thousand for such a cartridge as the .38 Special, is likely in time to be a serious deterrent to target practice or plinking ambitions.

And, while I dislike to bring up the gory question of self-defense, I would prefer to take my chances with the average untrained man, blazing away with a big .38 or .44 gun to the chap with the .22 revolver or pistol with which he was entirely familiar and with which he would rarely miss a man the width of a street.

The .22 Long Rifle HiSpeed is a long way from being a joke. I have investigated the legal ballistic end of too many cases in which only the coroner saw the point of the joke.

The Long Rifle comes in a most confusing lot of forms these days: in hollow points for game, some of them just mild cavities in the point, others practically a hole with a little lead wrapped around it; in plain lubricated lead bullets, preferably the new dry lubricant form; in copper plated or washed bullets; in copper

Continued on page 208

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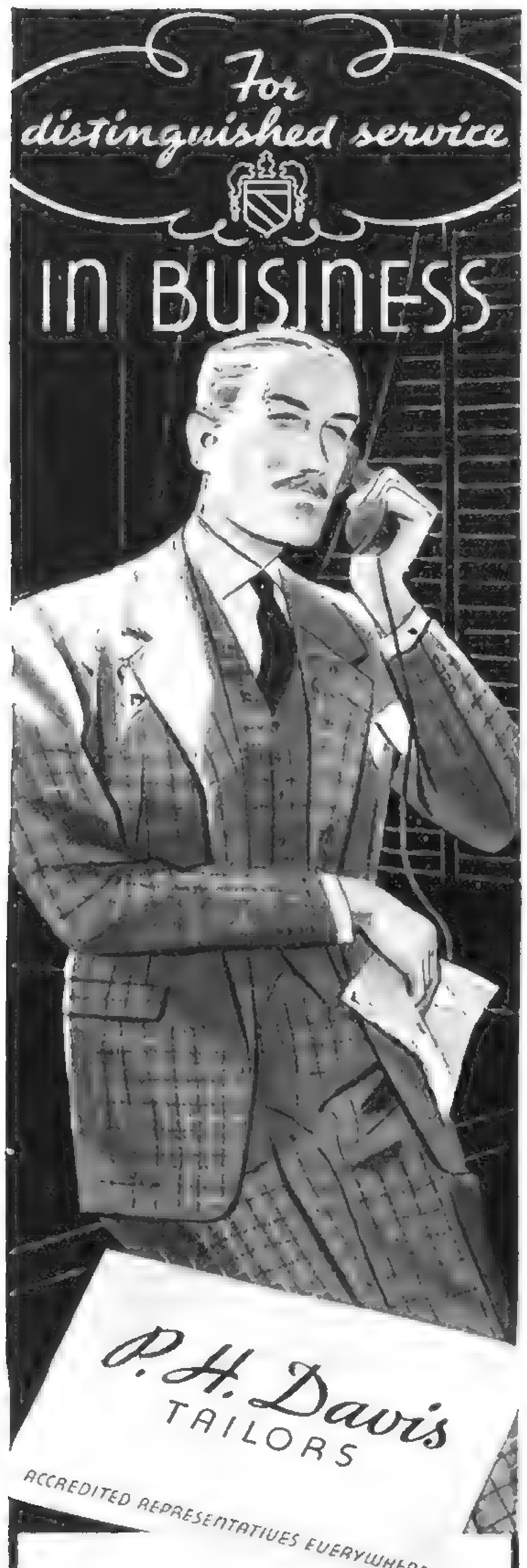

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The Humble .22

Continued from pages 54-207

washed, lubricated bullets; in cadmium plated dry, and cadmium plated greased; and in specially made "match" quality ammunition selling for an advanced price and loaded with an obsolete form of powder, largely black powder, because it is supposed to shoot just a small fraction of an inch better than the pure smokeless type.

This is a type the average .22 man will do well to let alone, it is not so much more accurate as to justify its cost; the black powder residue is messy, it is more noisy, produces some smoke, indoors especially, and the residue is corrosive if left for some days without cleaning.

Generally speaking the Long Rifle is loaded in two distinct velocities, ordinary, about 1050 feet per second, and HiSpeed, with about 25% more increase in speed, or around 1400 feet per second and more than 50% energy increase in some cases. Energy, by the way, for the HiSpeed form is equal to a weight of 175 lbs. falling a foot.

Generally speaking the HiSpeed offers the shooter more punch for small game, around 174 ft. lbs. as against about 100 ft. lbs. for the ordinary, a flatter flight with less penalty for mis-judging distance—and more noise if you like fire-crackers.

The accuracy of the HiSpeed form, while ample for ordinary .22 work, has never reached the accuracy standard of the ordinary velocity, and it should not be picked for winning hot target matches against chaps who are using the best of the ordinary velocity stuff.

Queerly enough although the time of flight is less, HiSpeed stuff is much more sensitive to wind than low speed and it loses velocity at a much faster rate. Its velocity is just over that magic "speed of sound" figure, about 1100 feet a second, and at that point, air resistance to the flight of the bullet takes an enormous jump.

Ordinary Long Rifle is just under sound velocity, hence it does not suffer from this terrific head-on gale encountered by the HiSpeed.

The life of the .22 rifle or pistol barrel is nearly unlimited, if some sense is used as to ammunition and some care is taken of the delicate rifling, only the depth of a couple of hairs—variety of hair not specified.

Several years ago an arms company sent to me a little .22 Short automatic rifle which had been under test for two years or more, always fired with smokeless Shorts with lubricated lead bullet and kleanbore type of primer, which may in itself be very erosive and corrosive—that is steel-melting and steel-rusting. This was fired at a high rate of speed in the stringent test.

When it reached me it had been fired 285,000 times, more than a quarter million. Laid "nose to tail" this means more than three miles of .22 Shorts.

The barrel was spotless, inspection with my low power binocular microscope with a special lamp showed only a faint ring in the barrel forward of the chamber. Measurement could not detect any wear except 1-1000th inch or so, from the "lands" or raised portion of the rifling, just forward of the chamber.

The faint, ghost-ring was the start of an erosion-ring and hardly to be measured.

I fitted this rifle with scope sight, and shot it at 50 yards, muzzle rest, for group. The first 10-shot group series, five of them, averaged between two and three inches per group of ten. This is just about the accuracy to be obtained with these little rifles when brand new.

Since that time this rifle has been run up to just a half million shots, still keeping the same barrel. I have not seen the latest measurements or test of it, but it is still in the ring.

On the other hand, some examples of HiSpeed with dry, copper plated bullets are very destructive to a rifle, and should not be used. Those factories that generously ballyhoo'd the dry, plated bullet, now lubricate it, so evidently they did not find it satisfactory. The .22 owner ought to stick to lubricated bullets, either plain lead, or the copper plated form with the new invisible, dry lubricant that is superior to the old messy, sticky "greased" bullet.

Generously speaking the owner of the gilt-edged, costly match rifle is better off without the use of HiSpeed in his pet gun, although with lubricated bullets, the ordinary rifle will give *reasonable* accuracy with HiSpeed for a longer time than the owner will ever shoot it.

The weakness of the Long Rifle for game killing, crows, rabbits, squirrels and stray house-cats on the hunt for game, a prize no man should overlook when he catches one in the game field, is not so much lack of shocking power, but curved flight and the tendency to over-shoot or under-shoot the mark unless judgment of distance and sight setting are very accurate. The trouble is marked when shooting at such targets as crows off the ground, a situation always adding to the difficulty of distance judgment.

The chap with the scope sight and some ability to judge range, can make astonishingly good shooting up to 150 yards or so with the HiSpeed cartridge.

The rifle sighted for HiSpeed for instance, for 100 yards, hits 3 inches too high at 50 yards, and the chap unable to tell the difference between 50 and 100 yards and hold slightly lower at 50, is not going to make much of a success on small game. But the bullet

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has to rise 14 inches in passing over 200 yards, this highest point being at about 110 yards, all of which makes chances for hitting over 150 yards pretty sketchy. With the low price and high development of the scope sight, the small game hunter does well to put the glass eye on his rifle, and then sight it carefully for 100 yards, learning to under-hold for the ranges between and to over-hold a bit for those that are longer. Holding higher or lower is one of the privileges the scope confers on its owner, without cutting down the accuracy of his aim.

A rather interesting development along the small game line is an efficient Long Rifle shot cartridge, loaded with a small quantity of very fine shot, such as No. 12.

Shot in a smooth bore barrel, which most of the factories will supply, this makes shooting that will knock a cock sparrow for a loop at 30 feet or more and yet which won't conk the neighbor-lady in her yard a block down the street.

The very fine shot loses velocity so fast that at 100 yards or more it is little more than a sprinkle with practically no penetration except that it might be dangerous to an eye. However some care should be taken even then, it is hard to reassure a cranky neighbor that a load of even No. 12 shot is pure humor with no danger involved. The shot cartridge in a rifled barrel is pediculous, due to scatteration of the pattern by the rifling.

As amazing as the development of the Long Rifle, is the development of the line of .22 rifles now offered to the shooter.

One of my jobs is to check up on every new production of the sort, and they pop out of the factories with the regularity of little bunnies from an enthusiastic pair of rabbits.

These are practically always of the bolt type, sell for about $6.50 upward and give truly amazing accuracy. Some of these little Six Fifty Specials with ordinary smokeless Long Rifle ammunition, fired in machine rest, shoot better than the costly, heavy match rifles with match ammunition, which we had available when the first Dewar Team Match was fired against England in 1919. As I was boss of the team, I happen to know what they did.

Groups from ¾ inch to one inch for 10 shots at 50 yards with ammunition the rifle "likes" are quite common. But they vary quite a bit in their taste for makes and type, and the owner has to find out by trial and error, which brand and sort the rifle fancies, then stick to it for low speed shooting. The HiSpeed never shoots quite so well, and needs about 1½ inches for its 10-shot groups in these cheap rifles.

Fortunately they nearly always "prefer" ordinary smokeless, lubricated bullet Long Rifle, and do not shoot so well with the extra-price "match" stuff, all of which is a break for the cheap rifle owner.

The field of .22 rifles, starting with these well stocked, solid, reliable little bolt action single shots, stocked for a man, and not a pygmy or boy as used to be the quaint idea of the arms factories, runs clear over to the special, costly, heavy, beautifully-made match rifles, heavier than most military arms, stocked for prone shooting, fitted with "speed locks" of amazing firing speed, made more carefully by far than Uncle Sam's Springfield and costing nearly $50.00 in the cheapest models. Such a rifle, but fitted with lighter, sporting stock and lighter, shorter barrel, is the highest development of the .22 "sporting" rifle.

The bolt action has swept the field, the good old trombone or slide action .22 has fallen off so badly in sales that some of the factories look at it with the cordial expression of the man whose mother-in-law has over-stayed her leave.

A bolt action, tubular or box magazine .22 rifle of the 6-lb. class, complete with the finest of peep rear sight and target front, accuracy higher than the match rifle and match ammunition of 15 years ago, sells for about $12.00. The poor trombone sells for double this figure, it is less accurate, less well stocked, has poorer sights.

And the latest surprise party for the tickled .22 fancier is the flock of low priced and excellent little telescope sights that suddenly flew out of a tree or something without any warning.

Two or three years ago, the cheapest telescope sight available, sold for $20.00.

Now an arms factory will sell you a telescope sight all mounted and ready to go, for just $4.75 extra over the cost of the rifle, total cost of one I have in mind, $10.00, ready to ramble.

Or for about $19.00 you can buy a repeating rifle, heavy man-sized stock, fitted with scope with fine adjustments inside of the tube for elevation—range to you—and windage, all complete and capable of making ¾ inch groups at 50 yards. There are a half dozen different types and makes of these low priced scopes on the market.

And the scope sight adds at least 50% to the value of the .22, particularly for small game shooting. It aids in estimating the distance, it permits of accurate over-hold or under-hold and it often lets you see a small animal which would not be "sightable" with ordinary metallics even if you could make it out before you started to aim.

So the .22 is the answer to the person who wants to shoot a rifle or pistol. There ought to be good reason for going to a bigger and badder and noisier and more costly gun, big game hunting, long range target shooting, self-defense, varmints at long range or larger size than can be handled by the .22.

If there is anything in the claim as to Americans being a nation of riflemen, then it must rest on the .22 variety of rifle. #

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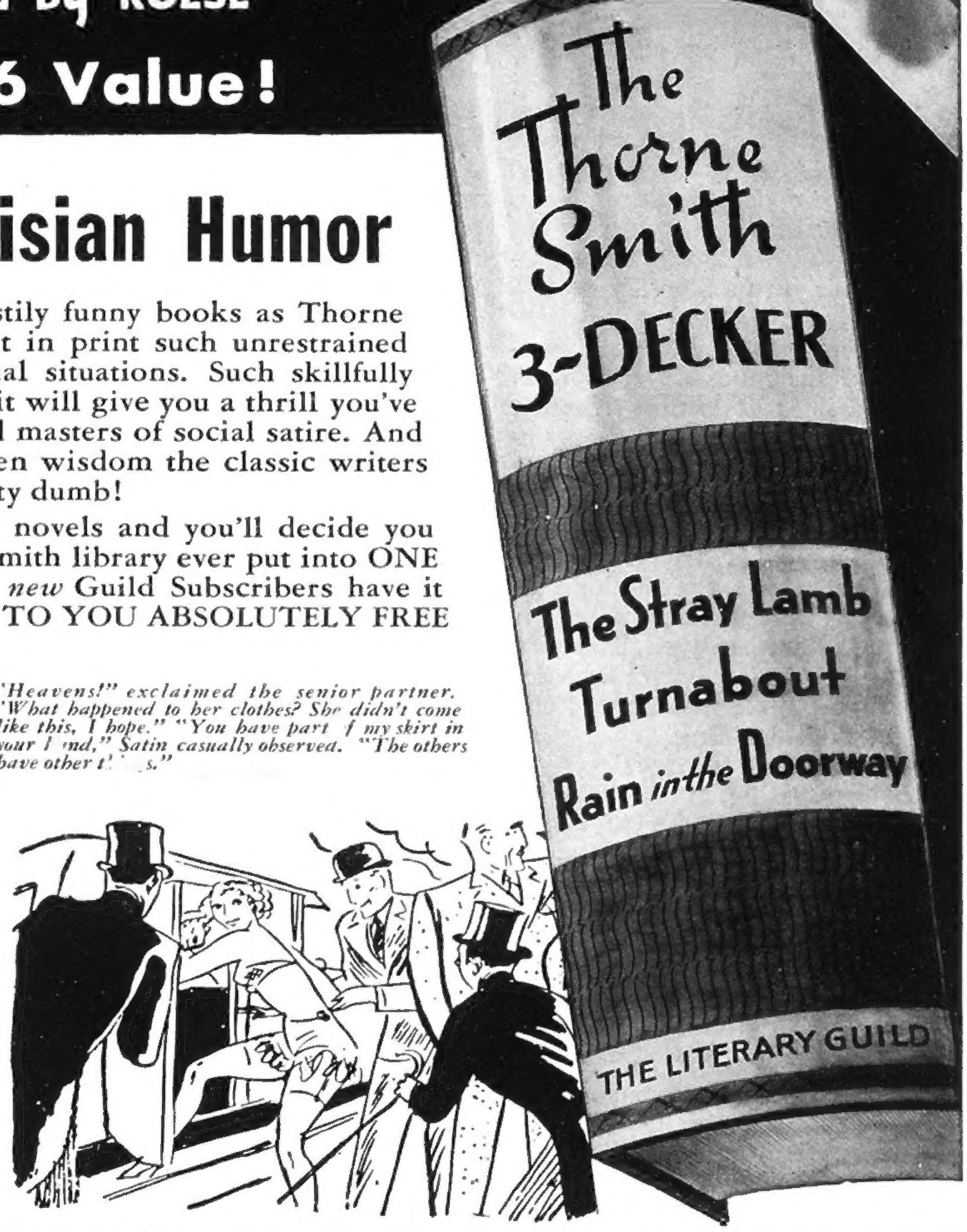

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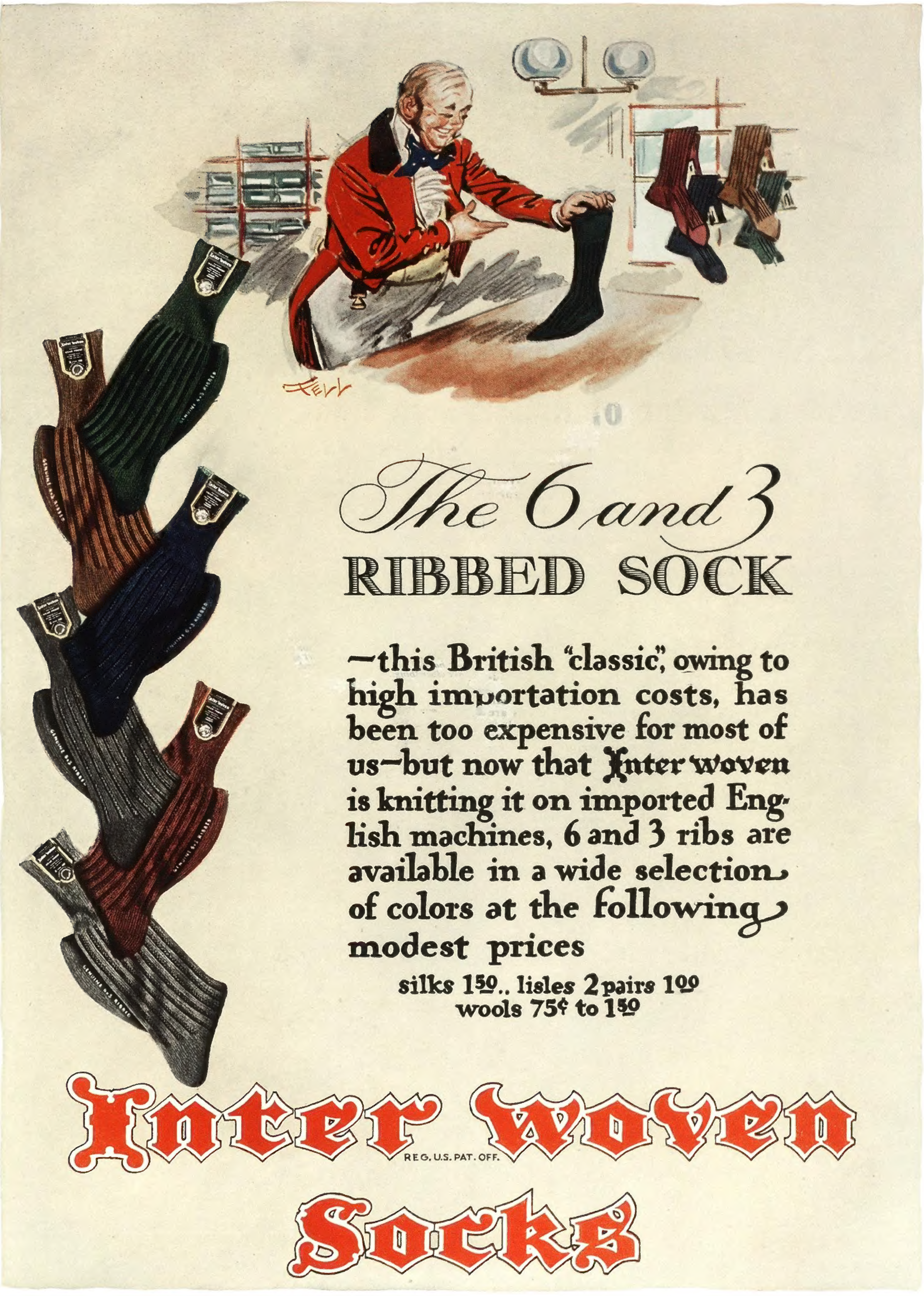

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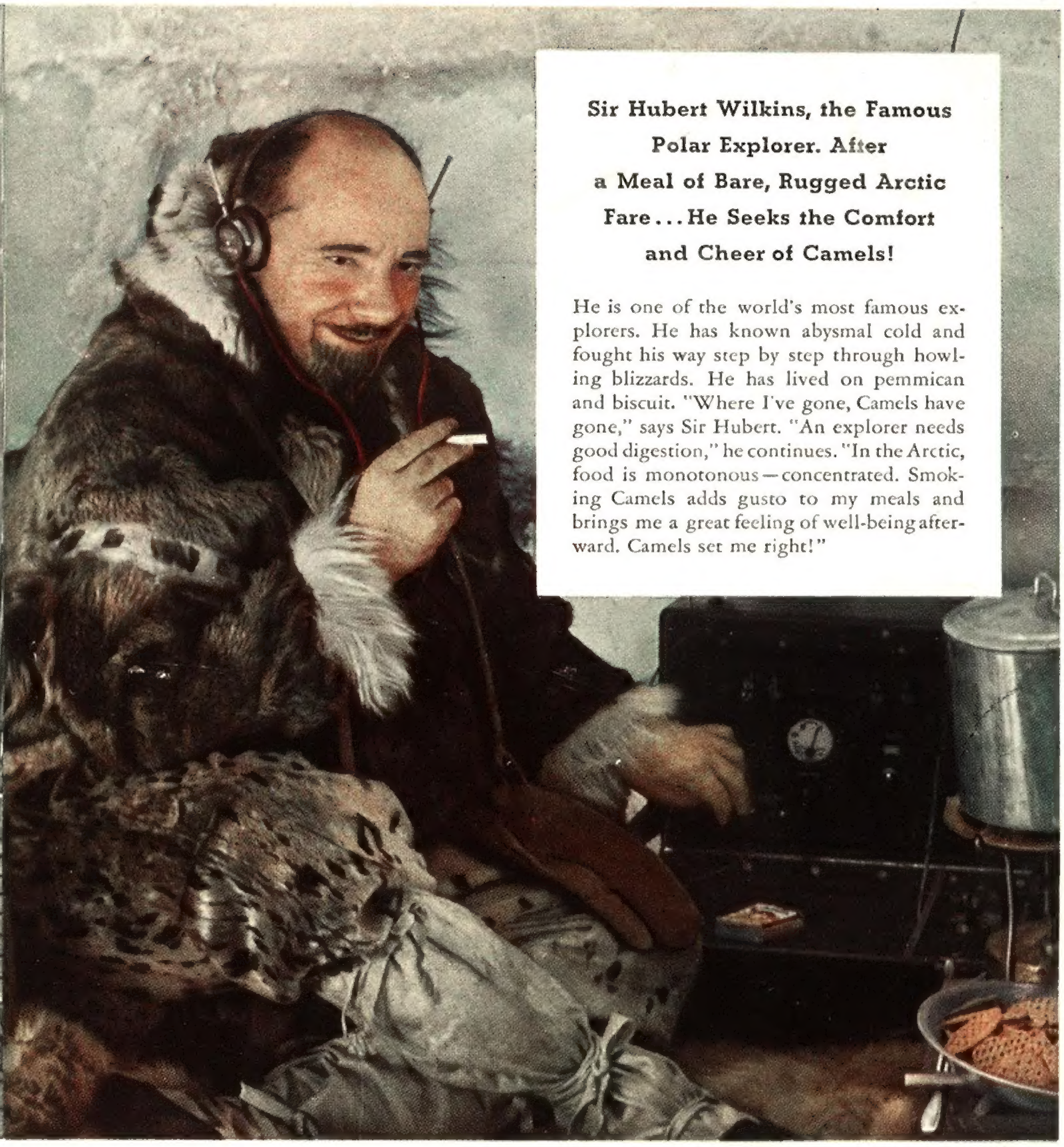

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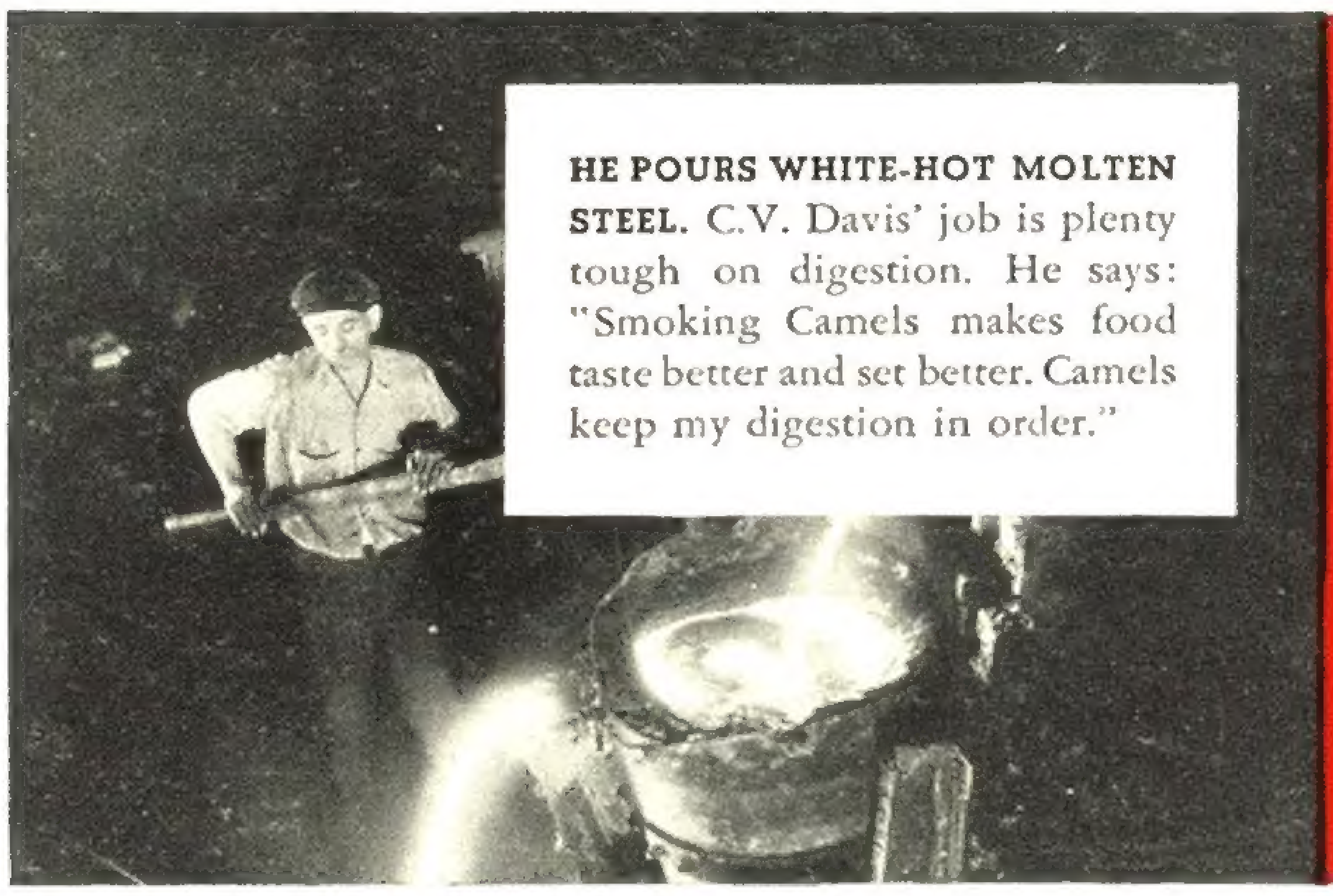

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